THE SOCIETY

Saturday Review

MAY 6, 1972 50¢

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Phoenix Nest

Edited by Martin Levin

Let's Have an Orgy

It was on a Tuesday evening that my neighbors decided to hold an orgy. We had all been reading about the wife-swapping and group-sex parties most suburbs are holding, when Sylvia Martin said, "Why don't we have an orgy, too? We're all suburbanites, and not one of us has ever done anything to swing. We're probably the only suburbanites in the nation who are so square."

Some of us laughed at Sylvia, but we all admitted that what she said made sense. We didn't know of a suburb anywhere, with the exception of our own, that did not have orgies. We had all seen the articles in *Newsweek, Time,* and the other news weeklies discussing the new trends in sex, and we did feel as though there was something missing from our lives.

"We could use my back yard," said Joe Miller. He and Ethel have four kids, a big house, and the largest back yard in the neighborhood. He also has a handmade stone barbecue big enough to cook food for everyone. His home was a natural for an orgy.

"What about the children?" asked Sylvia. "We can't go off and hold an orgy unless someone takes care of the children."

"We could hire sitters," I suggested. I really couldn't see taking the children to a thing like this.

"Nonsense," said Sylvia. "If these children are going to learn about life, they should come to our orgy. Besides, we could have an egg toss, clothespin drops, and other games to amuse them. We might even have a father-and-son softball game after we eat."

"Who eats at an orgy?" I asked.

"Well, some of us get hungry," said Betty Flynn. "Besides, I have this delicious recipe for potato salad I've been dying to show off."

"And I could bring fried chicken," said Sylvia.

"I'll have hamburgers on my grill," Joe added.

"What about mattresses?" I asked.

"For what?" asked Ellen Parker. "We'll all bring our lawn chairs. Mattresses would just get ruined in the grass, and they're not very comfortable."

"At least we should have something to drink," I said.

"Lemonade," said my wife, Nancy. "I'll bring lemonade. It'll give me a chance to use those big pitchers we got for our wedding anniversary."

"And I can get a few cases of soda pop," said Bill Calder, who works for a bottling company. "I'll bring assorted flavors so everyone can have a choice."

"I suppose music is out," I said.

"Of course not," said Joe. "We've got back-yard speakers attached to our hi-fi and a large collection of Kostelanetz records. I think we also have some Lawrence Welk if anyone wants to dance."

"A fine orgy this will be," I told them. "I thought the purpose was to have group sex and run amuck through the neighborhood."

"Well, I like that," sneered Sylvia, indignantly. "Just let someone suggest an orgy, and all old Dirty Mind over there can think about is sex."

Ted Schwarz

The Shocking Things People Say

If there is a humorous passage in the *Pickwick Papers,* I have never been able to detect it.

Mark Twain

Hopeless. No good. The phoniest playwright I've ever read.

Richard Burton on Eugene O'Neill

Mr. Henry James writes fiction as if it were a painful duty.

Oscar Wilde

Hmmm . . . can't think of any original characters, eh?

Tennessee Williams, when told that Irving Stone had written books about Van Gogh, Andrew Jackson, Michelangelo, Freud, et al.

He was a prophet, a claptrap journalist, and a slapdash comedian. . . . His sensitive murderers and soulful prostitutes are not to be endured.

Vladimir Nabokov on Dostoevsky

Mrs. Browning's death is rather a relief to me, I must say. No more Aurora Leighs, thank God.

Edward Fitzgerald on Elizabeth Browning

He is a whisky writer. He can't write without a quart of rye at his elbow.

Ernest Hemingway on Faulkner

She is stupid, she is heavy-handed, she is a gossip. As far as moral ideas are concerned, she has the same profound judgments and delicacy of sentiment that you find among concierges and kept women.

Charles Baudelaire on George Sand

Christopher Lovejoy

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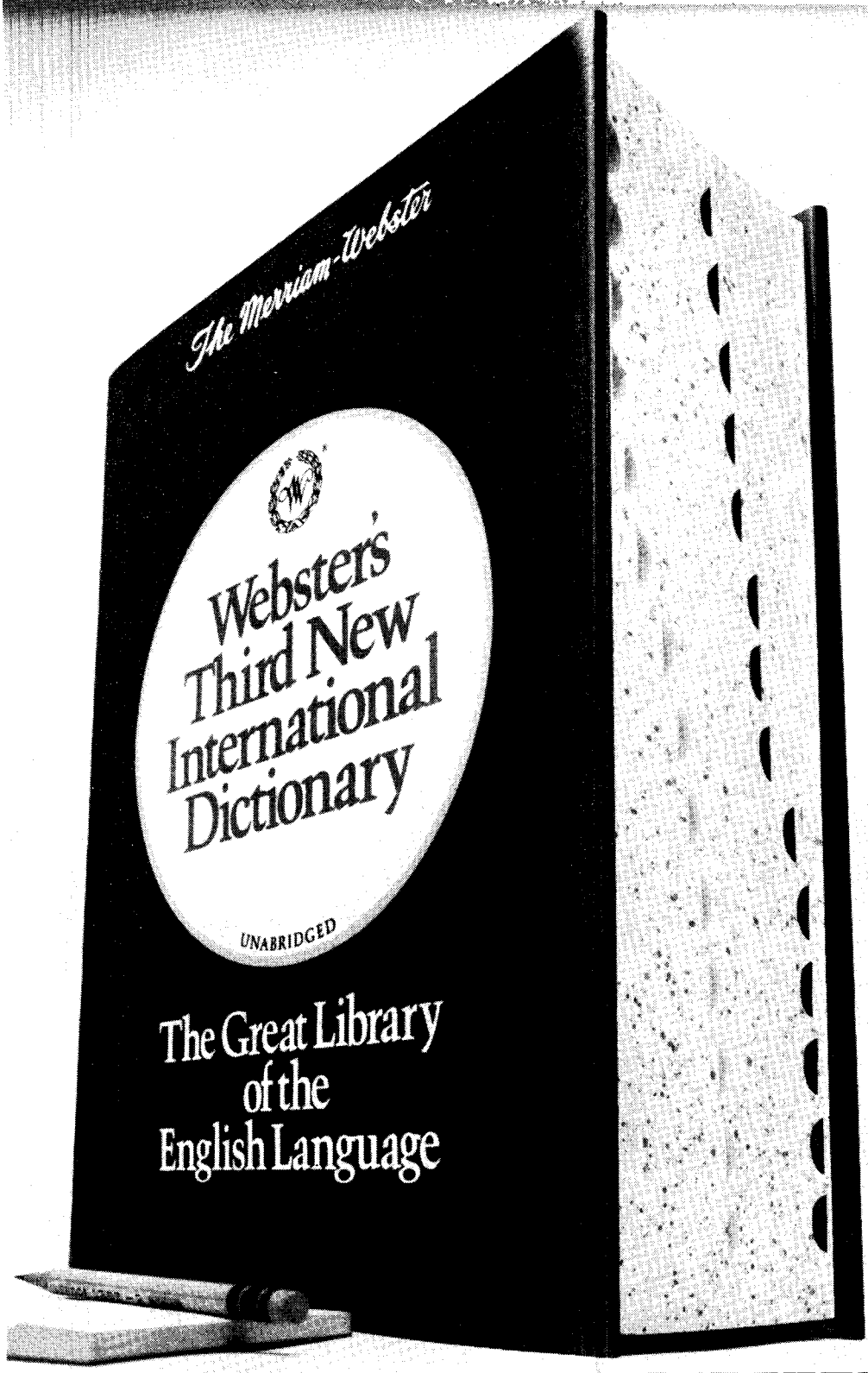

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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

Hospital Hospitality

Mount Sinai Hospital
Fifth Avenue & 100th Street
New York, N. Y.

Att'n: Coordinator, Patient Service

Dear Coordinator:

I have at hand your form questionnaire asking for answers to twenty-six questions on how a former patient, dear to me, fared in your hospital during a six-week stay. To answer your last question first ("Do you feel that, in general, you had good hospital care?"), I am eager to tell you that it was excellent.

And, despite all the stale jokes about hospitals ("They wake you at midnight to give you a sleeping pill"), I can honestly add, in answer to your other questions, that the accommodations were spotless and attractive, the food well prepared and the menus diversified, the doctors even more dedicated than Marcus Welby. As for the nurses —well, there was Ms. Wanda Smith, a compassionate angel of mercy, a living example of another tired hospital joke, "The patient took a turn for the nurse." In short, we wouldn't mind moving into Mount Sinai if you rented to well people. Do you?

However, I feel called upon to direct your attention to one service that is in sad disrepair and in need of complete overhaul. How a distinguished institution, held in such high esteem by the medical profession, would permit this cruel and inhuman deprivation of hospital care to continue is beyond me.

I speak, of course, of the two candy machines in your hospital—one in the lobby and the other on a lower floor, near your cafeteria. As a daily and nervous visitor of the patient during six weeks, I found myself in need of many small refreshments. Your machines offered a delectable variety of candies. Well, to be precise, they didn't actually offer the candies; they merely showed them through little windows.

It was a simple operation, if you'll pardon the expression. All I had to do was insert fifteen cents, push the button for the candy of my choice, and presto! Presto nothing. Most of the time nothing showed up—no candy and, quite often, no money back either.

I've read the directions so many times I know them by heart: You drop in a dime and a nickel, or three nickels, or if you don't have the correct change, you drop in a quarter and your ten cents change will come out with the candy bar you've selected. Or would come back if the machines were on their toes. Several times the machines were out of change and kept not only the quarter but the Nestle chocolate bar for which I was famished. I can understand a candy machine behaving like that in a sleazy grocery store, but in a hospital? Hippocrates must have turned over.

In spite of this, every day I was drawn to the machines. Every day I was compelled to drop a quarter into the slot and try to win at least a peanut butter bar, or at the *very* least, to win part of my money back. No luck. And this is not money Medicare gives back 80 per cent of. (Which is a bad word to end a sentence on.)

One day I spoke to the machine that gobbled up one of my quarters. The machine next to the cafeteria. "Is this modern science?" I said. "Get a horse," I shouted. One of your young resident doctors was attracted by my flushed face and trembling hands. He took out his stethoscope. "Not me," I said. "It's the machine that's sick." To prove it to him, I inserted another quarter and pushed the Butterfinger knob. Nothing.

He reacted as quickly as if I had just hit his knee with a rubber hammer. He took a Band-Aid out of his white coat pocket. Medicated. He then pasted it over the slot of the machine and wrote on it, "Out of Order." In Latin. I thanked him. "*Veni, vidi, vici*," I said. (Showed him I knew some of that medical lingo myself.) So I was saved that time. But what does one do till the doctor comes? He loses his money, that's what.

Well, that's the only complaint I have. Oh, no, there is one more thing I have to call to your attention. There was the night the patient expressed a desire to sleep a little earlier than usual. She asked whether she could have her sleeping pill, which was regularly dispensed at ten o'clock. I went out to the nurses' desk to ask for the pill. The night nurse listened to my request, looked at the patient's chart, and said, "No, the pill cannot be dispensed until ten o'clock. Doctor's orders."

Here was another machine I was up against. I explained, cajoled, and finally screamed. The machine was adamant. "Doctor's orders," she repeated. It was quite a hassle. I gave no quarter. She gave no pill.

In closing I want to remind you that Mount Sinai Hospital was named after the biblical mount down which Moses came with the two tablets of the Ten Commandments. But that night at Mount Sinai no one came down with even one sleeping tablet. ☐

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Trade Winds

Cleveland Amory

News Story of the Week—from Mr. and Mrs. Joseph C. Hoffman, Jr., of Grayslake, Illinois, who found it in the Waukegan, Wisconsin, *News-Sun*:

One-half of an abandoned apartment building at the Pruitt-Igoe public housing project in St. Louis was destroyed by explosives Thursday in an experimental program by the federal government to see if the buildings can be made more livable for tenants.

And if they *can't*?

Letters of the Week—spotted by Michael Brozovic in the letters column of the Detroit *Free Press*:

For a long time I've been disgusted with the way women appear on TV with their dresses cut so low they might as well be topless. It is certainly embarrassing for watchers who have children looking at the programs. I wince when my son, who is 50, is sitting in the room with me.

Just as long as *he* doesn't wince.

If you want to know more about homonyms, lipograms, palindromes, oxymorons, univocalics, and rebuses, Willard R. Espy, author of *The Game of Words* (Grosset & Dunlap), is the man to talk to. Furthermore, as we learned when we crossed words with him, he is no mean adversary. In fact, he is a dapper, gray-mustachioed fellow who looks like a cross between a British major and *Esquire*'s symbolic "Esky."

Actually, his grandfather, who founded a village in Washington called Oysterville, *was* a major. "When he first made some money," Mr. Espy told us, "his children gathered around and said they wanted a more Norman spelling of Espy. They all decided on Espey, and everyone went along. My father, however, refused. When my grandfather lost his money, he took out the extra *e* too."

Mr. Espy paused. "It was sort of a lipogram, I guess. That's what a lipogram is—any composition that rejects one or more letters. There was a Californian named Ernest Vincent Wright who wrote a fifty thousand-word novel without using the letter *e*. On the other hand, in a univocalic, you might have to use no other vowel than *e*—as, for example, Persevere, ye perfect men,/Ever keep the precepts ten.

"And James Thurber wrote a story about a country in which no one was permitted to use the letter *o*."

No one? we queried.

Mr. Espy ignored us. "Now there's a massive advertising campaign for my book," he smiled. "There's a classified ad, for example, in *New York* magazine. And sure enough even *there* my name's misspelled."

How? we wanted to know. "Epsy," he groaned quietly, but then suddenly brightened. "Maybe I can get a poem out of it."

Mr. Espy went from the University of Redlands in California to the Sorbonne to Georgetown, and then, via L'Agence Havas, the semiofficial French news agency, drifted into newspapering. After spending many years with *Reader's Digest*, he now runs his own public relations firm, which handles such nonprofit organizations as the United Student Aid Fund. Now living in New York, he has, we learned, several children, among them twin girls, Mona and Freddy, married, respectively, to Foreign Officer Eugene Schreiber and George Plimpton. "My wife says I am an inefficient and frivolous man," Mr. Espy told us. "I prefer to think all men who are facetious are usually inefficient. My problem is, when I try to get other people to do my work, they're even more inefficient than I, and not even facetious.

"There's always my favorite poem," he said, as if its lines contained an explanation for his life:

Do you love me,
Or do you not?
You told me once
But I forgot.

We doubted the author was a woman. "The author," he said, "remained wisely anonymous. Like another wisely anonymous person who wrote—and I quote—*Busts and Bosoms*:

Busts and bosoms are I know
Of various shapes and sizes,
From grievous disappointments
To jubilant surprises."

Mr. Espy has two favorites that he did not include in his book. One of them, written by Morris Bishop, was a topper to Winston Churchill's famous reply to a criticism about his ending a sentence with a preposition ("This is the kind of nonsense up with which I will no longer put"). In contrast, Mr. Espy told us, Mr. Bishop's goes as follows:

I lost a naughty preposition.
He lived, I think, beneath my chair.
I cried aloud to him, "Perdition!
Come on up out from down under there!"
Now, language is my vade mecum,
And straggling phrases I abhor;
And yet I wonder, what should he come
On up out from down under for?

The other is Mr. Espy's own composition, a poem that he based on James W. Phillips's works in *Washington State Place Names* (University of Washington Press):

Chet suffered sore from Acme;
Yet (so I'm Tolt) all day
He'd Toutle on his floutle
And brush the girls away.

He loved to Walla Walla
In breakers warm and wet.
In all Duwamish waters
Would splash and Wollochet.

And was he brave? Wenatchee!
Also Elochoman—
Till Latah he fell in with
A Lilliwaup named Anne.

Alalla Palouse was Annie.
Lor' Lummi, wasn't she, though!
She had Asotin something
That should have laid Chetlo.

Chesaw him in Dewatto,
A-floating on his back
With Tatoosh on his Tumtum
That made her lips go smack.

Now Whatcom over Annie?
'Twas love, Attalia that.
Her heart went Hamma Hamma,
And her teeth went Klickitat.

She said, "You are Malott, dear;
Wynoochee kiss me, pet?"
The Mattawa, her ardor
Was not returned by Chet.

So Anacortes Chester—
She *has* to Havermale.
But he replies, "Tonasket!
Ohop off. Hit the trail!"

"Naselle me your embraces,"
She begs him with sweet moan.
"My family's Algona,
And I must sleep alone."

With Metho in her madness,
Once more the girl began:
"I Sekiu and you only;
Alava you," Spokane. □

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1986)

(STEPHEN) LEACOCK:
(THE OLD, OLD STORY OF)
HOW FIVE MEN WENT FISHING

There is a sort of convention that when men go fishing they must have whiskey. Each man makes the pretence that the one thing he needs at six o'clock in the morning is cold raw whiskey. It is spoken of with affection . . . the first thing you need if you're going fishing is a good "snort."

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Manner of Speaking

John Ciardi

Migrations and Madness

It rained all night, flooding the low spot in the lawn. When I woke, I found a mallard and its mate paddling about on that new water and even jabbing their heads into it as if they were hunting for forage. Perhaps they were doing my weeding in repayment for the refuge that my lawn had provided. I myself am something of a migrant. Not many days back I had been in Florida, and certainly I had seen them there—yes, this same pair—paddling about in a pond near Lake Wales.

Since then, I have been, by crazy courses, in Atlanta, New York State, California, West Virginia, Boston, and New York State again. I can't call those junkets migrations. In a sense, I think I could explain to my father Adam and my mother Eve—themselves migrants—that I was stalling around on side routes waiting for my mallards.

I live on a migration route, and I know ducks to be mannerly creatures. Three years ago I found an exhausted wood duck in my driveway. I made a bed of peat moss for it in a large cardboard carton in my garage, and I covered the carton with an old window screen for safety's sake. The duck didn't think to make a fuss when I picked it up. Migrants recognize one another for what they are.

The pet shop sold me something called duck pellets, and my boarder went through pounds of them in three days. More exactly, the pellets went through it. A duck is a simple one-for-one input-output mechanism. Only by spreading more and more peat moss could I keep its bed decent, and never for long. Even then my guest was constantly fouling the dog feeder in which I put its water.

On the fourth day my duck was perky again and a touch noisy, and I understood. I gave it a last feeding, tossed it into the air, and watched it vibrate off, dwindling to its own true north. By way of thanks it left me some of the richest peat moss I have ever offered back to natural sequence.

Watching it go, I remembered a story that was told to me by a friend who lives in a Fifth Avenue penthouse. He swears he woke early one morning and happened to look down just in time to see a vee of Canadian geese flowing south along Fifth Avenue about ten stories below him. Any man who lives on a migration route can be reminded, if he lets himself be, that there was a natural world before the cluttered world that we now inhabit came into being, and that its creatures still follow first courses through us, though apart from us, each back to its own Adam and its own Eve.

This year, if only in a thinnest sense, I was moving with the mallards. They arrived on a Friday. On Sunday I had to drive to Washington for a reading at the Library of Congress. Meanwhile, I was due in Fairbanks, Alaska, that very afternoon.

I waved good-by to my mallards and made it to Kennedy for an 11 a.m. flight. Seven hours later, at 2 p.m. local time, I was in Fairbanks. I met with students, talked about their poems, had dinner with them, gave an evening talk, and then sat drinking into the night with them. At 3 a.m. we all had breakfast at the airport. At 4 a.m. my plane took off. Seven slept-through hours later (it's easy with a sleeping mask) I was back at Kennedy, where it was 4 p.m. In another hour I reached home, only to find that my mallards had gone off in a more coherent northerly pattern than any I had just traveled.

Canada has them now, but they know they will be welcome back in the fall. If need be, I'll work up a puddle for them with my hose. And I promise a supply of duck pellets. It won't do to let the first things of nature go by uninvited and unattended, at the risk of losing reason and sequence.

As my own first offering to reason and natural order, I promised myself I would not write a book about Alaska. I did discuss the idea with two Englishmen who had written books about the United States, but they made it clear that a fourteen-hour visit did not qualify me as an expert. Even for an Englishman, this requires at least twenty-four hours.

I do return with one point of expertise, however, and I make it here as a public service announcement.

U.S. CUSTOMS, PLEASE NOTE: My return flight had originated in Tokyo. At Kennedy Airport, Tokyo-bound passengers went through customs, but we local migrants were called to one side and led to the exit without customs inspection. By simply swapping carry-on luggage with a confederate who had boarded the plane in Tokyo, I could, I submit, have brought in at least three cubic feet of anything—heroin, for example—and without customs inspection.

Check it for yourself, gentlemen. I can do no more than point out to you that the door is wide open. I ask only that you let me know what you decide to do. Heroin is too base a thought, but if you are going to make it that easy, any one of us migrants might be tempted to try a few pounds of diamonds or something else, which might be a bit brighter and, though less useful, more lucrative than duck pellets. □

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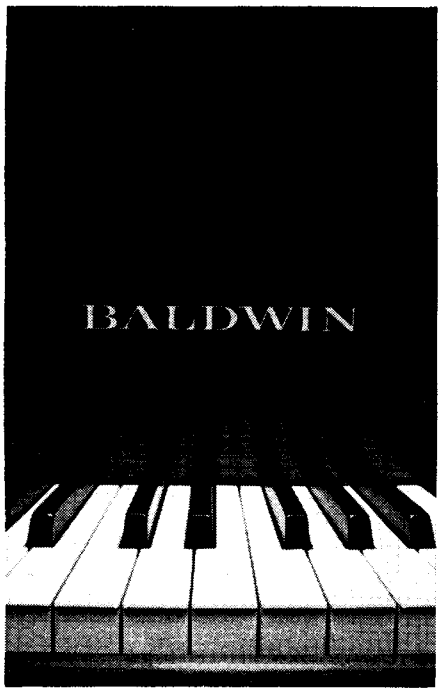


Horacio Gutierrez's Accompanist

World of Dance

Walter Terry

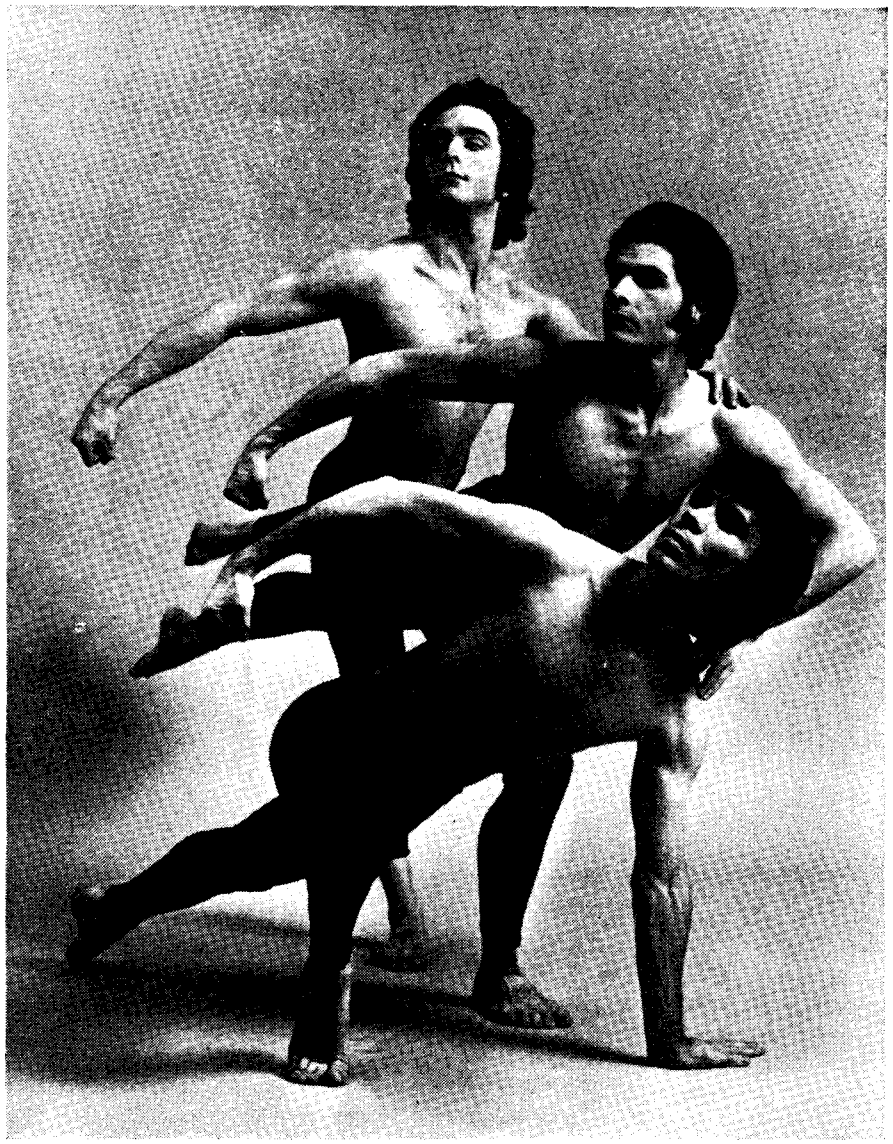
Millions for Ballet in Philly

The Pennsylvania Ballet, which recently finished a two-week season at the City Center 55th St. Theater in New York, was brought into being nine years ago by a Ford Foundation grant that was part of a multiple ballet (as opposed to "dance") support plan involving more than $7-million. Recognition and aid for the art itself was applauded, but many will remember the shocking and controversial development that saw the bulk of the monies allocated to companies and schools associated directly or indirectly with George Balanchine and to a company—the Pennsylvania Ballet—that did not yet exist. Nothing went to the American Ballet Theatre, to the Martha Graham Dance Company, both of which were then in desperate financial straits, or to other worthy dance enterprises.

Nine years after the original funding, the Pennsylvania Ballet, headed by Barbara Weisberger, has just received another Ford grant, this one amounting to almost $3-million. Other funds have flowed into the company in the intervening years from a wide variety of sources. And so the inevitable question arises: Is the Pennsylvania Ballet really worth it?

It is a good company but not a great one—yet. It is, of course, not in a class with the American Ballet Theatre or the New York City Ballet, the latter generously supported by Ford, or even the National Ballet of Washington, D.C. (which also received Ford assistance). But Miss Weisberger, before Ford en-

The Pennsylvania Ballet's "Mai"—"manly, burly . . . but so bad."



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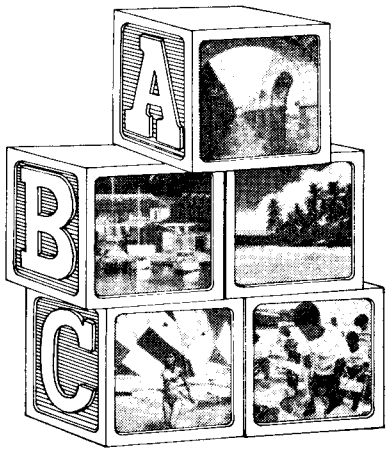

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abled her to launch a professional company with headquarters in Philadelphia, was the boss of the Wilkes-Barre Ballet, one of the best regional ballets in America. She was, and is, both talented and ambitious. But the company?

During its New York season, the company's triumph was the staging of John Butler's brilliant choreographic realization of Carl Orff's *Carmina Burana*. How lovely was Fiona Fuerstner as a rather restless vestal virgin, how powerful Ross Parkes as a male animal, and how glorious the corps as it moved in sacerdotal robes or in skin-caressing dress to the vibrant commands of the singing chorus.

But after *Carmina Burana* almost everything went downhill.

First, Miss Weisberger has repertory troubles. The repertory, of course, includes some basic George Balanchine classics, but at the moment Miss Weisberger is saddling herself with a young French choreographer, Patrick Frantz, who appears to be stirred by modern dance but who has yet to get beyond its outside departures from balletic line and into its real visceral substance. Thus *Bagatelles Opus 33* (Beethoven), although it shows moments of choreographic promise, is itself only a bagatelle.

As for Frantz's *Mai* (also Beethoven), a piece inspired by the May 1968 Paris riots, it is a dreadful, laughable excursion into the field of social comment, an area in which, say, Anna Sokolow, Kurt Jooss, Donald McKayle, and the late Helen Tamiris excelled. *Mai* is a *pas de trois* for three men. It tries to be manly, burly, fervid, with bulging muscles and indomitable stride, but it is so bad that it might make the late Ted Shawn wonder why he ever launched a crusade for all-male theatrical dancing in this millennium.

Miss Weisberger fared about as badly with Jean Pierre Comelin's *Reconnaissance* (Satie and Erb), which, I think, had something to do with past and present, dark and light, black and white (in mood, that is), evil and good. It boasted a fairly elaborate setting, abstract film projections, and other presumed aids to stage magic, but nothing helped.

Unpretentious, at least, was *Mignon Pas de Deux* (using the overture to the Thomas opera), by Robert Rodham, resident choreographer and artistic associate to Miss Weisberger. It is classical, technically demanding, and ungrateful. Briefly put, it is never going to make you forget *Black Swan*, "O, je suis Titania" and "Connais-tu le pays?" to the contrary.

In the performing category the Pennsylvania Ballet has much to recommend it. George Balanchine's *Raymonda Variations* (Glazunov), for ex-

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ample, is danced neatly and with a zest that even Balanchine's own New York City Ballet does not have. There are times, however, when the corps and some of the junior principals allow us to see certain provincial, or semiamateur, weaknesses. On several occasions dancers tried to correct steps or poses on stage, and this is a mark of the beginner. Although it is not always possible to come out of a multiple turn into a perfect concluding position, the real "pro" knows that if you wind up in a Hindu sixth position instead of the desired balletic fifth, hold it and sell it, or if a balance fails, don't hop to readjust but move to something easy and lovely. Nora Kaye once, inadvertently, knocked Igor Youskevitch unconscious on stage and promptly made up a sexy dance that she did over his prone form. Some of the Pennsylvanians are still closer to the classroom than to the theater.

But Miss Weisberger does have some first-rate performers. In addition to Miss Fuerstner and Mr. Parkes, there are the brilliant Lawrence Rhodes (an asset for any company), Sonia Taverner, the bouncy Keith Martin, Hilda Morales, and a few others. Alexei Yudenich, who has earned honors at the international ballet competition in Varna, Bulgaria, is recovering from an injury, and so it would not be fair to pass judgment on his performance at this time.

The Pennsylvania Ballet has developed steadily under Miss Weisberger's direction. It is now national, not regional, and it has national responsibilities. It has received a great deal of money, but until its repertory is vastly improved and until ballet-classroom provincialisms are replaced with knowing, performing theatricality, it might be said that the company has not yet earned that money.

Jacques d'Amboise, a premier danseur of the New York City Ballet, possesses performing theatricality even when he is alone on stage and simply talking. As a matter of fact, his grin is almost as famous as his soarings. D'Amboise is, of course, much in demand as a guest artist with international, national, and regional ballets; but he also has a delightful program of talk and dance in which he compares the elegance of a ballet leap with an athlete's jump, stage space with arena space, rhythm and phrasing with timing, and does it all with wit and charm.

Assisted by a few members of the New York City Ballet, he recently gave this program at the Orrie De Nooyer Auditorium in a Hackensack, New Jersey, high school as a major event in Festival 70 in '72 (the 70 refers both to our current decade and to the fact that 70 North Jersey communities are members of the festival program). The star (and he is that) danced superbly, talked about ballet informally and informatively, and won the interest and the affection of a capacity house. I would fault him in only a single point—he referred to his assisting girls as "ballerinas," and he should know that they are dancers still, not stars.

Jacques d'Amboise—"His grin is almost as famous as his soarings."

The night that I went to Orrie De Nooyer, d'Amboise was interrupted by school bells, which seemed to indicate the end or start of a school period. With a laugh d'Amboise improvised pirouettes to the sounds. Everyone laughed. Then he was informed that the alarms were fire alarms, and with a final dazzling spin, he suggested we all walk out of the theater slowly and casually; "It really is a fire," he said. He returned some days later to complete his program, to do a dance to fire bells, and to win a fireman's hat! Jacques d'Amboise is a "pro."

The Festival 70 presentations also included another ballet program (starring Melissa Hayden and d'Amboise), New Jersey's own Repertory Dancers (a fine regional modern dance group), Spanish dance (with José Greco and Nana Lorca), and musical events ranging from jazz to the classics.

Of additional interest were special exhibitions in various galleries in northern New Jersey communities. For dance followers the one in the De Nooyer foyer-promenade was the most fascinating, for it was a handsomely mounted display of dance sculptures by a dancer. There were even those who made a special trip to Hackensack to see the first formal U.S. showing of these bronzes by Miriam Winslow, a retired American dancer who lives (and sculpts) most of the year in her country home near Paris.

Teen-agers won't remember Miriam Winslow, but dance buffs will, for in the mid-1930s she and her company of girls played dance dates with symphony orchestras across the country, and in the late 1930s she teamed with Foster Fitz-Simons (a soloist with Ted Shawn and His Men Dancers) for transcontinental tours and a successful stint as a headline act at Rockefeller Center's Rainbow Room.

In the 1940s she moved to Argentina, where she established Ballet Winslow and an associated school that played a major role in the development of modern dance in South America. Her dance accomplishments are now a part of theater-dance history, but her sculptures, highly admired by collectors, are part of dance's present history.

John Everitt, the young and imaginative artistic director of Festival 70, is making arrangements for the Winslow sculptures to be moved on to other exhibits in the state.

As for the next Festival 70, Everitt reports that he will present the American debut of the Soviet Union's Beryozka Dance Company, a male-and-female troupe different from the all-girl Beryozka that S. Hurok imported some years ago; Marcel Marceau, the mime-actor-dancer; a Shakespearean troupe and a D'Oyly Carte ensemble from England; and the Jewish State Theater from Bucharest. □

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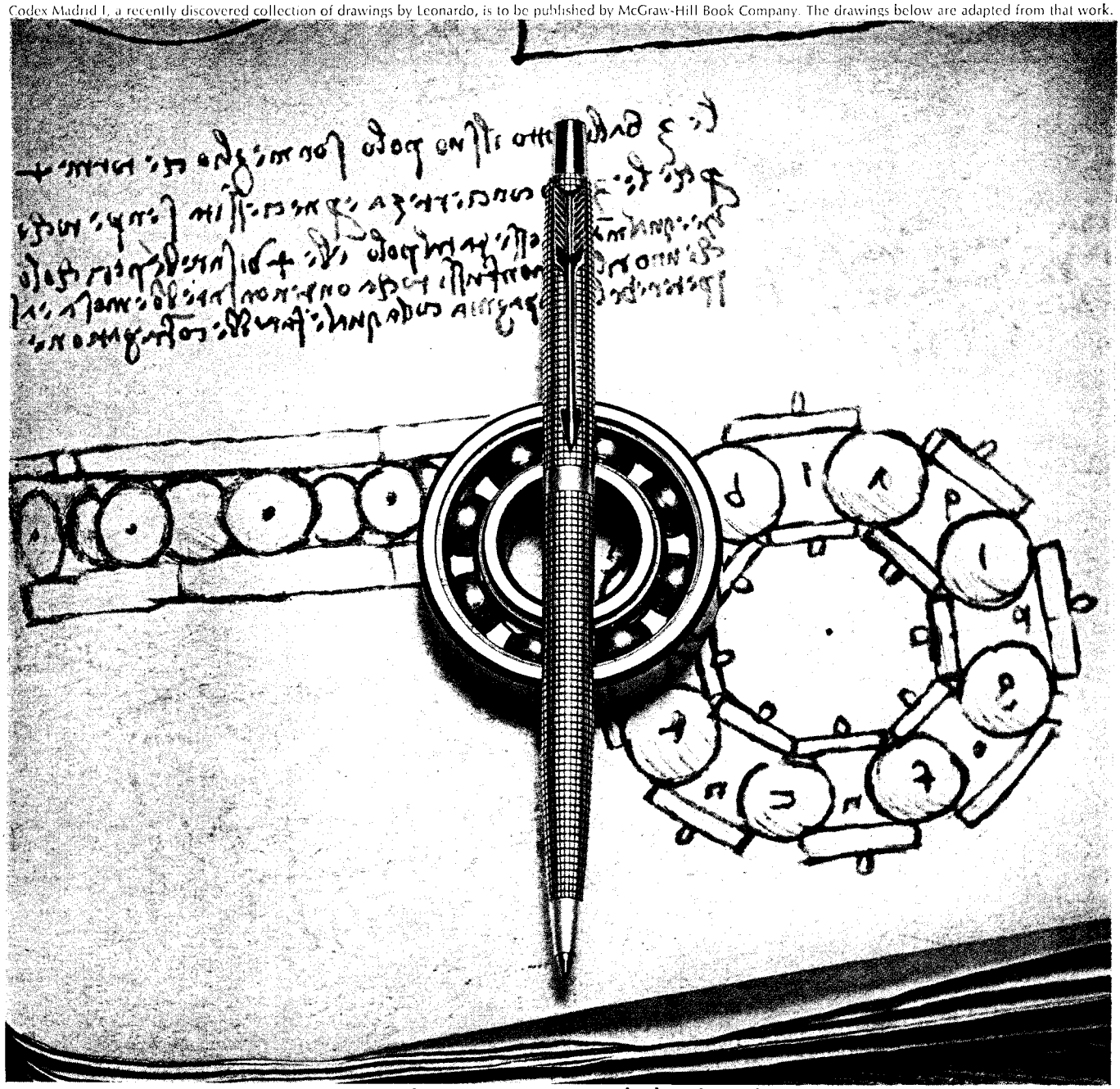
Codex Madrid I, a recently discovered collection of drawings by Leonardo, is to be published by McGraw-Hill Book Company. The drawings below are adapted from that work.



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SR Goes to the Movies

Arthur Knight

One Man's Movie

A night on the town in "City Lights."

It is nice to be able to report that, after all the accolades to a smiling, affable old man at Lincoln Center and the Academy, the *echt* Chaplin at last is back where he belongs—not in a book, not in some mutilated version on television's miniscreens, but in the moviehouses, for which his works were created in the first place. It is even pleasanter to note that Charlie has returned with one of his greatest comedies, *City Lights*. For most of the present generation, I'm afraid, Chaplin's little tramp has been the archaic figure glimpsed in pirated prints of films made between 1914 and 1917, when he was still working for others. They contain, inevitably, only the slightest glimmer of the richness to come in the Twenties and the Thirties.

The forerunner of that golden era came late in 1917, when Chaplin signed Hollywood's first million-dollar contract, under which he was to produce, direct, write, and star in eight films of any length. Chaplin, who had turned out no fewer than thirty-five comedies for Mack Sennett in 1914 alone, spent the next six years making those eight films exactly what he wanted them to be. He strengthened his stories, developed his gags with a fantastic attention to detail, and began working out the full implications of his tramp character—what Rudolf Arnheim once called "the rich seen from the perspective of the poor." He had already discovered pathos, but he elevated it to something that everyone the world over could relate to. This was the sublime achievement of Chaplin's years as an independent creator of films.

Perhaps he achieved pathos first in *The Kid* (1921), although the film's innate sentimentality brings pathos perilously close to bathos when the mother of an illegitimate child, now suddenly rich, wants to reclaim her baby from the tramp who had loved and cared for it. But pathos triumphed in *The Gold Rush*, even though Chaplin furnished it with an uncharacteristic happy ending. And it triumphed even more resoundingly in *City Lights* (1931), with an ending that resolves nothing but that leaves the spectators hoping against hope that all will at last go well for "the little fellow."

At this late date it seems as pointless to re-review *City Lights* as it is to essay a critique of Michelangelo's works in the Sistine Chapel. Both have found their place with the ages, and one can only note that Chaplin's work has been too long withheld from the public. But, in this age of the *auteur*, permit me a few observations. Although every picture he made was without question a Chaplin picture, each work was devoted, not to Chaplin, but to Charlie, the tramp character. Although his pictures have frequently been criticized for being "old-fashioned" in their technique—presumably meaning that the camera rarely moves and that there are few dissolves and even fewer montages—re-examination reveals that the technique is in perfect accord with the intentions. One of the charming things about the Chaplin movies was Chaplin's own reticence about being anything more than the consummate revealer of Charlie the tramp, his unique creation. Nowhere was this more perfectly achieved than in *City Lights*.

It may be both unfair and invidious to turn from Charlie Chaplin to Cliff Robertson, but I find it very symptomatic of the new Hollywood that Robertson, albeit a sincere and dedicated man, can exert the same command and control over his pictures that Chaplin held fifty years ago. At that time such power was permitted to a precious few, and only after the audience had indicated its overwhelming approval. Today a couple of box-office winners and every man becomes his own *auteur*.

Robertson, as evidenced by his participation in *Charly* and the soon-to-be-released *Great Northfield, Minnesota Raid* and *J. W. Coop*, believes in "telling it like it is"—which isn't bad for someone who knows what to tell. But Robertson, like Clint Eastwood, has been caught up in his own mystique. He has created a world that he was never part of, a character that he never knew, and he has insisted on making these live in his movies. I find a special significance in the fact that *The Great Northfield, Minnesota Raid*, written and directed by Philip Kaufman, is stylistically indistinguishable from *J. W. Coop*, written and directed by Robertson. The actor not only dominates but bends each script to his peculiar ideas of what constitutes heroism in today's market—mainly an infinite capacity for suffering. Robertson, in the titular role of *J. W. Coop*, a rodeo star, and as Cole Younger in *Raid*, seems bent on proving that he can absorb a terrific amount of punishment; and the scripts are constructed to demonstrate his point.

The real point, however, is that the studios will still accept a Cliff Robertson movie if it has the standard ingredients of sex, sadism, and violence that are currently considered good box-office. Robertson, whatever his special motivations in going into these projects, has given the studios exactly what they want and has diminished himself thereby. Chaplin, on the other hand, utilized *his* independence to make movies that genuinely shook the Establishment—films such as *The Great Dictator* and *Monsieur Verdoux*.

It would be grossly unfair, however, to write off Cliff Robertson as just another producer of *schlock*. Although both of his pictures seem to exist primarily to put Robertson up there on the screen, he can argue, with considerable justification, that without himself as star and producer there might have been no study of a rodeo bum or no re-evaluation of the notorious Cole Younger and Jesse James. His search for congenial roles has been combined commendably, with an earnest desire to deromanticize and demythologize the West, both past and present. But he seems to lack the story sense essential to a true producer. *Coop* meanders, while *Raid* is almost too predictable. To wear the four hats of producer, director, writer, and star—as did Chaplin, Welles, and precious few others—involves a good deal more than simply bankability.

Ephraim Kishon, who introduced Topol to the world a few years ago in *Sallah*, dons only three of these hats for *The Policeman*, a deliciously sly, rollicking comedy from Israel. Kishon wrote, directed, and coproduced the film, but he turned the acting honors over to Shay K. Ophir, a small, sad clown with Chaplinesque overtones. Ophir is charming as Israel's—if not indeed the world's—most inept cop. *The Policeman*'s humor is gentle and heartwarming. Like Chaplin's. □

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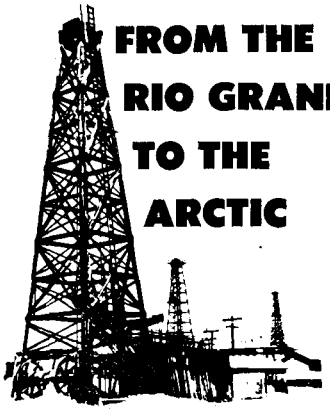

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David Butwin

America Through a Bus Window—II: The Easy Way Out

Birmingham was deep in honeysuckle when I caught a bus one morning heading southwest across Alabama. My mission—to meet the American bus rider—had begun five days earlier in New York and would end in Albuquerque. Cutting deeper into Dixie, the big Trailways carrier passed through Tuscaloosa and Reform before leaving Alabama in early afternoon.

Mississippi's pine country was still blessed with the last merciful coolness of spring. At Columbus a white-haired woman in a crisp blue suit boarded the bus as though she was walking into church on Sunday morning. She regarded the front rows of seats, friendly territory where older whites always seem to cluster on southern buses, a carry-over from Jim Crow days. Finding that area occupied, she ventured past the black midsection and chose a seat two-thirds of the way back. Then began a little ritual. She took out a tissue, wiped off the double seat, dropped the tissue on the floor, and carefully placed a white towel over the backs of both seats. She sat down next to the window and gazed out on the Mississippi countryside, seldom turning her eyes to the inside of the bus.

Watching the woman install her own first-class service, I couldn't help but observe that bus riding is a leveling ex-

Rolling through Dixie: "We crossed into Louisiana, passing huddles of shanties."

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perience for some passengers. It's the cheapest way to travel in America, and the service is minimal, unless you choose to pay a few more dollars and go first-class. On certain long-distance routes, Trailways puts on Five Star Golden Eagle service, complete with a red carpet stretched from front to rear, a stewardess who serves light meals, and a lounge in the rear where you can play cards while the gold-striped bus thunders down the Interstate. Greyhound, which controls most of the business in the northern and western parts of the country and operates twice as many buses as Trailways, has recently introduced the Turbocruiser on routes between Detroit and Indianapolis, Detroit and Cleveland, and Los Angeles and San Francisco. It doesn't look much different from the old standard leave-the-driving-to-us monster, but the Turbocruiser is powered by a turbine engine that gives a quieter, smoother ride and emits little exhaust.

On my standard Trailways, the seating pattern had altered slightly since Birmingham. Up front in white territory, a black GI in khakis occupied the first two seats across from the driver. He was going home to Canton, Mississippi, he told me, after having been discharged in Alabama the day before, and he was weighing his future. Should he take a job for $5.50 an hour as a signalman at the Jackson airport, enroll in Jackson State College on the GI bill, or drift north or out west?

Across the aisle three prim, white-haired ladies, eager to impress an outlander from the North, breezed into a rhapsody on the South and particularly on Mississippi. "Mississippi," said one, "is the friendliest state of all. I'm not in Mississippi anymore—live in Memphis now—but I'm still friendly." She laughed airily. In front of her a woman from Jackson, surprised to hear that I had never seen a cotton field in flower, promised to send me a cotton plant if I would write favorably about the South. Meanwhile, a white GI had joined the black soldier, and, as they talked, the woman from Jackson leaned toward me and whispered about the $20,-$30,000 "colored homes in Jackson," and how integration forced white kids to attend private schools. "Why, you go by the public schools now, and you see those poor little white faces among the others...." I retreated to the back of the bus, and she called out, "Now you say something nice about the South."

At Canton, when the black soldier got up to leave, he looked back at me and held his right arm aloft, fist closed gently.

Just before eight o'clock we pulled into Vicksburg, Mississippi, across the river from Louisiana. My traveling

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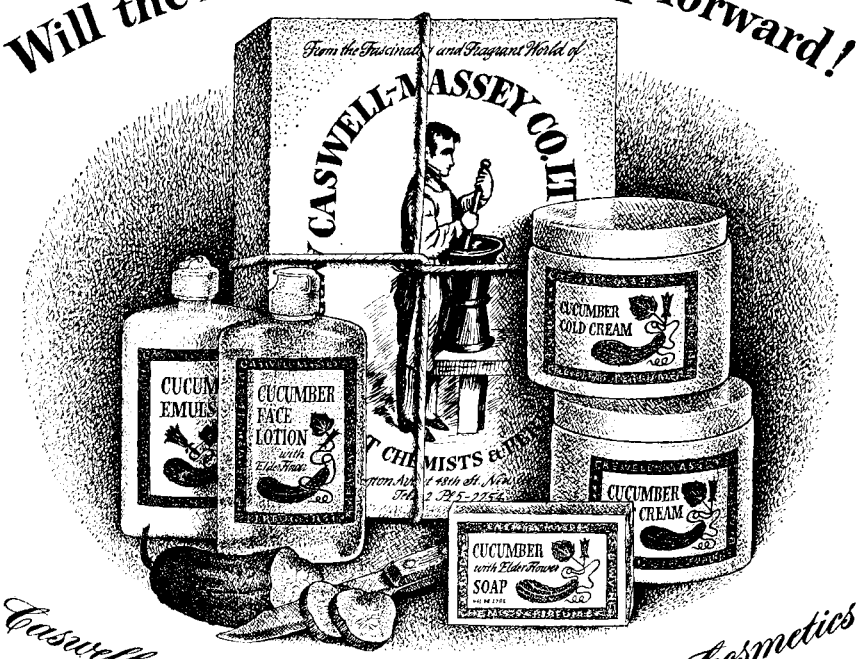

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companion since leaving New York, a young photographer, agreed we should spend the night in this gothic river town. In front of the terminal a young black, lounging against the building with some friends, smiled at me and said, "*Manchild in the Promised Land*, huh?" A copy of the Claude Brown book was sticking out of my pocket.

Since heading south out of Washington, we had geared ourselves for confrontations with narrow-minded whites. Friends from the faraway North, whose sole contact with the South had been through movies like *Easy Rider*, had warned us to cut our hair and mind our business. There were to be no confrontations, however. Certainly we were noticed, and sometimes stared at in towns and bus depots along the way, but nowhere did we feel scorned.

On a warm, cloudless Friday morning, we crossed into Louisiana, passing huddles of black shanties on the outskirts of towns. People lounged on front steps and porches in precisely the scene I had imagined. Here and there eerie green beards of Spanish moss hung from oaks and pines along the edge of the narrow, blanched highway.

At Shreveport the bus stopped long enough for us to eat lunch in a drug store near the terminal. Then we were back on board, speeding across the Texas oil fields and into Dallas by late afternoon. By now my head cold and hoarse throat—probably the result of moving between air-chilled buses and warm southern afternoons—was accompanied by a fever, and I needed a day in Dallas to recuperate. On Sunday morning we picked up the trail toward the Texas Panhandle. North of Fort Worth the great, broad grain and cattle country showed the haunting effects of a long drought. With each passing town, the land seemed more barren.

"Those are white-faced Herefords and black Angus," said a veteran air force sergeant who had been reared on an Arkansas farm. "Don't see many longhorns anymore. They're a lousy breed of beef cattle anyway. Nobody grows them here, except for show."

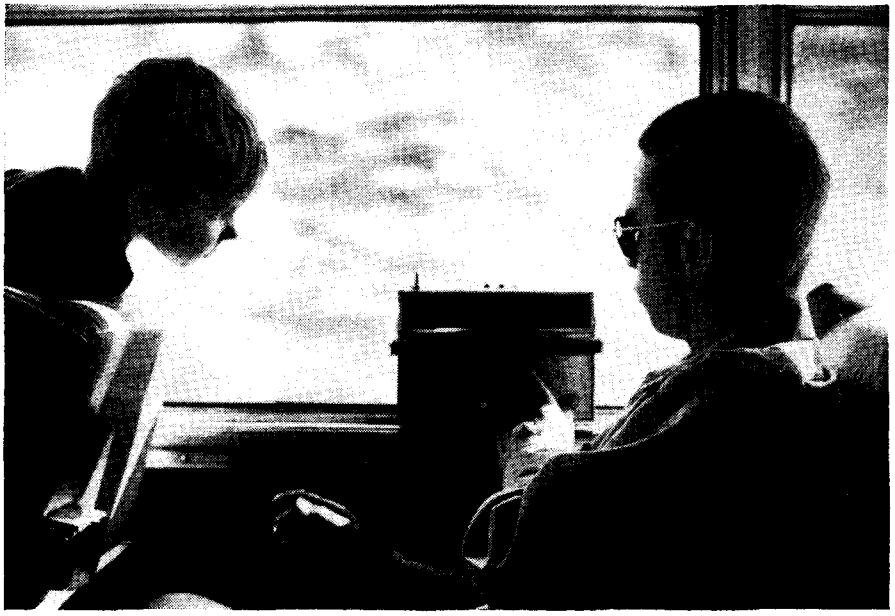
We were passing beneath a heavy, overcast sky, but the desperately needed rain refused to fall. Suddenly a young man two seats behind me shouted, "It's raining!" A few drops splattered on the windshield, but not enough for the driver to turn on his wipers. Then the sun came out and a broad, flat blue sky opened above us.

Northwest of Wichita Falls the young driver pointed to stubbed, brown wheat fields that should have been green undulating seas. "Lots of farmers have given up and plowed the fields under," he said. The bus rammed onward through the endless northern Texas plain, in and out of Iowa Park, Electra, Harrold, Oklaunion, Vernon—all drowsing in the Sunday afternoon torpor.

In the back of the bus, my friend and I introduced ourselves to two fourteen-year-old girls on their way to visit relatives in Amarillo. Putting on their best teenybopper dead pans, they replied to questions with only nods and shrugs. One was paging through *Teen* magazine, the other fiddling with a vial of yellow and black capsules. "Uppers or downers?" I asked. "Uppers," she said, and put the vial back in her purse, and began reading a love-story comic book.

Somehow the rapport we had enjoyed with passengers over the past week seemed to have dried up like the land around us. Faces looked tight and pinched. An old man rebuked my friend for taking pictures, warning of lawsuits

Whiling away the hours: "The bus rammed onward through the endless Texas plain."



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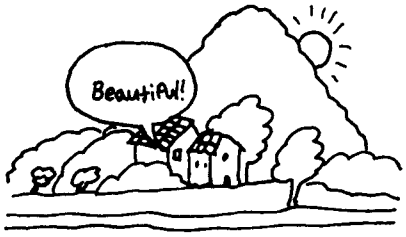

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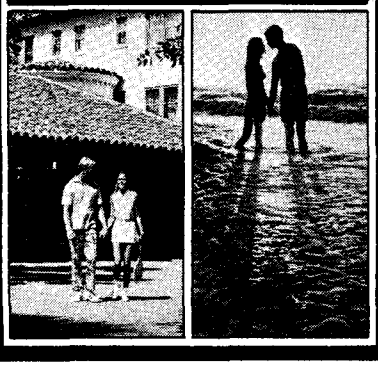

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Gradually, though, the two teenyboppers, perhaps feeling the effects of their little yellow and black friends, began to open up. One asked to see my map, the other kept reaching for my notebook; soon they were giggling, mussing our hair, and asking us to take them to Albuquerque.

"It's that guy who needs the upper," said my friend, referring to the old man who didn't want his picture taken. "Why don't you find out his problem." Expecting a barrage of ill will, I met instead a kindly man of seventy-five who was glad to talk once he had again voiced his concern about random photo taking. He talked at length, and I followed him over winding trails through a bygone America. He had grown up on the Kansas plains, gone over to fight in World War I, then returned to play baseball in Wichita. "It was back in the Twenties, and I was sittin' on the bench waitin' to hit one day when a fella comes up and says, 'You Jim Stull? We need a first baseman down at El Dorado. Pay one hundred twenty-five dollars.' He was from an oil-field team down in Texas. Well, I said I'd better ask my wife, and when I got home that night she said, 'Yeah, I'll go anywhere for that kind of money.' So I called the fella and said we were on our way. You know, we'd heard so much about how tough those oil-field people were, but, heck, they were a good bunch, college graduates and all."

Jim Stull played baseball until he was sixty, retired ten years ago, and moved with his wife to Amarillo. "I still mess around in my garden with plants and flowers. And I watch all the games I can, on TV and out at the ball park." He was riding home from Houston, where only the night before he had seen his first major league game in person. No young boy could have been more thrilled at having watched the Giants and Willie Mays. Jim Stull was proud that Mays had turned forty the same day he had reached seventy-five.

We stopped in Amarillo for two hours on Sunday evening and then changed to a Greyhound for the last leg of the concrete and blacktop odyssey. At Tucumcari, New Mexico, an urgent voice from outside summoned a middle-aged couple from the back of the bus. Through the window I could see them talking with a policeman. Moments later, their faces grim, they returned to fetch their suitcases from the overhead rack. We got out and walked into the Ron Dy Voo Cafe, where weary passengers were lining up to buy coffee. The driver told us that the couple had just been notified of a death in the family. The man's mother had died that afternoon in Oklahoma shortly after he and his wife had left for California. Now the couple was boarding an eastbound bus marked "New York City."

Gradually passengers turned out overhead lights, as we plowed along Route 66. Some, crossing nonstop from Chicago to Los Angeles, fell into fitful sleep. I stayed awake and watched the motel and gas station neon pour by. Just after 2 a.m. we rolled down the mountains and came into Albuquerque under a clear starlit sky. Suddenly, the driver threw on the lights and announced that everyone would have to get off for an hour while the bus was serviced. We stepped out of the long silver tube and into the yellow-and-orange brightness of the Greyhound terminal. People shuffled around in a daze, grappling with a battery of vending machines and pinball games, paging through magazines on the newsstand, dozing in chairs. A jukebox played a song called "Lodi" about an out-of-luck singer stranded in a New Mexico town:

"Rode in on the Greyhound, I'll be walkin' out if I go. I was just passin' through, must be seven months or more. Ran out of time and money, looks like they took my friends. Oh Lord! I'm stuck in Lodi again."

For us, the trip was over. There was no need to wait around. We could have gone to the nearest motel to sleep it all off, but we stayed a while, eating sandwiches and talking to a few stuck-in-Albuquerque passengers. When we finally got up to leave, I felt a little sheepish, a little guilty about leaving them all behind in the 3 a.m. glare of the Greyhound terminal. It was the easy way out. □

WIT TWISTER NO. 269

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

The — — — — — of cold winter's night

Will find a source of sheer delight—

Indeed his — — — — — will start to sing—

When — — — — — enjoys a — — — — —, green spring.

George Welsh

(Answer on page 86)

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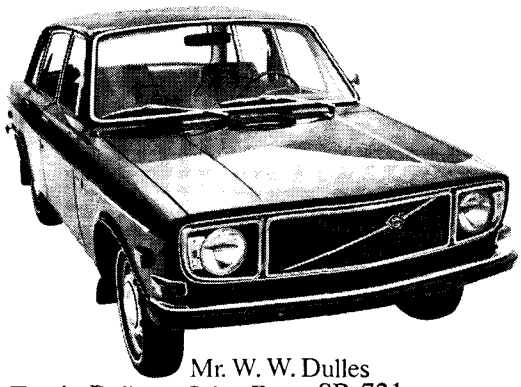

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Mr. Farmer has spent years tracking the life and lineage of Tarzan and there is no doubt that this is the definitive job. His industry and patience were rewarded with an interview with Lord Greystoke himself. He had fifteen minutes with the great man (that is fifteen more than Clifford Irving had with Howard Hughes) and reports that "He was the most beautiful, but at the same time undeniably masculine, man that I have ever seen. This was so despite scars on his forehead and neck, of which Burroughs speaks, and many more on his face and hands that Burroughs does not mention. I was silenced by the exceedingly charismatic force which he radiated even when he was quiet. Perhaps tigerish would be a better term."

So there you are. Edgar Rice Burroughs barely scratched the surface when he wrote his Tarzan books. Philip José Farmer has researched the early years with the pithecanthropoids as well as Lord Greystoke's heroic activities in World War II as a group leader with the RAF. He has gone a long way behind the official facade to reveal the secret life of Tarzan.

Jane, too!

L.L. Day
Editor-at-Large

TARZAN ALIVE: A Definitive Biography of Lord Greystoke ($5.95), by Philip José Farmer, is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 277 Park Avenue, New York 10017. Copies may be obtained from your own bookseller or any Doubleday Book Shop, one of which is located at 673 Fifth Avenue, New York 10022.

Letters to the Editor

Genetic Engineering
Re: Caryl Rivers's "Grave New World" [*SR*, April 8]. Dr. Sinsheimer and others who are studying and promoting genetic manipulation believe that our inherited chromosomes determine our different characteristics and that our "chromosomal lottery . . . firmly channels our human destiny."

The difficult proposition that these hereditists are trying to promote is that each human being differs from every other human being because of chance inheritance. But there is contrary evidence that suggests that more meaningful differences occur because of environmental interaction. A complete education or, to borrow a phrase, the complete lack of an education firmly channels our human destiny.

Norman C. Boldt
Seattle, Wash.

Genetic engineering makes man the tool of technology, makes conformity the great ideal. It removes the possibility of love, heroism, sacrifice, surprise, even purpose —except for the creation of the "perfect" man. All this means that science becomes not just one of the branches of man's great knowledge but the major and controlling one. Man becomes not a creature striving to become great beyond the original mold (even, gloriously, in spite of the original mold) but one aspiring instead merely to the mold.

Lucille Corley
Jennings, Mo.

One of the first goals of genetic engineering should be to resolve the incompatibility caused by racism. Why not solve the problem by changing the color of all future generations to blue?

William Hinzman
Casper, Wyo.

The Elderly
Re: "Old Age: End Product of a Faulty System" [*SR*, April 8]. Although most of the elderly whom I see in my inner-city practice are very poor materially, few live lives as empty and as meaningless as Simone de Beauvoir would have us believe. Nor, when they were younger workers, were their lives the arid wastes that she and Herbert Marcuse imagine.

Although governments and, more importantly, the family unit woefully neglect their aged, as well as most other poor people in this world, no society in mankind's history has been able to give more meaning to an individual's life.

Philosophers and theologians have more to offer the aged of all ages.

Richard P. Fitzgibbons, M.D.
Philadelphia, Pa.

High Technology
Re: "The New Naturalism" [*SR*, April 1]. Daniel Yankelovich's comparison between the windmill as an example of humane technology and the bulldozer as an example of brutal technology is an apt one. But it is also an example of what one can term the "high technology" as compared to the "intermediate technology." The windmill makers embodied in their creations some of the most sophisticated concepts of modern engineering. They used negative feedback to minimize error, that is, to turn the windmill into the wind and to follow its changing directions. With their slatted sails they used proportional control to maintain a steady grinding speed in the face of changing wind intensities and even, I believe, used proportional feedback control to adjust grinding to the characteristics of the grain that was being ground. And they produced a machine that was esthetically pleasant and nonpolluting. This is what a "high technology" can do.

Being a psychologist, Dr. Yankelovich will know the importance of such generalized concepts in the study of the psychology and physiology of living things. Nature, of course, had been using feedback to solve her own design problems for millions of years before engineers developed it to be used in machines. But what his example also demonstrates is that for centuries intelligent men, scientists and humanists, could walk through the fields without realizing that the great artifacts towering above them embodied concepts of deep philosophical interests.

Edward Llewellyn Thomas, M.D.
Toronto, Ontario

Olympic Games
Re: The special section on Munich and the German world [*SR*, March 25]. Most people draw the obvious parallel of Munich in 1972 and Berlin in 1936. And these memories are frightening when one thinks of the events and personalities that shaped the fascist world of 1936. But what of the parallel between the Greece that began those Olympic Games so many years ago in a spirit of freedom and the Greece that will take part in the coming competition? The horror of fascism in Greece today is more frightening than any memory can be.

Judy Schaetzel
St. Louis, Mo.

Charter Flights
Barbara Johnson's disparaging article on illicit charter flights to Europe, "How to Keep from Being a Summer Strandee" [*SR*, March 4], is one of several on that topic I've read recently, and I think it's time somebody gave credit where it's due. Three times in as many years I have gone through the phony-organization bit just before a London-New York trip, in return for tickets costing less than half the scheduled fare. All six flights matched those of the scheduled carriers in service, comfort, and reliability. Many other Americans I know here have had the same pleasant and thrifty experience.

It is true that others have been stranded, and unscrupulous operators no doubt will strand more this coming summer, but there are better ways of getting at the rotten eggs than by burning down

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the hen house. A good start would be for the CAB to liberalize—not tighten—charter rules and then watch the organizers closely—and collude less with the International Air Transport Association in keeping scheduled fares at an artificially high level. The scheduled carriers, for their part, should compete realistically instead of relying on governments for protection. By any means at their disposal, a pooled transatlantic shuttle or whatever, they should end the present ludicrous practice of sending half-empty planes across the ocean.

Until the scheduled airlines rationalize their operations and reduce prices to a fair level, the traveler of moderate means is better off playing charter roulette. There is a slight risk, but the odds are distinctly in his favor.

Harold J. Nelson
Amsterdam, the Netherlands

Professional Integrity

In "The Public Ways of the Private Nader" [*SR*, Feb. 12] Charles McCarry impugned my professional integrity by misquoting me and putting the misquotation in a false context. The effect was to depict me as a reporter who would not criticize Mr. Nader for fear of hurting his "cause."

Mr. McCarry telephoned me to ask some questions about Mr. Nader. What I said to him was: "I don't want to be associated with any hatchet job on Ralph Nader." We were discussing Mr. McCarry's book, then in preparation, from which the *SR* article was excerpted. We were not discussing any "cause," and the context had nothing to do with what I might or might not write as a reporter for *The New York Times*.

Yet in his article Mr. McCarry reported that Mr. Nader felt "an attack on him was an attack on his cause" and that "others feel the same" (referring to me). He then misquoted me as saying: "I don't want to be associated with any negative stuff about Ralph Nader." Incidentally, the word "negative," in that sense, is not even in my vocabulary.

My obvious point was that I did not care to cooperate with him if his purpose was to do a hatchet job on Ralph Nader, or on anybody else for that matter. Actually, on being assured by Mr. McCarry that he was not doing a hatchet job, I made some critical as well as complimentary remarks about Mr. Nader, none of which were quoted in the article.

John D. Morris
Washington, D.C.

Charles McCarry replies: *John D. Morris certainly reads more into his remark about Ralph Nader than I did. I took what he said to be a cry from the heart, and I quoted him accurately both in letter and in spirit. Elsewhere in my book,* Citizen Nader, *he is quoted in terms that leave little doubt as to his toughness of mind. In my report of Morris's admiration for Nader, it was very far from my intention to suggest that this might lead to any relaxation of his standards as a reporter. I do suggest that the readers of* The New York Times *are more likely to judge his objectivity by what he writes than by what I have written.*

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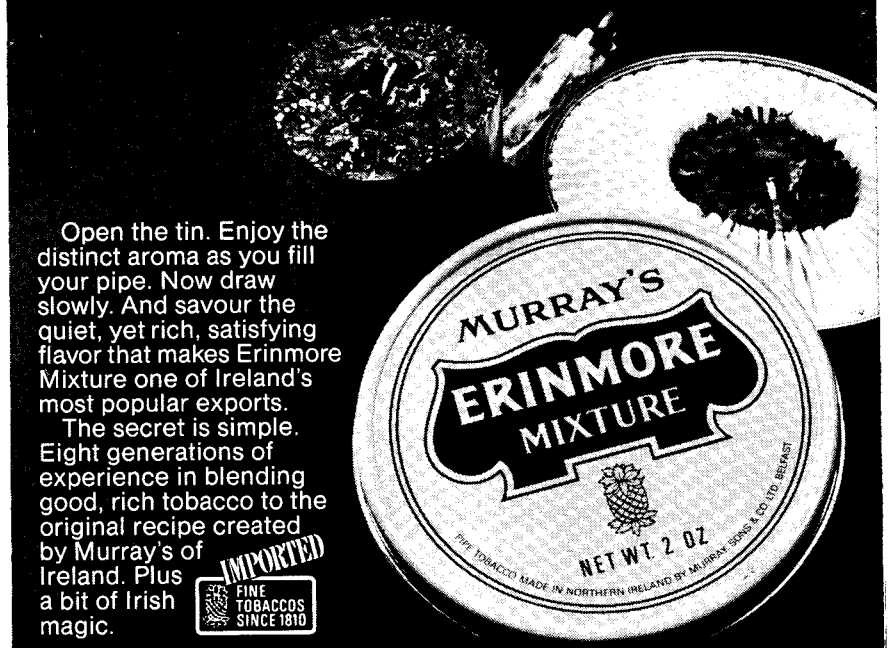

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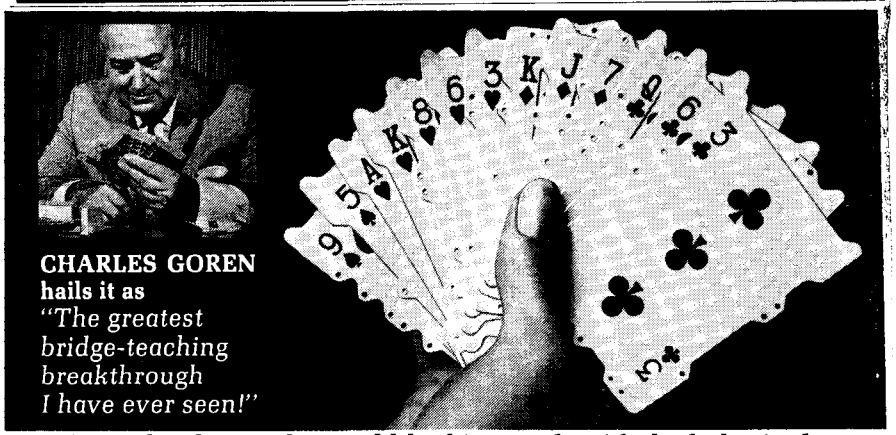

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An open letter to readers

Norman Cousins
New York, New York 10017

My purpose in writing is to tell you that my colleagues and I have decided to launch a new magazine. The magazine will be published every two weeks. It will be called WORLD. It will be a world review of ideas, the arts, and the human condition.

Ever since I resigned from the Saturday Review, I have been thinking and dreaming about starting a magazine that, in a certain sense, would belong to its readers and editors.

Usually, new magazines call for a prodigious investment. The reason is that magazines are sold to the consumer at less than the cost of manufacture. What compounds this problem is that the standard way of building a subscription list is through sharply reduced introductory offers.

Little wonder that massive investment has usually been necessary to see a new magazine through to the point where introductory-offer readers can be graduated to full-rate subscribers. But outside investment can mean outside control — and this is something we want to avoid if we possibly can.

Our hope, therefore, is that we can find enough readers who are willing to take a chance on us by becoming long-term subscribers from the very outset.

We decided to put these hopes to the test. I am delighted to say that the responses thus far have been favorable beyond even our most extravagant expectations. As a result, we are scheduling our first issue for late Spring.

What about the magazine itself?

We believe that a magazine is essentially a reading, rather than a viewing, experience. In this sense, we will publish for a readership rather than a flippership.

We will address ourselves to people who attach high value to ideas and the creative arts. Our arena, however, will be the world. We will do more than report on books, plays, movies, music and the arts in just the United States alone. We will attempt to review and report on cultural events on a world scale — "cultural" being defined in its broadest sense.

We will write about the human condition at a time when the ability of human intelligence to meet its problems is being tested as never before. Our hope is to see the world as the astronauts saw it — a beautiful wet blue ball possessing millions of factors in the delicate combination that makes life possible. Our dominant editorial concern, then, will be the proper care of the human habitat — protecting it against war, world environmental poisoning, overcrowding, or any of the things that indignify and humiliate human beings.

In this connection, I am pleased to announce that U Thant, former Secretary-General of the U.N., and Buckminster Fuller, architect-philosopher-innovator, have joined the Board of Editors. They will preside over a major section of the magazine to be called "Planetary Management."

We will also give major attention to what we believe will be one of the most compelling issues in the years ahead — the squandering of human resources, far

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of the Saturday Review

more costly than the waste of physical resources.

There is no point in talking about conservation of land unless we also talk about conservation of life.

I think I have said enough to indicate that the new magazine will direct its central editorial energies both to the enjoyment of creative living and to the pursuit of vital ideas. It is an error, however, to try to be too detailed about a magazine in advance of publication. A magazine has to describe itself, issue by issue.

The only thing we can be sure of at this point is that we are going to make plenty of mistakes. If we are lucky, they will be fruitful mistakes and the magazine will change for the better because of them. New magazines are not really invented or created in one piece. They evolve. They are the product of creative interaction between editors and readers.

It may be irresponsible, therefore, to try to tell a reader everything he may want to know about the nature of a magazine, its underlying philosophy, or its capacity for growth. What we can try to do, however, is to tell you something about our hopes, philosophy, and our approach — and to seek your help in achieving our aims.

Some specifics: The rates will be $12 for one year; $20 for two years. For pre-publication Charter subscribers we propose a special three-year rate of $25.

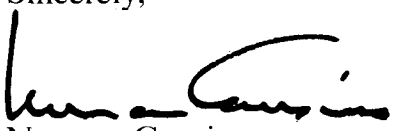
The reason we emphasize three-year subscriptions is that they reduce sharply the astoundingly high cost of processing renewals.

Even more important is the fact that long-term subscriptions will free us to do our main job — which is to try to publish a magazine you will read and respect.

We ask no money now. That can come later. What we do need right now is an expression of your interest.

As I said earlier, in inviting you to join us in what we hope will be an exciting adventure in ideas, we realize we are asking you to take a chance on us. We have high hopes of justifying that confidence. The process begins with the Charter Subscription form attached.

Sincerely,



Norman Cousins

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Music to My Ears

Irving Kolodin

A Week of Mahler and Visiting Maestros

The new order of programmatic preference among symphonic conductors was clearly evident in a week that brought to New York the orchestras of Minnesota, Philadelphia, and Chicago under the direction of Stanislaw Skrowaczewski, Thomas Schippers, and Georg Solti. There wasn't a concerto on any of the three programs, nor a symphony by Beethoven, Brahms, or Tchaikovsky. All these inescapables of the past were escaped by Skrowaczewski's and Solti's favor for works of Mahler and by Schippers's adroit combination of Elgar, Schuman, and Dvořák.

By one of those coincidences that complement rather than duplicate, Skrowaczewski's and Solti's Mahler ran to such polar works as *Das klagende Lied* and *Das Lied von der Erde*. True, they duplicate the word *"Lied"* ("song"), but this strengthened rather than weakened a sense of unity across a more than twenty-five-year span of Mahler's career.

As has been remarked more than once, Mahler's songs kept alive a lingering esteem for him until his larger works were performed often enough for their merits to be appreciated. For the first and nearly the last of his most characteristic accomplishments to be one kind of *Lied* or another suggests a rarely recognized rhythm, discipline, and embracing relationship in Mahler's creative career.

For his performance of *Das klagende Lied* (which may be translated as "The Song of Lamentation"), Skrowaczewski chose the recently published text that includes a first section omitted from the version circulated in Mahler's lifetime. For my part, the inclusion or exclusion of the section called "Waldmärchen" ("Forest Tale") has advantages that are about equal to the disadvantages. Inclusion presents the work as Mahler wrote it, for good or for bad. Exclusion makes for a shorter, more succinct statement of the best that Mahler evoked for this highly superstitious tale of minstrelsy, magic, and revenge.

Das klagende Lied exhibits Mahler in his earliest form of subservience to Wagner, whom he adored; in his involvement with the human voice, which he could not escape; and in his affection for the orchestra, a ruling passion as long as he lived. There are, inevitably, suggestions of the Wagner literature that meant so much to him in his twenties. But there are, also, in this chrysalis stage of Mahler's career, evidences of the free-flying butterfly he would eventually become.

Much of this is concentrated in the music for mezzo in *Das klagende Lied*. Sung by any mezzo, it could convey one set of associations; sung by Maureen Forrester, whose rich sound has been so often heard in later works of Mahler, it became a touchstone of quite another order. One became aware that, just as he was hypnotically attracted to works termed *Lied* at the beginning and in the terminal phase of his career, Mahler was magnetized to the sound of the mezzo voice as its counterpart.

Miss Forrester's voluminous sound is not as rich in overtones as it once was. But it is now responsive to a concern for verbal values that more than balance the artistic equation.

It was, by any standard, a very good rendering unto Mahler what Mahler merited. More particularly, it put a musical light, refracted by Forrester, on exactly how Mahler retained, from *Das klagende Lied*, a sense of the vocal sound appropriate to *Das Lied von der Erde* many years later. For the others, a steady level of musicality and artistry kept all the performance on an equal artistic plane, but Phyllis Curtin's voice no longer retains the brightness required of the soprano in this work, and John Stewart is a compromise choice for a tenor part that demands greater penetrating power than he can muster. Brent Ellis did well the little required of the baritone.

Skrowaczewski's choice of Berlioz's *Roméo et Juliette* to complement the Mahler was musically shrewd: Mahler's narrative employing words, voices, and orchestra certainly derived from Berlioz. Unfortunately, Skrowaczewski did not follow through to the ultimate advantage of his programmatic scheme. Forrester and Stewart, who could have been used for the solo voices prescribed by Berlioz, were omitted; likewise the Rutgers University Choir, which had done so well in the Mahler. The orchestral excerpts ("Queen Mab Scherzo," "Romeo Alone," "Festivities at the Capulets") were brilliantly presented, but they are only segments of a greater whole. The playing of the Minnesota Orchestra, which has been burnished to a new sheen of metallic brilliance by Skrowaczewski, was a reminder that there are great orchestras beyond the East Coast, beyond the Alleghenies, even beyond the Mississippi.

One of the greatest, however, is just beyond the Delaware River. Thomas Schippers had the captain's rank at the latest appearance of The Philadelphia Orchestra in Philharmonic Hall. It responded with a demonstration not unlike close-order drill. This was as unlike the work it did when last observed here under the direction of Carlo Maria Giulini as close-order drill is unlike a dancing ensemble in commedia dell' arte. In each case the order of effort expended was equal, and insuperable.

Schippers had the benefit of the Philadelphia's super string ensemble in a performance of Elgar's Introduction and Allegro (Op. 47) that was peerless for vibrance, fervor, and sensitivity. Few performers of the parts Elgar assigned to four solo string players could have survived comparison with the ensemble behind them. The ones who did were—naturally enough—the orchestra's own pre-eminent string players: concertmaster Norman Carol and principal second violinist Irvin Rosen; Joseph de Pasquale, leader of the viola section; and his counterpart among the cellists, Samuel Mayes. For a momentous sociological note, it may be mentioned that, when Samuel Mayes moved up to play with the other three string soloists, there was still a Mayes to head the cello section, his wife, Winifred.

Schippers's possessive impulses, his firmness of purpose and command of the authority to achieve it, made for cleanly articulated, sharply defined outlines not only in the Elgar but in William Schuman's *Credendum*, which followed. For my taste, it is in large part a warmly felt, artfully articulated expression of sentiment on behalf of the United States National Commission for UNESCO, which commissioned it in 1955, preceded and followed by a noisy fusillade of percussion effects intended to embody High Purpose. All these noisy clatterings on bells, chimes, and gongs do is to entomb the living substance of the three movements in a parenthesis of birth and death dates now reading (1955-1972). They still serve the low purpose of audience effect, to judge from the response generated by the gongs, bells, and chimes at the end.

When Schippers last conducted Elgar's Introduction and Allegro with his own Cincinnati Orchestra in a Music Hall concert at which I was present, it was followed by the first American performance of Frank Martin's Second Piano Concerto. The Swiss-born Martin (pronounced Mar-tan) has been associated through most of his eighty-one years with extended oratorios, seldom-staged operas, and involved symphonies. In this work of his seventy-ninth year, he has achieved a light, frolicsome, nearly virtuoso piece, which was beautifully performed by Paul Badura-Skoda. □

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HOW THE ARMY DESTROYED ITSELF

A career officer who requested early retirement in protest traces the steps to disaster.

BY EDWARD L. KING

The U.S. Army called it Operation Smack. It took place on January 24, 1953. Although the war in Korea was winding down at that time and would soon grind to a halt and although President Eisenhower had urged his commanders to hold casualties to an absolute minimum, the army pressed ahead with an "experiment" in air-tank-artillery-infantry coordination. The purpose of the exercise was not to defend the security of the United States but to test air force bombing techniques in coordination with army tactics on the ground. Draftees of the U.S. Seventh Infantry Division were used as guinea pigs.

The day before the test, 136,000 pounds of bombs, fourteen tanks of napalm, and 10,000 artillery rounds were dumped on and fired at the small Chinese-held "test objective" called Spud Hill. The following day U.S. military forces poured on the target an additional 224,000 pounds of bombs, eight more napalm tanks (only one of which hit the objective), 12,000 artillery rounds, 100,000 rounds of 40-millimeter and 50-caliber ammunition, 2,000 rounds of 90-millimeter tank shells, 4,500 mortar rounds, 125,000 rounds of 30-caliber ammunition, and 650 hand grenades. Then, while a large group of visiting army and air force generals and their staffs stood comfortably on a nearby hill, monitoring the exercise with the help of field observation BC-scopes and elaborately printed color programs, American troops stormed Spud Hill. Officers watching the action witnessed a young draftee shot through the head while he tried to fire a flame thrower into a Chinese trench. They also saw a young lieutenant hit by grenade fragments that caused him to lose an eye. All told, seventy-seven American soldiers were killed or wounded that day in Operation Smack.

In defending the hill, the Chinese lost fewer than sixty men and expended only about one-tenth as much ammunition as did the Americans. Moreover, the Chinese held the hill; the American assault troops were repulsed.

When news of Operation Smack reached the United States, there were, of course, indignant public protests. However, appearances by army spokesmen before the friendly Armed Services committees of the Congress and a few vague explanations from the Pentagon served to quiet the outcry. Although the public soon lost interest in the episode, Operation Smack now may be seen as the beginning of what I take to be the corruption, if not indeed the complete moral destruction, of the United States Army.

Looking back on it today, the Spud Hill scenario was an almost perfect microcosm of the army's performance in Vietnam a decade later. The major elements were identical, beginning with the army's unquestioning assumption that its new application of military pressure in underdeveloped countries could deal effectively with complex political problems and continuing with the army's employment of stupendous amounts of firepower, its adoption of a casual attitude toward human sacrifice, and its inability to alter tactics even when those employed at the outset proved ineffectual.

In 1969 I received orders to go to Vietnam. Because I saw the army repeating there the mistakes it had made in Korea, I requested early retirement. It was not an easy decision to make. Having been an army officer for more than twenty years, I had great affection for the organization I had served. Also, of course, I had been trained for and was willing to accept a career in which I followed orders without question—up to a point. I had taken human life, believing that I was doing so to help keep America "free from Communism." That was in Korea, but by 1969 I clearly saw the tragic mistake the army was making. Accordingly, I refused further service and shortly afterwards retired.

During my years of service, I was in a favorable position to observe the army as it made the wrong decisions, year after year, that inexorably led it into the quagmire of Vietnam. My misgivings began when I commanded a combat unit in Korea that was used in an experiment much like Operation Smack. As I filled various assignments after the war, I became increasingly disturbed by what I felt were secretive and parochial policies pursued by a new breed of technocrat general whose ambitions and schemes were taking the army far beyond the limits it should properly observe in our society.

My misgivings deepened in 1966, when, as a staff officer in the Office of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, I became privy to much of the basic planning behind our military policy. It became apparent to me that our high military leaders were interested only in enlarging the American role in the Vietnam War. They acted like executives charged with expanding the base of a business. I became convinced this was wrong for the United States.

Let me go back to the beginning and tell the story of the evolution of the army's policy as I saw it. During 1955 and 1956, officers such as Gen. Matthew Ridgway, who placed the lives of their soldiers above all else except the survival of the nation, began to leave active service or lose influence within the army. The day of the army organization man dawned with the rise to power of military technocrats such as Gens. Maxwell Taylor and John Medaris. These officers accepted the precepts of modernization and constant

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Lt. Col. Edward L. King retired from the U.S. Army in 1969 after nearly twenty-three years' service. This article is adapted from his book *The Death of the Army*, to be published later this month by Saturday Review Press. Copyright © 1972 by Edward L. King.

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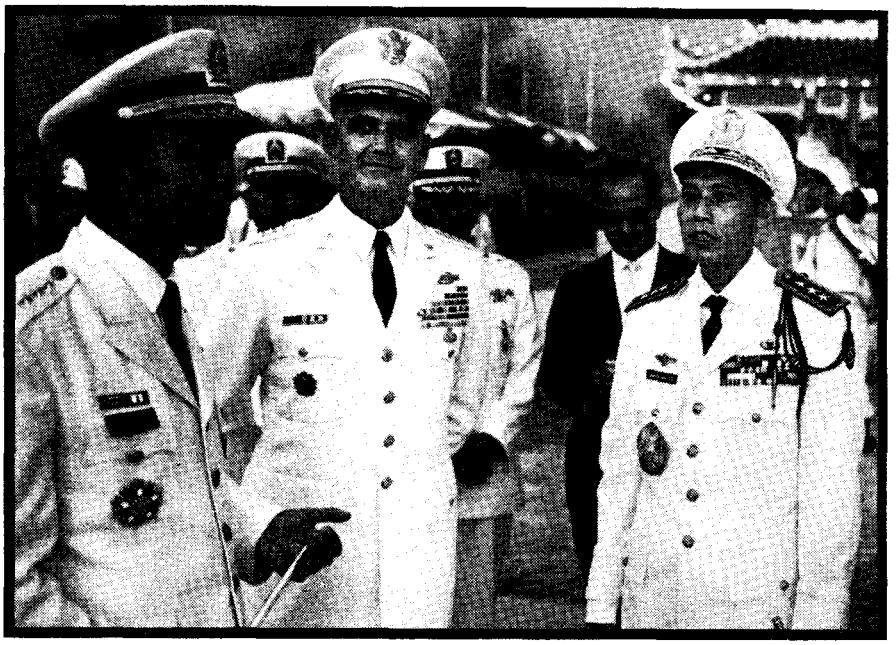
corporate growth that were dominant in American industry and, behind the facade of national defense, sought to promote an expansion of the army's role and mission.

When General Taylor became chief of staff in 1955, life in the "new army" took on a corporate flavor. The ambition to succeed within the organization began to overshadow an officer's dedication to his country. Service with troops became less important than speaking a foreign language and holding at least one advanced degree. The good epicurean staff life became all important.

The army officer became a professional advocate of change. Anything new and modern was automatically better, while anything that smacked of tradition and the past was considered only in the context of how it could be improved. Few of those making the changes ever paused to consider that they might be wrong. There was room in the modern army only for those who had a driving desire to propel themselves constantly onward and upward. Every promotion list was a measure of the success of conformity. It was unacceptable to be content with a position or a rank; upward movement was the order of the day.

The generals gave little thought to the fact that the army was committing the lives of its soldiers to support a doctrine that had not been thoroughly tested.



To build its image, the army "went Madison Avenue." At General Taylor's insistence, it cast aside its publican officer's hat with the plain, brown leather bill and flat, unimposing crown and adopted a gaudy, high-crowned Wehrmacht style replete with gold-braided "scrambled eggs" on the bill. At the same time it cast aside the traditional Eisenhower jacket and adopted a greenish-gray uniform.

But that was not change enough. General Taylor and his managers also reorganized army tactical formations and in so doing helped to create operational and morale problems that have persisted throughout the Vietnam War. A new force was designed to "survive on the atomic battlefield of the future." For men to survive on this battlefield that General Taylor thought he foresaw, it was considered necessary to shrink the army combat division from a force of three regiments containing three battalions of five companies each to a "Pentomic" force of five battle groups of four companies.

I was a student in the first advanced class at infantry school that was taught how to deploy this new tactical formation. The more those of us with combat experience studied the structure, the more convinced we became that it would not work in combat. We frequently argued with our instructors—some of whom were not in favor of the new formation either but were good team men who did their best to defend the system. I recall one student officer standing in class and saying, "What have we gained with this formation? Under the old system we could deploy two companies forward to fight and hold a third company in reserve for purposes of counterattack; now we have no reserve and must rely on another battle group for help. What if they can't provide it? What then?" "You pray," replied the instructor. Reason did not enter into discussion of the Pentomic division.

To make this hybrid structure fit into the army of new green uniforms, it was necessary to disrupt an army regimental tradition that went back to the Revolutionary War. Soldiers who looked at their regimental colors during World Wars I and II or in Korea saw flags symbolizing units that have fought great battles throughout our history. Perhaps no other symbol ex-

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emplifies the tradition of military service as the regiment. But in 1956 the U.S. Army broke up these units and formed battle groups loosely related to theoretical shadow regiments that existed only on paper, thereby bringing on a decline in the combat *esprit* of our infantrymen, who in the past often laid down their lives for the honor of their regiments.

Significantly, this war is the first war we have fought in which the traditional army regimental organizations have not been the principal combat elements. An American soldier who in the past could have readily identified with the traditions of a regiment such as the

19th U.S. "Rock of Chickamauga" Infantry has found it hard to generate similar enthusiasm for a present-day battalion referred to as the 2/19 Infantry.

To go along with the new uniforms and Pentomic organizations, the army managers next devised "new" doctrines and roles for the modern army. If it were going to compete with the air force and navy for an equitable share of the money pie, not only did the army have to go modern, it also had to develop some feasible role as an international "peacekeeper." The air force's Strategic Air Command was flying high around the world representing "Power for Peace" and enforcing Pax Americana with the threat of atomic bombs. It was hard to compete with an air force that had a worldwide net of bases or with a navy whose aircraft carriers cruised the oceans of the globe. Army managers saw there was a plentiful supply of defense dollars and numerous three- and four-star billets wrapped up in the Madison Avenue image of the armed services as "peace" forces. But how to get their share? They had a dressed-up, Pentomic army with no place to go. They needed a war, but a war would be atomic, and that was "the air force's baby." What *really* was needed from the army's point of view were little wars in which the response could be graduated so as to necessitate the army's Pentomic troops, as opposed to the air force's nuclear bombers and the navy's carriers or Polaris subs.

The army decided to push for a two-pronged "peace" role. First, it stressed its ability to carry out counterinsurgency and "limited" brush-fire warfare in underdeveloped countries with its newly organized ground forces. Second, to justify its 200,000-man European force, the army emphasized the need for making a flexible, graduated response to potential Soviet aggression against NATO countries. According to this concept, localized Soviet attacks would be countered, not with massive retaliation by the Strategic Air Command, but by the Pentomic army equipped with a variety of sophisticated, low-yield nuclear weapons. These weapons could, along with ground attack, be brought to bear gradually until the Soviets ceased their aggression. Little, if any, thought was given to the growing Soviet nuclear capability or to the possibility that the Soviets might not restrict their attack to localized probes of NATO when they had sufficient force to overrun much of Western Europe in a non-nuclear conventional war. These details were pushed aside in the rush to hammer out a doctrine that would give the Pentomic divisions an international role and subsequently justify procurement of expensive weapons systems.

But it was in its limited-war role in underdeveloped countries that the army saw its brightest prospects. The State Department under John Foster Dulles had concluded a web of security treaties with many of these countries. Quite possibly they would need U.S. military assistance, and it was here that the army could outplay the air force. To lay the groundwork, the army began establishing advisory groups all over the world. They were to be the nucleus around which a larger army commitment could be developed.

The limited-war doctrine foresaw army forces entering underdeveloped nations to help contain Communist aggression or to block wars of liberation against friendly free-world governments. These peace-keeping efforts would be short-lived, carefully controlled military actions sharply restricted to achieving specific, limited tactical objectives within narrowly defined geographic areas. With surgical precision the army would enter the restricted geographic area to assist untrained local forces in containing and repelling Communist aggression. No clear distinction was drawn between a war of national liberation and a civil war other than that a war of liberation was assumed to be one externally inspired and supported.

The key to the army's limited-war doctrine was rapid worldwide mobility for the new Pentomic forces. Accordingly, the army formed the XVIII Airborne Corps at Fort Bragg, North Carolina, which contained two Pentomic airborne divisions. This corps, dubbed "Freedom's Fire Brigade" by its commander, Lt. Gen. William C. Westmoreland, was constantly on stand-by status, ready to move to any part of the world to put out an aggressive Communist brush fire. The army was now almost able to compete with the air force for dominance in international peace keeping.

There was only one problem: Freedom's Fire Brigade had to ride in air force fire trucks and depend on air force tactical fighters to hose down the brush fire while the army's troops moved in to do the ax and pick work. The air force understandably was reluctant to help the army compete for the world peace-keeping role that it had occupied unchallenged since the inception of SAC. Consequently, the army turned to its friends in Congress, stressing the greater likelihood of limited war than of massive retaliation and, of course, the need for more airlift capacity. The army fought the bitter airlift battle through the halls of the Department of Defense and in session with the Joint Chiefs of Staff, where the navy and marines were quite willing to join in shooting down the high-flying air force.

The struggle ended in a compromise. The air force, seeing that the piloted bomber was becoming obsolete in a world of missiles and looking

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with increasing suspicion on the tactical missiles being developed for the army by Dr. Wernher Von Braun and General Medaris, agreed to buy more transport aircraft specifically for the use of the army if the army would get out of missile development. The army agreed to pass control of all long-range missiles to the air force, while retaining control of tactical missiles with a range of less than 1,500 miles.

There remained the matter of the army's dependence on air force fighter planes for fire support. This problem was solved by first establishing the helicopter as a battlefield carrier for the Pentomic divisions and then quietly arming the helicopters with machine guns and cannon for fire-support roles. Thus was born the "Sky Cavalry" concept.

The prospects looked bright. With the First Cavalry Division backed up by air force and navy firepower, it was felt that the army would quickly teach the North Vietnamese the high cost of killing elite Green Beret troops.

But there was still a flaw in the army doctrine. If "aggression against freedom" did not reach the level of a brush-fire war, how could the army justify its involvement? Army planners answered this question by devising yet another way that U.S. ground forces could be committed to battle. They adopted "counterinsurgency" as a corollary to limited war. Counterinsurgency would be the intervening step between sending in a few military advisers and bringing in the Pentomic divisions. When the level of conflict in a country reached a certain height, "technicians and specialists" would be sent to work with the local army. Green Berets would advise the local forces and begin clandestine U.S. combat operations. In this way army involvement would be short of open combat but could provide the basis for further commitment of army forces. As the army's counter-insurgency role grew, the rationale for sending in the Pentomic divisions would become more compelling. Of course, there might arise valid political reasons for the use of large numbers of "military advisers," and the army's planners were at least partly responsive to this consideration; yet as an insider I can say with assurance that these leaders were also at least equally motivated by their sense of rivalry between the services and their desire to rationalize a powerful role for themselves.

President Kennedy wholeheartedly endorsed the army's advisory-counter-insurgency-limited-war theory and appointed General Taylor chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. The young President saw the army plan as a low-profile way to mix tangible military force with U.S. diplomacy in underdeveloped areas of the world. In accepting this doctrine he opened the door to a larger U.S. commitment in Southeast Asia. The Joint Chiefs of Staff had missed a chance to fight there in 1954, when President Eisenhower opposed the introduction of U.S. combat troops. They were not going to miss a second opportunity under Presidents Kennedy and Johnson. The army scheme of counterinsurgency and limited brush-fire war was the vehicle by which the United States was taken into Vietnam.

By 1962 army leaders were giving little thought to the fact that the army was committing the lives of its soldiers to support a doctrine that had not been thoroughly tested. The road into the Vietnam quagmire was open, and army managers rushed along it, happily picking up commands and promotions on the way. Vietnam appeared to be the perfect place to gain "experience" for the modern army. The U.S. military advisory group had been there since 1955. It had been commanded by some of America's best-known generals, such

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men as "Hanging" Sam Williams and "Iron Mike" O'Daniels, and had formed and shaped the Army of the Republic of Vietnam (ARVN) in the image of the U.S. Army. They called the ARVN "the finest little army in Asia." Yet by late 1962 and early 1963 it was proving unequal to fighting the kind of war waged by the Vietcong and increasing numbers of North Vietnamese regular troops.

The military advisory group had served its purpose. It was time to put some steel into the ARVN by introducing the counterinsurgency phase of the new army doctrine. With President Kennedy's approval, thousands of

green, young infantry officers began moving out with ARVN combat companies, battalions, and brigades. Theoretically, they were advisers, but in practice they were there to command —and to fight. Most had never seen combat, but they were eager to make points for promotion. Since they did not speak Vietnamese, they obviously had trouble advising combat-experienced South Vietnamese officers on new methods of command and battle tactics. But the Americans were brave and more willing to assume risks than the ARVN officers, who fought more to survive than to be promoted.

While these American "advisers" were trying to lead the ARVN in the "Follow Me" tradition of the U.S. Army Infantry School, the Green Berets were quietly moving their elite airborne-ranger-trained men into the brush to take up the fighting. Bright, ruthless staff technocrats such as Brig. Gen. William E. DePuy had plans for every eventuality and ready answers to every question about the army's objectives in Vietnam. This was "the war of the future" and the way to high rank for these uncommonly self-assured organization men and their patron, General Westmoreland. They brooked no interference or doubts. Those who questioned the wisdom of the army's activities in Vietnam were sent home to military oblivion or early retirement.

In mid-1964 it became apparent that American advisers and Green Beret forces were no match for the growing number of North Vietnamese troops entering South Vietnam. The advisers had learned quickly, and the airborne-ranger special-forces troops fought well, but for some unfathomable reason the ARVN could not cope with its armed countrymen.

Army leaders put the best possible face on the situation. South Vietnamese conscripts were called "citizen soldiers." Despite their rhetoric the North Vietnamese and Vietcong dedication to combat was destroying the carefully nurtured image of the ARVN as a "fine little army." It was, in fact, in imminent danger of complete collapse despite nine years of U.S. Army advice and equipment. A defeat of the South Vietnamese would have been a major setback for the army's doctrine of low-profile counterinsurgency as the way to handle wars of liberation. General Taylor, by then the U.S. ambassador to South Vietnam, was not going to sit idly by and watch his theories discredited. He called for larger numbers of American ground troops.

But for years the American public had been told that infantry ground wars were passé, especially in Asia. How could the army admit it needed infantry troops in Vietnam and at the same time preserve the image of the modern army it had created? The answer was to bring in the troops gradually. The first step would be to commit a helicopter-borne division. This would give the army a chance to combat-test their air-mobile concepts. The prospects looked bright. With the helicopter-borne First Cavalry Division backed up by air force and navy tactical firepower, it was felt that the army would quickly teach the North Vietnamese the high cost of killing American advisers and elite Green Beret troops.

But, despite its firepower and mobility, the First Cavalry Division was not able to protect the scattered special-forces camps and prop up the sagging ARVN. Departments of State and Defense reports began to enlarge upon the estimated number of enemy "regulars" that were "pouring into South Vietnam." The stage was set for the third phase of the army's doctrine. The brush fire was now in full flame, but in 1965 army organization men had forgotten all about calling it a limited conflict. It was thought of as all-out war, and the army excitedly built up to the proper fighting level by shipping standard infantry divisions into Vietnam.

Army leaders forgot about Korea and started talking about "winning the war." They were joined by President Johnson, who wanted to limit the war but nonetheless expected to win a conflict in which the flag was committed. This dichotomy of rhetoric and true purpose continued to lurk below the surface of the expanding war until 1968.

It took the Tet offensive of that year to shatter the reputation of technocrat generals such as Westmoreland. Despite the presence of nearly one million ARVN troops and 525,000 Americans, the Vietcong were able to seize thirty-seven of forty-four provincial capitals and send the United States ambassador fleeing for his life from the American Embassy in Saigon. Westmoreland's answer to Tet was to request an additional 206,000 soldiers.

For perhaps the first time the falseness of the army's counterinsurgency doctrine lay completely exposed. Political leaders began to realize that from the beginning the plan had been a mercenary expedient to ensure army involvement in international affairs. How, they asked, could the army let false pride and parochial ambition lead it to failure in Vietnam? Why did the nation's military leadership first fail to recognize their errors, and then when they did recognize them remain silent? These questions must be answered if the army is to be effectively reformed. And reform must be immediate. In failing the nation's trust, the army has shown weaknesses that, if not eliminated, will certainly return to haunt us. Chief of Staff Westmoreland and Assistant Vice Chief of Staff DePuy are in Washington today, planning a new future for the army they led to destruction in Vietnam. □

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Editorial

The Bombing: A Dangerous Way to Deliver a Message

We may be shocked by the renewed U.S. bombing of Hanoi and Haiphong. We should not be surprised. For President Nixon has always left himself the option of re-escalating the war should anything happen to threaten the shrinking American military forces in the final phases of withdrawal. North Vietnam's massive attacks on the South gave Nixon the excuse to exercise that option.

There is no doubt that Hanoi did, in fact, mount a major offensive, the biggest since the bloody *Tet* attacks of 1968. An estimated dozen North Vietnamese divisions poured across the Demilitarized Zone at the 17th parallel, bolstered by Soviet-made PT-76 and T-54 tanks as well as huge artillery pieces. So many men were hurled into the attacks against South Vietnam's northernmost provinces, its Central Highlands, and the region around Saigon that North Vietnam was left without a single full, combat-ready division to defend itself.

Still it is puzzling that the President chose to respond by sending waves of B-52s over Hanoi and Haiphong. Were the remaining 70,000 or so American troops really endangered by the invasion—and it can be called nothing less—from the North? That does not seem terribly likely, unless Nixon feared that South Vietnam's forces were in imminent danger of collapsing—which would not speak well for the success of his Vietnamization program. The administration hints that the public does not know all the facts—as many an administration hinted whenever its policies came under attack—but, even so, what purpose could have been served by bombing the North's major cities? If the administration's objective was to blunt the invasion, wouldn't it have made more sense to bomb the attacking units in the South, the transportation network that threads through the DMZ and the eastern parts of Laos, and even the supply bases situated just north of the 17th parallel?

In all likelihood, Nixon's objective was considerably broader—and more dangerous. Though he has scrupulously avoided saying so directly, his lieutenants have made it clear that the bombing was aimed as much at Moscow as at Hanoi. In recent months the Soviets have stepped up their shipments of armor, antiaircraft artillery, and even SA-2 missiles to North Vietnam, and a number of high military advisers from Moscow are known to have visited Hanoi. Whether the Soviets had a hand in planning the invasion—or, conversely, counseled against it—is not known. Their increased arms shipments were enough to alarm the administration. Apparently, the President decided that to ignore Moscow's role in the new offensive would be to place him in a position of weakness when he journeys to the Soviet Union on May 22. Accordingly, he said during his recent visit to Ottawa: "Great powers cannot avoid the responsibility for the use of arms by those to whom they give them." There is more than a little irony in the timing of the remark; it was made just before a controversy erupted over the dispatch of U.S. jets to Pakistan by Libya and Jordan during the war on the subcontinent late last year.

If the bombing was indeed intended as a warning to the Soviets, it would mark the second time in recent months that Nixon has reacted dramatically in order to counter moves by Moscow. The first occurred during the latest Indian-Pakistani war, when the administration, deeply disturbed by New Delhi's increasing reliance on Soviet arms and advice, went too far in its support of the military regime in Islamabad. The result was to align the United States with a loser—and one that had the blood of several million Bengalis on its hands, at that—and to alienate the government of the world's largest democracy.

Nixon's concern with Moscow's motives is, of course, entirely legitimate, and a case can be made that the Soviets lately have been something less than model citizens of the international community. It may be, however, that the U.S. government has not accorded sufficient weight to one particular element in this complicated equation—the intense Soviet preoccupation with China. In both India and North Vietnam it is entirely possible that Moscow's primary goal was to outflank Peking, not to irritate Washington.

Whether the bombing will affect Nixon's talks with the Russians on strategic arms limitations, increased trade, and the future of Europe remains to be seen. So far the Soviet reaction has been rather muted. Not so the reaction on U.S. campuses, though the demonstrations might prove short-lived and the students might lapse quickly back into the silence that has enveloped them for a couple of years. Politically, the impact is likely to be less than was assumed when the first thick headlines appeared. At first glance the situation seems to vindicate George McGovern's insistence that the war remains the foremost issue before the nation. By September or October, however, domestic concerns, such as tax reform, inflation, unemployment, and busing to end school segregation, may once again become paramount.

It is unlikely that the bombing, which, if anything, reinforced North Vienam's fighting spirit in the earlier days of the war, will force Hanoi into a more resilient negotiating position. Unlikely, but not entirely impossible. Our strategists have spoken too often of "last-gasp" offensives for us to believe that this one will be any different. Yet there are reports from the battlefields that captured North Vietnamese troops are generally younger and less thoroughly indoctrinated than those of past campaigns. This, together with the reports that North Vietnam has virtually stripped itself of defensive units to mount the current offensive, would seem to indicate that Hanoi's manpower pool may be running low. Maybe—just maybe—the next round of talks will get somewhere. Even if they do, however, the cost will have been prohibitive: a battle that killed 8,000 North and South Vietnamese in its first week alone and the return of the bombers after four years of inactivity.

Ronald P. Kriss

A NOTE TO THE READERS

Norman Cousins, our former associate, has announced his decision to launch a new magazine to be called *World*. Undoubtedly, a number of *SR* readers will also want to keep up with Mr. Cousins's new publishing venture. An announcement appears in this issue. We at *SR* offer Mr. Cousins and his associates our good wishes and congratulations.

Postscript to Bloody Sunday

Nobody will long remember the words of the Widgery Report, London's official account of the killing of thirteen Catholics in Londonderry, Northern Ireland, last January 30. But it will be difficult ever to forget the words uttered by a bereaved father when he was told of the report's conclusion that Catholic terrorists, not British paratroopers, were chiefly to blame. As quoted in *The New York Times*, James Wray, a Londonderry man whose twenty-two-year-old son was shot dead on Bloody Sunday, said with heartbreaking dignity: "I am glad I fathered the son who died, rather than fathered the son who murdered him."

R.P.K.

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Saturday Review of

THE SOCIETY

Equality may be in the process of becoming at least as important to Americans as liberty, writes sociologist Herbert Gans in the following pages. According to Professor Gans, vast inequalities that have marked American society from the start persist to this day. His view is starkly corroborated by a look at one of the country's least equal groups, the Louisiana sugarcane workers. Still, the new egalitarianism can claim one sizable political achievement, the eighteen-year-old vote. Its possible impact on the first presidental election since its ratification is explored here. So are a major issue involving America's youth–amnesty–and a way of life through which many of the country's troubled young have sought solutions and refuge–the Jesus Movement.

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TIED TO THE SUGAR LANDS

By tradition a ward of the plantation, by law a ward of the government, the cane worker of Louisiana lives on in a servitude he's always known.

BY PETER SCHUCK

"The Sugar Act was a humanitarian measure designed to protect a group of politically impotent and exploited workers. . . . The act placed the welfare of . . . sugar workers into the protective hands of the Secretary of Agriculture. . . ." (Opinion of U.S. District Court, in Angel *v.* Hardin, *District of Colorado, December 9, 1971)*

The sugarcane country comes upon you slowly as you drive west and then south on Route 90 from New Orleans. The feisty ghetto smells of Tchoupitoulas and Dryades streets reluctantly give way to the swamps and marshes of St. Charles Parish. Here, the landscape is forlorn and unmanaged, disturbed only by occasional oil and gas rigs drilling with tireless energy.

It is only when you cross over into Lafourche Parish that you realize what sugarcane means to the rural economy of the sole of boot-shaped Louisiana. With cane land at well over $500 per acre, not an inch is wasted. The rows of cane begin within several feet of the highway and continue just behind the rear walls of the houses bordering the highway at frequent intervals. Endlessly, relentlessly, the rows plunge on to the horizon. There are exceptions, of course—industrialized Morgan City in St. Mary Parish and metropolitan Lafayette farther north—but they are little more than isolated buoys bobbing in a sea of cane stretching from the center of the state southeast to New Orleans and the Gulf of Mexico.

In the weeks before Christmas, at the height of the "grinding," or harvest, season, the sugar fields hum with activity. The 5,000 cane workers, as well as unemployed workers from nearby towns lured by the seventy-hour work weeks, bend to the feverish rhythm of the harvest—cut the cane with a harvester, load the cane with a loader, pick up the "scrap" cane by hand, haul the cane with a tractor, hoist the cane with a derrick, drive the cane to the raw sugar mill. And always the insistent refrain—get the cane to the mill before the first frost sours and ruins it.

By mid-January, the cane fields are desolate again. The cane workers stand inside their shacks, gazing out at the interminable rain that transforms the gummy, alluvial earth into an unapproachable swamp of cane stubble. There is no work on such days, and such days are common well into the spring. The cane worker knows that he will be fortunate to get in twenty hours of work a week in January and February, aerating the soil and shoveling earth away from the drains in the field. He knows, too, that he will be idle much of the time until September, just before the grinding season begins once again. But he also knows that there is nowhere else for him to go.

Rooted in the rich delta soil, the cane worker is immobilized by a deprivation extreme even for the rural South. He is a skilled operator of sophisticated machinery; yet on the average he earns only $2,635 a year to sustain a family of six. This is $1,900 less than the poverty level for a farm family and almost $1,000 less than the average for farm-worker families, widely recognized as the most deprived remnant of the nation's poor.

Federal assistance programs do not mitigate the cane worker's distress, for in the sugar belt, the federal pipeline runs less to the workers than to the large growers. South Coast Corporation and Southdown Lands, Inc., are the two largest sugar growers in Louisiana. Subsidiaries of giant absentee

Peter Schuck is an attorney-consultant at Ralph Nader's Center for Study of Responsive Law in Washington, D.C.

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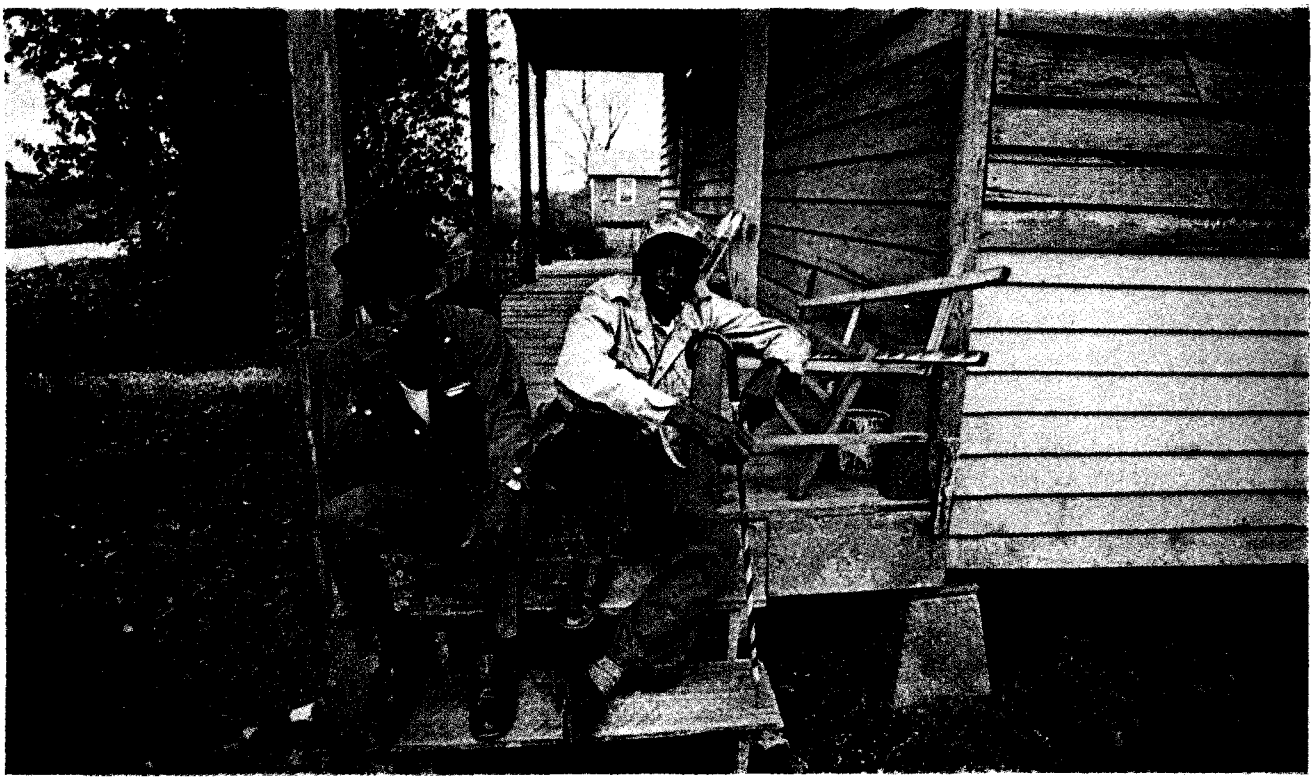

In late winter the cane fields are desolate. Rainy days transform them into unapproachable swamp. There is no work on such days, which are common well into spring. Cane workers know they will be idle, but they also know there is nowhere else for them to go.

conglomerates (Jim Walter Corporation of Tampa, Florida, and Southdown, Inc., of Houston, Texas), the two received $297,981 and $186,213 respectively in direct federal subsidies for the 1969 crop year, but federal assistance is far less generous to their plantation workers.

A 1970 survey showed that 79 per cent received *no* federal assistance whatsoever. Despite the cataloguing of a morass of misery—inadequate diet, overcrowded housing, and grossly deficient medical care—the cane families, as working people, are not eligible for welfare. By early 1972 most parishes had accepted food stamp programs, but these programs are often administered with a niggardliness and hostility that virtually negates their impact. With only three aides to administer 1,300 cases, the program's director in Lafourche Parish expresses dismay at newly liberalized regulations. "They just rammed these down our throats," he says, flourishing his program manual. "These people will just have to wait six weeks until we can take their applications. Then we have to check them out. We've got files on these families two inches thick. We know exactly what they're doing." Emergency cases? "A second priority. First, we weed out the cheaters. Second, we do emergencies. Then, new cases. Those are our orders from Baton Rouge, approved by the USDA."

The sugar growers and the USDA (United States Department of Agriculture) are the two forces that determine the cane worker's fate. His ties to the grower are rooted in utter economic necessity. His ties to the federal agency are rooted in nearly four decades of law. The Sugar Act made him a ward of the department in the early 1930s; his exclusion from the Wagner Act, with its provisions protecting union organizing, has perpetuated that dependency.

The result is a diffuse triangular relationship in which the growers and the department each deem the other responsible for the worker's welfare. But in the end, no one—least of all the cane worker—is, in fact, responsible.

In the cane lands the question of race is inescapable, for the 5,000 cane workers and their 25,000 dependents are nearly all black and Baptist. Living in plantation housing, often buying in plantation stores, the sugar worker, descended from generations of sugar workers, still speaks of himself in the language of bondage—he is "tied" to the plantation. He is the "slave" of the grower; he is "not free to go."

The growers, white and Catholic, dominate the politics of the parishes as they have for generations. Their mode of conduct is *noblesse oblige*. Murphy Foster, son of a governor and U.S. senator and one of Louisiana's most prominent growers, leans back in his chair in a dimly lit office festooned with hundreds of *Playboy* nudes sent to him over the years. "Niggers are the happiest creatures on God's green earth," he says. "I've worked with these people for thirty years, and if they have a problem, they know to come to me."

At the New Orleans offices of the American Sugar Cane League, the national association of growers, vice president Gilbert Durbin talks of growers' concern for worker welfare. Most growers, he stresses, supply their field workers with "free" housing on the plantations, housing that, he estimates, is worth $50 to $70 a month. They often let workers who are disabled or too old to work in the fields simply go on living there. Though Durbin insists housing conditions are good, the 1970 survey showed that in plantation housing

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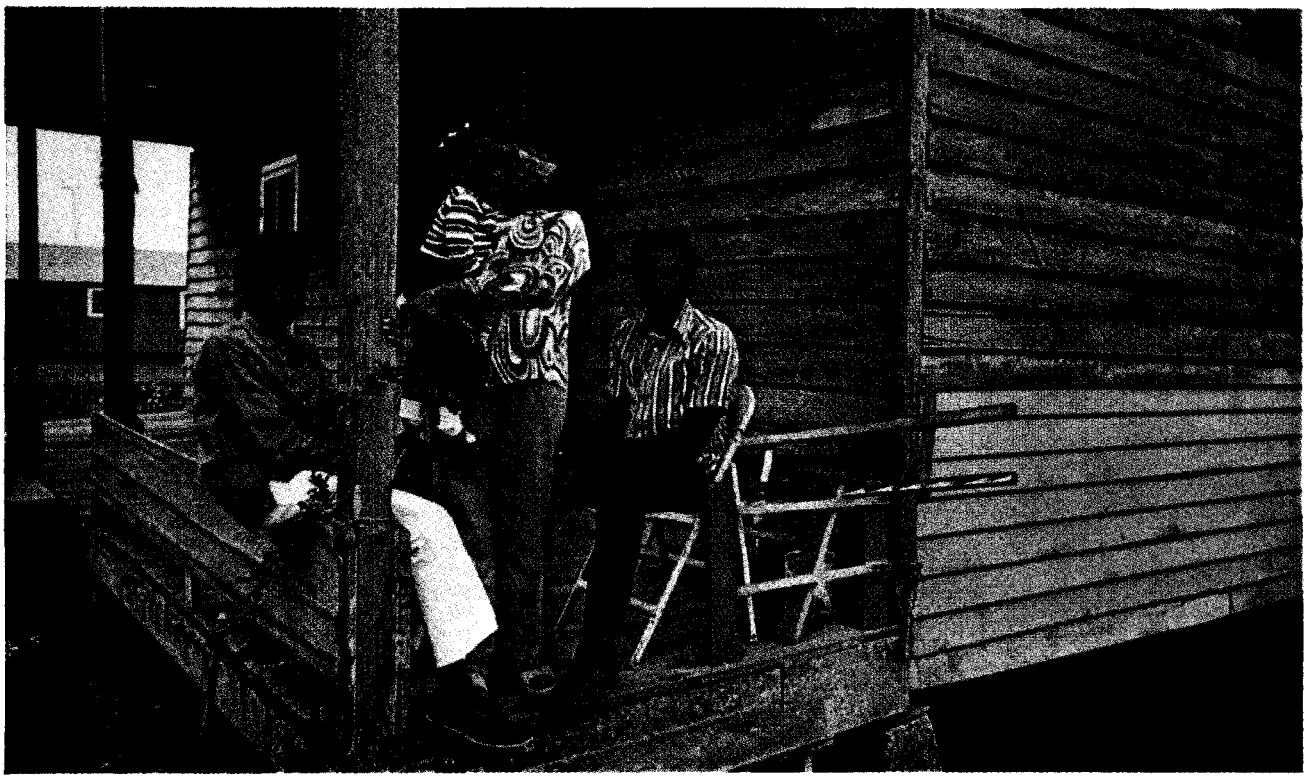

The web of workers' indebtedness to growers is woven from life's necessities—medical bills, utility costs, interest charged for food at stores on the plantations. Many workers see nothing on payday but a slip showing how much their net indebtedness has increased.

three-quarters of the houses had no toilets and were rat-infested; half had leaking roofs and not even cold running water. "I've seen that housing," said a Terrebonne Parish telephone worker. "No one would live there who had any choice in the matter."

On the South Coast plantation in St. Mary Parish, even a cursory view of the housing provides a profoundly shocking confirmation of the telephone worker's words. Though Durbin insists that some new housing is being built, extensive decrepitude is the norm. Some shacks are said to date back to slavery times. At night the glow of bare light bulbs shows through gaps in the cabin walls. Rats, revealed by car headlights, scurry across front yards. Ancient roofs and floors sag and tremble to the touch. One Southdown worker smiles when asked about his home. "My father is seventy-nine and has lived here all his life. He says it was here long before he was born. The roof leaks no matter how much I patch it. We need an overcoat in the kitchen and a board under the refrigerator to keep it from falling through the rotting floor. If my little girl runs through the living room, the whole thing shakes. What's wrong with it? Hell, nothing's right with it." Does Southdown make needed repairs? "Well, the overseer says the house isn't worth repairing. We can't demand repairs since we don't pay rent."

Whatever its quality, the growers do not provide the housing simply out of good will. Until 1955 the Sugar Act *required* them to supply it to their field workers, so the housing is already there. "Free" housing, some growers concede, is simply a substitute for wages that would otherwise have to take the form of cash.

Free housing and a seasonal job tie the sugar worker to the plantation. In addition, many workers are deeply, perhaps irreversibly, in debt to their growers. Some growers, such as Murphy Foster, feel such indebtedness is a problem. "If a worker comes in and asks me to lend him money for a car, I won't give it to him unless I think he needs it. Debt takes away their independence. A man can't get up and leave a job for something better if he owes his boss a lot of money." Evidently, not all growers share Foster's solicitude for the worker's solvency. The average worker's debt is almost $500, or 18 per cent of his yearly earnings.

The web of debt is impenetrable, for it is woven from life's necessities. Typically, a worker's medical care is billed directly to the plantation and deducted from his paycheck. Many growers charge for utilities in the "free" housing. Workers often buy food on credit at stores located on the plantations. Once "company stores" run by the growers, the stores are now frequently leased to outsiders—a dubious improvement from the workers' point of view. The company store charged exorbitant prices, but extended interest-free credit. The leased stores have lower prices but crippling rates of interest. The wife of a field worker on Sterling Sugar Company's St. Mary Parish plantation buys food at the leased store: "If I buy five dollars' worth of groceries there, six dollars is deducted from my husband's pay. Everybody automatically pays an extra twenty per cent."

Many field hands receive nothing on payday but a pay slip showing that their net indebtedness has increased over the pay period. Others consistently receive $20 per month in cash regardless of their total earnings. The rest is taken out to amortize a debt that may or may not have gone up over the pay period. Over and over the outsider

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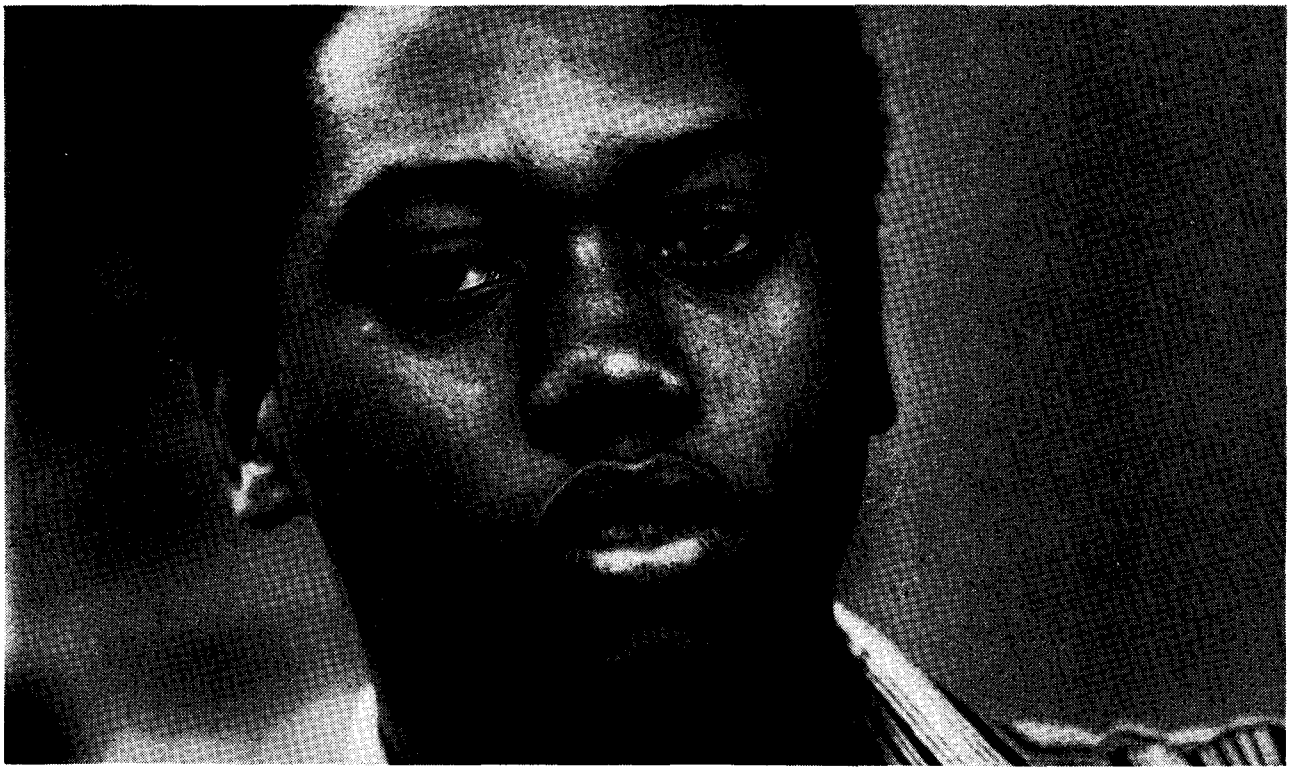

To ensure that growers pay workers "fair and reasonable wages," the Sugar Act requires the Department of Agriculture to set the wage rates itself. Workers wonder how USDA can reconcile this important mandate with the average annual income of $2,635 that now prevails.

hears the sugar workers' refrain: "I never see cash."

During the rainy season, some growers seek outside work for their field hands. But according to Stanley Beverly, an OEO-funded job specialist in St. Mary Parish, only two other industries of any consequence exist in the area—oil and gas, and carbon black. Both hire few blacks, have little turnover, and, until recently, insisted on high school diplomas. For the black cane workers, with an average of two years schooling (28 per cent have no schooling at all), these jobs are agonizingly beyond reach. Industrialized and job-rich Morgan City is nearby, but workers are attracted there from sixty miles up the bayou, giving employers their pick of laborers from six or seven parishes.

Blacks from the sugar plantations do not fare well in this competition. Often outside employers will not hire them until they have housing off the plantation; yet, without an outside job, the workers cannot move off the plantation. Job-seeking itself can be costly. Recently a plantation worker in St. Mary Parish took the required physical examination for a job in town. When he returned to his home on the plantation, the owner, apparently informed by the examining physician, evicted him for disloyalty.

Under the circumstances, it is not difficult to understand why only 10 per cent of the cane workers do get outside jobs during the long rainy season, or why overt expressions of discontent are muffled. But the paralysis and the placidity are deceptive. Job-developer Beverly thumbs through the thick file of applications for outside jobs on his desk. "If they could get a job off the plantation, they would leave in a second," he says. "I don't know of one who would stay."

Officially, the growers' position is that sugarcane workers enjoy perfectly adequate working and living conditions. The responsibility for any deficiencies, they insist, lies squarely with the U.S. Department of Agriculture. Even Bishop Maurice Schexnayder, the seventy-six-year-old Catholic prelate with ecclesiastical jurisdiction over the area, shares this view. Nudging his crimson skullcap farther back on his head, he says, "There is no suffering among sugarcane workers. Under the Sugar Act, the Department of Agriculture sees to that."

This theme—that USDA is the ultimate guarantor of the workers' welfare—is a familiar one in the sugar belt and has a firm basis in law and politics. Since 1934 the Louisiana cane industry has flourished under the protective wing of the Sugar Act. The act establishes an unusual and elaborate regulatory mechanism, one that the industry gratefully accepted from the Roosevelt administration following near disastrous bouts with crop diseases and foreign competition in the late 1920s and a critical weakening of sugar markets in the early Thirties. It requires USDA to restrict the quantities of raw sugar marketed annually in the United States, reserving a specific quota for each domestic producer as well as import quotas for designated foreign nations. The import quotas keep the domestic sugar price at a "premium" of about three cents a pound above the world price. That premium was worth almost $400-million to growers in 1971. In addition, the act provides for annual subsidies to growers to limit their production. Those payments totaled $93-million in fiscal 1970. Together, these two subsidies to the sugar growers total about $500-million annually.

But the generous Sugar Act exacts

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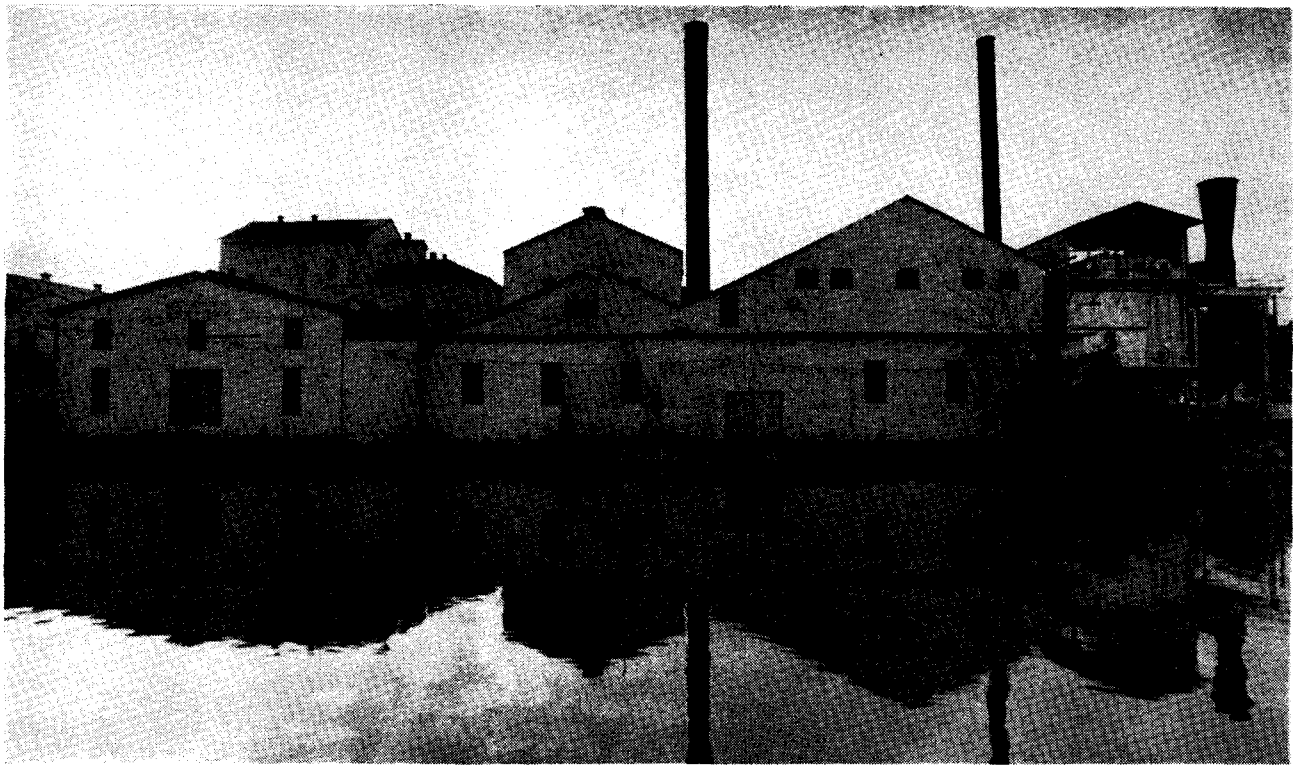

Some believe that unions have a hands-off policy in the cane lands. The suspicion is that when sugar mill and refinery men were organized thirty years ago, they made a deal with employers. They got recognition in return for abandoning field workers to continued exploitation.

a *quid pro quo*. In return for these massive subsidies ("You people never seem to understand that these are *not* subsidies," fumes grower Murphy Foster only moments after denouncing the food stamp program. "They are benefit payments"), the act requires that the growers fulfill certain minimal conditions. The most critical of these conditions for sugar workers is that growers must pay "fair and reasonable" wage rates. As President Roosevelt put it when he sent the bill to Congress, if the sugar industry is to receive the benefits of a quota system, then "it ought to be a good employer."

To ensure fair wages, the act requires that USDA itself annually determine the wage rates of sugar workers. Thus, every July the department holds public hearings on wage rates in the Louisiana sugarcane area. Every year representatives of the American Sugar Cane League testify to rising costs, shrinking profit margins, and gloomy industry prospects, none of which are publicly supported with hard data, and all of which preclude a wage increase. Every year Dr. Joe R. Campbell of Louisiana State University appears at the request of the league to present statistics on yields, costs, returns, prices, etc., for sugarcane farming, statistics that omit, however, such key data as the salaries owners pay themselves and the rising values of their cane land. Every year one or two witnesses testify on behalf of the cane workers, describing the impoverished circumstances in which they work and live. And every year, just before the harvest in October, the department issues its wage determination granting a token increase.

This year's wage determination indicates in whose interests USDA issues its rulings. Growers, for the first time in memory, recommended a wage increase; USDA awarded an increase *smaller than the growers recommended*. Then the department made the increase effective only *after* the harvesting season was over, thereby nullifying its effect during the months when the field hands perform the great bulk of their year's work. The curious justification the department gave for this unprecedented action was the current wage freeze—curious since even a casual reading of the law and regulations of the freeze shows that it does not apply to cane workers. The sugarcane they produce is, like other raw commodities, specifically exempted from the price freeze, and the price of sugar has risen to near record levels since the freeze began. More importantly, employees who, like cane workers, have "substandard" earnings are specifically exempted from the wage freeze.

The peculiar circumstances of this wage determination aside, sugar workers wonder how USDA can reconcile its statutory mandate to set for workers a "fair and reasonable" wage with a worker's actual annual income of $2,635—*cum* hovel. Is the USDA fearful that higher wages would accelerate technological unemployment of workers? That seems doubtful, since even growers concede that mechanization of harvesting operations has gone about as far as it can go, and according to the Sugar Cane League, the mechanization of planting operations is still in the experimental stage. Would higher wages drive sugar growers out of business? There is no evidence for this. Cane-land values continue to climb, reflecting the growing profitability of sugar allotments attached to the land. World demand for sugar normally increases about 3 per cent a year. This year it increased about 4 per cent, pushing the price of sugar futures to

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If the past is any guide to the future, cane workers will escape the system, not by changing it, but by leaving it for large cities. That is possible only for the young, however. For the thousands left behind, hope for a better life depends wholly on outside intervention.

their highest point in nine years. In early January the domestic raw sugar price reached 9.1 cents per pound, the highest monthly average since 1964.

In the end, politics is a more likely explanation than economics for USDA's policy. The Sugar Act notwithstanding, USDA simply does not regard farm workers as part of its constituency. By habit, tradition, and inclination, the department has learned to take the bureaucratic path of least resistance, a path that leads to those politically vocal growers with large-scale operations. The Sugar Act, with its highly unusual mandate to protect the powerless, simply bends before the political momentum.

There is considerable evidence to support this view. Sugar-beet workers in Colorado, also covered by the Sugar Act, have repeatedly urged USDA to employ its broad statutory authority under the act to investigate their plight and to "make such orders and regulations . . . as may be necessary to carry out the powers vested in [the secretary]." They have proposed that the department issue regulations reforming grievance procedures and reduce subsidy payments to producers who retaliate against workers for asserting wage claims, who fail to meet basic standards in worker housing, who knowingly employ aliens, and who will not make written contracts with workers.

USDA has steadfastly insisted that it lacks the authority to issue such minimally protective regulations, a contention that was soundly rebuffed last December when the beet workers' suit over these issues reached federal district court. In *Angel* v. *Hardin* the court ruled that the Sugar Act grants the secretary "very broad powers to increase the real wage and working conditions of sugar workers. To enact all the regulations recommended by the [sugar workers] would certainly be within the perimeter of this power." Past performance of USDA in protecting farm workers inspires little confidence that this decision will make much of a difference. "There are dozens of ways USDA can get around it if it wants to," said one sugar worker upon hearing of the decision. "And it wants to, all right."

The policy regulations sought in *Angel* v. *Hardin* would have to emanate from the secretary. But USDA has traditionally been an extraordinarily decentralized department, and perhaps the best test of the department's concern for workers' interest is found at the parish level.

Crawford Percle has run the neat white office of the Agricultural Stabilization and Conservation Service (ASCS) in Napoleonville, Assumption Parish, for about twenty-five years. As head of the USDA outpost charged with implementing the Sugar Act regulations, Percle occupies a key position in local affairs. His gaze shifts from the Nixon poster on the wall to his visitor, who has just asked to see the farm-worker complaint file. "I don't think I've *ever* received a farm-worker complaint in this parish," he replies. No, he concedes, he has never informed workers about their right to submit grievances. (The nature of the USDA-mandated grievance procedures leads one to wonder what difference it would make. Under these procedures a farm worker who believes that he has not been paid in accordance with Sugar Act requirements may file a complaint in the ASCS parish office. The parish committee—which by law includes *only* growers—"shall arrange for such investigation as it deems necessary" and make a recommendation. Appeal from this recommendation lies with the ASCS state committee—likewise limit-

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ed by law to growers and by tradition to the larger growers. If the farmworker is tenacious enough to appeal a second time, his complaint may finally reach a nongrower, a deputy administrator of ASCS in Washington.)

No notice of new wage rates made effective several weeks earlier is posted in the office. Do the workers know about it? "I mailed information on the new rates to the growers. They'll tell the workers, I guess." Has Percle heard about the *Angel* decision? "I don't know nothing about that. The regulations Washington sends me say nothing about housing standards or anything like that. That's for the owners to decide." At least in this USDA office, a visitor is driven to conclude, the customer is always right—and the customer is the grower.

The grower, the sugar worker, and USDA—these disparate forces constitute the three polar points in the constellation of local sugarcane politics. It is a closed and stable structure—one that has proved profitable, durable, and remarkably resistant to change. "It's been going on for one hundred and fifty years," says one resident of Franklin. "Only today it's legal."

If the past is any guide to the future, the cane workers will escape this system, not by changing it, but by leaving it for New Orleans, Chicago, or New York. But this is possible only for the young. For the many thousands left behind, hope for a better life in the fields will depend wholly on outside intervention.

There occasionally have been such efforts. At the beginning of the 1953 harvest season, an offshoot of the Southern Tenant Farmers Union mounted a strike of about 2,000 sugarcane workers to obtain bargaining recognition from the growers. Some sugar mill and refinery workers respected their picket lines, but without the protection of the Wagner Act the organizing effort was extremely costly and bitter. Gilbert Durbin called an organization headed by Dr. Frank Graham, a former U.S. senator and president of the University of North Carolina, a Communist front when the group supported the strike. The strike, he said, would cause "great joy behind the Iron Curtain." Evictions from plantation housing, blacklisting, welfare cutoffs, and Department of Labor rulings that no labor dispute existed made defeat inevitable.

The strike—and hopes for a sugarcane workers' union—ended abruptly with a state court injunction upheld by the Louisiana Supreme Court. Detailing the economic loss that a harvest strike would visit upon a perishable sugar crop and without a mention of the workers' destitution, the court termed it "trite, to say the least," for the workers to argue that the injunction denied them the fundamental right to strike and picket simply because they were unfortunate enough to labor on a perishable crop. "The guarantees of freedom of speech . . . cannot be maintained in the face of such irreparable injury to property and economy. . . ." In the sugar belt, evidently, First Amendment rights yield to property interests with the ease of cane being felled by a mechanical harvester.

During the summer of 1969, cane workers on the Southdown plantation near Houma invited several young community organizers to a meeting to seek ways to improve plantation housing. At the meeting the grower had the students arrested, charged with vagrancy and criminal trespass on private property, and held in jail overnight on $300 bail. Prosecution is still pending, but the organizing effort was effectively stifled.

Despite such harsh realities, there are still those, such as Henry Pelet, a gentle and self-educated mill worker, who have managed to survive on a diet of visions of salvation through union organizing. But apart from the efforts of the Chavez union in California, few field workers anywhere in America have been organized successfully. There is, moreover, some reason to believe unions have a hands-off policy in Louisiana's cane lands. An AFL-CIO founder of the Southern Tenant Farmers Union in the 1930s, H. L. Mitchell, has testified, "There is a strong belief among plantation workers that the sugar mill and refinery men organized by the CIO thirty-odd years ago made a deal with the large employers whereby they would be given union recognition contracts, higher wages, and other benefits at the price of abandoning the field workers to continued exploitation. Whether this is true or not, it appears to have worked out that way."

The United Farm Worker's Union does canvass the situation from time to time, but a successful organizing effort without the protections of the Wagner Act might require well over $1-million for food and shelter of the cane families if they were evicted from plantation housing. So far no such enormous resources are in sight.

The one sustained effort at intervention has come from the Southern Mutual Help Association (SMHA), a small group supported largely by the National Sharecropper Fund. Formed in 1969 under the energetic leadership of Father Frank Ecimovich, the much-admired pastor of a black church in Franklin, the association has sought to open up the tight triangle of local sugar politics. From the beginning it has been sniped at by local interests and harassed by the Church hierarchy.

Bishop Schexnayder first barred Father Ecimovich from using church property for meetings of workers, observing, "Your role, Father, is to convert people and teach catechism to little children." Later Father Ecimovich was summoned by Bishop Schexnayder to a personal audience—and found several sugarcane growers already present in the bishop's office. Berated for SMHA's work with the field hands, the pastor was admonished to "mind your own business."

Father Ecimovich has since left the diocese, but SMHA clings tenaciously to a few hard-won programs—a family health clinic, an adult basic education course for workers, and assorted community development efforts. With the help of HEW and the Sharecroppers Fund, SMHA's fiery executive director, French Dominican Sister Anne Catherine, presses forward with her work. "These people," she says, "have suffered long enough without having to wait for the Second Coming."

Tantamount to a Second Coming in the sugarcane lands would be a sharp turnabout in Washington's concern for the cane workers. But such salvation seems far off indeed. In 1971 a reform coalition launched a vigorous campaign to increase protection of workers by amending the Sugar Act. Opposition from sugar-beet growers and from the American Sugar Cane League (whose chief lobbyist, Horace Godfrey, was the USDA administrator of the Sugar Act during the Johnson administration) received a warm reception in the conservative House Agricultural Committee and in the Senate Finance Committee, chaired by Louisiana's Russell Long. USDA itself did not support the changes. During every session of Congress, measures are introduced to extend to farm workers the benefits of the Wagner Act, of unemployment compensation, and of general minimum wage laws—all of which other Americans have long taken for granted. All such measures have failed.

Yet without such intervention from a distance, it is hard to see how the sugar worker can break free, how he can escape the centuries-old system that entraps him with economic necessity and a binding, unwritten social law. White growers will deny that a persistent social code locks workers in place. But Bishop Schexnayder, as prelate of the region's powerful Catholic Church, cannot explain why in his diocese, with the largest percentage of blacks in America, plantation workers remain overwhelmingly Baptist while their employers have always been overwhelmingly Catholic. Some dissident priests, however, think they know the answer: Behind the cane curtain, the church's God is the rich, white sugar grower. □

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THE NEW EGALITARIANISM

In a "nation of equals" many are considerably less equal than others and have grown impatient about not getting their share.

BY HERBERT J. GANS

Although the fundamental idea of the Declaration of Independence is that "all men are created equal," Americans traditionally have been more interested in life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness than in the pursuit of equality. In the last decade, however, their interests have begun to shift, and equality may be on its way to becoming as significant as liberty in the hierarchy of American goals.

The shift began approximately on the day in 1955 when Mrs. Rose Parks of Montgomery, Alabama, decided that she was no longer willing to sit in the rear of a bus. Much has been written about the ensuing political and social unrest, but few observers have emphasized that the revolts of the blacks, the young, and others have a common theme: the demand for greater equality by the less than equal. Blacks have agitated for racial equality through black power; students, in high schools as well as in colleges, have demanded more power on the campus; teen-agers have begun to claim the sexual freedom now available to young adults, and in less public ways they—and even younger children—have sought more equality within the family. And, of course, many women are now demanding equality with men, and homosexuals with heterosexuals.

Similar developments have been occurring in the economy and the polity. Wage workers have begun to demand guaranteed annual incomes and the other privileges that salaried workers enjoy. Public employees have struck for wage equity with workers in private industry. Assembly-line workers have sought better working conditions and more control over the operation of the line. Enlisted men have called for reductions in the power of officers.

In politics the 1960s saw the emergence of the drive for community control—attempts by urban residents to obtain more power over their neighborhoods. Subsequently, community control broadened into a movement to reduce the power of bureaucracies at all levels of government and of professionals over their clients; for example, of doctors over patients, teachers over parents, and planners over home owners. Consumers have called for more control over what goods are to be produced and sold, environmentalists over how they are to be produced. Stockholders have demanded a greater role in the decisions taken by management.

Few of these demands have been explicitly phrased in terms of equality; most of those making the demands have spoken of autonomy and democracy. Many have actually asked for more liberty. Still, if all of these demands are put together, they mean more income for some and higher costs for others, more power for some and less for others. If the demands were heeded, the eventual outcome would be greater overall equality.

No one can accurately predict whether or not these demands will be heeded, but egalitarian ideas are cropping up with increased frequency among politicians and in the media. Senator Fred Harris's populist presidential campaign, which called for some income redistribution, was short-lived, but Senator George McGovern has proposed a comprehensive tax reform program along the same lines, and Governor George Wallace occasionally injects egalitarian notions into his campaign speeches. Widely read journalists, such as Tom Wicker, Jack Newfield, and *New Republic*'s TRB, have talked and written about the need for equality. In March an article entitled "Equality" appeared in *Fortune*; it sought, rather gingerly, to prepare the business community for a more egalitarian future.

The current interest in equality cannot be explained away as the plaints of discontented minorities and newly radicalized public figures. It stems from the fact that America's is, and always has been, a very unequal society. Take the distribution of income. The poorest fifth of the U.S. population receives only 4 per cent of the nation's annual income, and the next poorest fifth, only 11 per cent, while the richest fifth gets about 45 per cent, and the 5 per cent at the top, over 20 per cent. Inequality of assets is even greater: 1 per cent of the people control more than one-third of the country's wealth. Although many Americans now own some stocks, 2 per cent of all individual stockholders own about two-thirds of stocks held by individuals.

The same inequality exists in the business world. Of the almost two million corporations in America, one-tenth of 1 per cent controls 55 per cent of the total corporate assets; 1.1 per cent controls 82 per cent. At the other end of the spectrum, 94 per cent of the corporations own only 9 per cent of the total assets. Even the public economy is unequal, for the poor pay a larger share of their incomes for taxes than other groups; people earning less than $2,000 pay fully half of their incomes in direct and indirect taxes as compared with only 45 per cent paid by those earning $50,000 or more. Moderate income groups are not much better off; people earning $8,000-$10,000 a year pay only 4 per cent less of their income than those making $25,000-$50,000.

Of course, the poor get something back from the government through welfare and other subsidies, but then so do the affluent, especially through indirect subsidies in the guise of tax policies, such as the oil-depletion allowance, crop supports, and tax exemptions granted to municipal-bond purchasers. Philip Stern, author of *The Great Treasury Raid* and himself a multimillionaire, recently described these subsidies as "a welfare program that reverses the usual pattern and gives huge welfare payments to the superrich but only pennies to the very poor." Stern estimated that the annual subsidies came to $720,000 per family for people with million-dollar incomes, $650 per family for the $10,000-$15,000 middle-income group, and $16 per family for the under-$3,000 poor.

Political inequality is also rampant. For example, since about 13 per cent

Herbert J. Gans is a professor of sociology at Columbia University and a senior research associate at the Center for Policy Research in New York City.

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of the population is poor in terms of the official poverty line, an egalitarian political system would require that almost fifty congressmen and thirteen senators be representatives of the poor. This is not the case, however, even though big business, big labor, and even less numerous sectors of the population have their unofficial representatives in both houses of Congress. While Supreme Court action has finally brought about the one-man, one-vote principle in electing these representatives, the seniority system maintains the traditional pattern of inequality, and so a handful of congressmen and senators, many from rural districts, still hold much of the real power on Capitol Hill. Affluent individuals and well-organized interest groups in effect have more than one vote per man because they have far greater access to their elected representatives than the ordinary citizen and because they can afford to hire lobbyists who watch out for their interests and even help to write legislation.

These patterns of inequality are not new; although America has sometimes been described as a nation of equals and as a classless society, these are simply myths. To be sure, America never had the well-defined classes or estates that existed in Europe, but from its beginning it has nevertheless been a nation of unequals. For example, in 1774, among the minority of Philadelphians affluent enough to pay taxes, 10 per cent owned fully 89 per cent of the taxable property. Over the last 200 years the degree of economic inequality has been reduced somewhat, but in the last sixty years—since reliable statistics on income distribution have become available—that distribution has changed little.

Although the ideal of a nation of equals has existed in American life from the beginning, it has, in fact, never been pursued very energetically in either the economy or the polity. Even the ideal that every boy could be President of the United States or chairman of the board of General Motors has rarely been achieved; most of our presidents have been rich, and studies of the origins of American businessmen show that in the nineteenth century, as now, the large majority have themselves been sons of businessmen.

Nevertheless, over the last 200 years most Americans seem to have put up quietly with the prevailing inequality. Today, however, the traditional patience with inequality has disappeared, and for three reasons.

First, many Americans are now beginning to realize that the frontier, by which I mean the opportunity to strike out on one's own and perhaps to strike it rich, is closing down. The literal frontier in the West was closed before the turn of the century, but until recently, other frontiers were still thought to be open. Rural people hoped that they could become independent by saving up for a farm; factory workers, by going into business, perhaps opening a gas station or small workshop; and middle-class people, by entering the independent professions.

Today these hopes have begun to disappear, for the family farm is economically obsolete, the small store cannot compete with the chain, and the independent professions now consist more and more of salaried employees. Of course, there are still exceptions, and every year a few well-publicized individuals strike it rich, but their small number only proves the rule. Most Americans now realize that they will spend their working lives as employees and that they can best improve their fortunes by making demands on their employers and, because the government's role in the economy is rapidly increasing, on their political representatives.

Second, as people have voiced more political demands, they have also become less patient with political inequality, particularly with their increasing powerlessness as bureaucracies and corporations continue to get bigger. Indeed, many of the demands for change that sprung up during the 1960s were fledgling attempts to fight powerlessness and to redress the political imbalance.

Third, the affluence of the post-World War II era has enabled many Americans to raise their incomes to a point where they are no longer preoccupied solely with making ends meet. As a result, new expectations have emerged, not only for a higher standard of living but also for improvements in the quality of life and for greater power to control one's destiny. And, more than ever before, people believe that the economy and the government should help them achieve their new expectations.

What people demand is not necessarily what they will get, as the lingering recession of the last few years and the continuation of the war in Vietnam have persuasively demonstrated. Still, the demands associated with the equality revolution will not recede, and if America is to have any chance of becoming a more stable society, it must also become a more egalitarian society.

Once upon a time inequality helped to make America great. The country was built out of the energy of restless entrepreneurs, the labor supplied by the unequal, and the capital generated from both. Today, however, inequality is a major source of social instability and unrest and is even a cause of the rising rates of crime, delinquency, and social pathology—alcoholism, drug addiction, and mental illness, for example. The conventional wisdom maintains that crime and pathology are caused largely by poverty, but during the 1960s poverty declined while crime and pathology increased. In these same years, however, inequality did not decrease; by some estimates, it actually grew worse.

One conventional measure of inequality is the number of people who earn less than half of a country's median family income. In the U.S. between 1960 and 1970, when this median rose from $5,620 to $9,870, the number earning half the median dropped only 1 per cent—from 20 to 19. One can also define inequality by measuring how far the poor are from the median income. In 1960 income at the poverty line, earned only by the richest of the poor, came to 50 per cent of the median; by 1970 it came to only 40 per cent. In other words, during the decade the poverty line rose far more slowly than the median income, and the inequality gap between the poor and the median earners actually widened by a full 20 per cent.

This gap is not just economic, however; it also produces social and emotional consequences. Inequality gives rise to feelings of inferiority, which in turn generate inadequacy and self-hate or anger. Feelings of inadequacy and self-hate, more than poverty, account for the high rates of pathology; anger results in crime, delinquency, senseless violence—and, of course, in political protest as well. But inequality also has less dramatic consequences. For example, because they cannot afford to dress their children properly, some poor mothers refuse to send them to school; shabby clothes may protect a youngster from the elements—a flour sack made into a suit or dress will do that—but shabby clothes also mark the child as unequal, and mothers want to protect their children from this label even at the cost of depriving them of schooling.

The social and emotional consequences of inequality are also felt by moderate-income people, especially the almost 40 per cent of Americans who earn above the poverty line but below the median income. For example, many young factory workers now realize, as their fathers could not afford to realize, that they hold unpleasant jobs without much chance of advancement or escape, and that much blue-collar work is inferior to white-collar jobs, which are now the norm in the American economy. In fact, the pathology and the protest normally associated with the poor is beginning to develop among factory workers as well. Hard drugs are now showing up in blue-collar neighbor-

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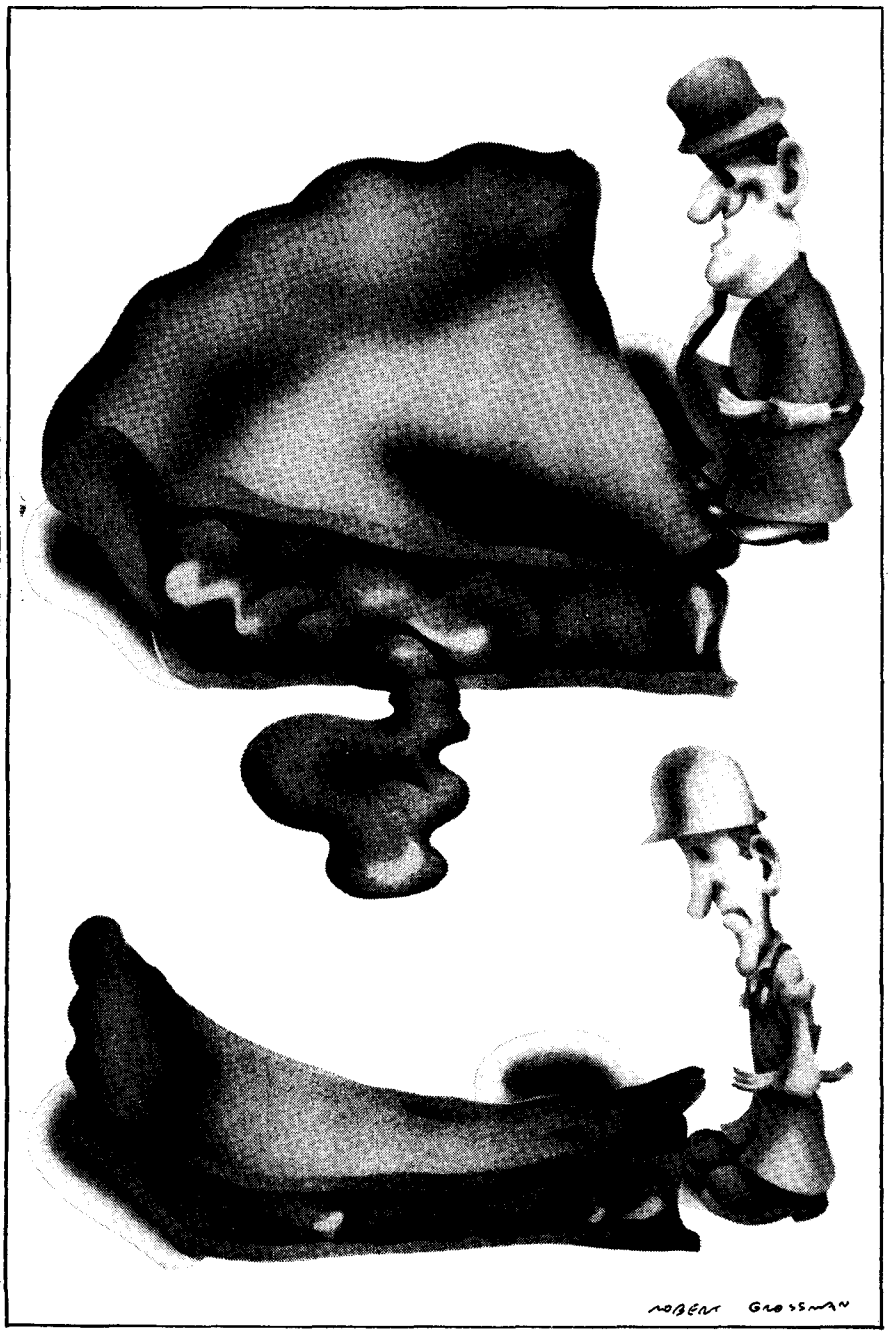

Slicing the American pie: The richest fifth gets 45 per cent of total U.S. income, the poorest fifth gets 4 per cent.

hoods, and strikes over working conditions, such as the recent one at the General Motors plant in Lordstown, Ohio, are increasing in number and intensity.

Indeed, if the most serious inequalities in American life are not corrected, people who feel themselves to be most unequal are likely to find new ways of getting even with America. New kinds of school, factory, and office disturbances, ghetto unrest, and dropping out of the system can be expected, and more crime in middle-class urban neighborhoods and suburbs is likely, for crime has always been a way by which at least some poor people can obtain a primitive kind of income redistribution when society pays no heed to their inequality.

Inequality does not harm only the unequal; it hurts the entire society. The last ten years have demonstrated the fragility of the American political fabric, but the social fabric is also weak. Old sources of stability have disappeared, as has much of the traditional American culture that once provided satisfactions even under inegalitarian conditions. The small towns and rural areas that gave people a sense of rootedness, which compensated them for their poverty, are being depleted by out-migration. In the cities the ethnic groups, which maintained the peasants' necessary resignation to European inequality and provided group cohesion and a close-knit family life as compensation, are now Americanized. (Although a revival of ethnic identity may be taking place currently, the old cultures are not being resuscitated, for the new ethnic identity is political and actually calls for more equality for ethnics.) Increasingly, Americans today are members of a single mainstream culture, partly urban, partly suburban, and distinguished primarily by differences in income and education. The mainstream culture pursues values long identified with the American way of life, mainly individual and familial comforts, security, and self-improvement, but it strives for ever higher levels of these, and with ever rising expectations that they will be achieved. As a result, mainstream culture rejects traditional rural, ethnic, and other values that call for modest expectations of comfort, security, and self-improvement and that thus accept the prevailing inequality.

The continued rise in expectations makes it likely that America will enter a period of greater economic and political conflict, for, when almost everyone has higher expectations, there must inevitably be conflict over how these expectations are to be met and just whose expectations are to be met first and foremost.

America has always endured conflict, of course; after all, economic competition is itself a form of conflict. But conflict can tear society apart unless it can be resolved constructively. This is possible only if the participants in the conflict have, and feel they have, a chance to get what they want or, when this is not feasible, to get about as much as everyone else—if, in other words, the conflict ends in a compromise that meets everyone's needs as fairly as possible. But if the participants in the conflict are unequal, those with power and wealth will almost always get what they want, whether from government or from the economy.

Conflicts can best be compromised fairly if the society is more egalitarian, if differences of self-interest that result from sharp inequality of income and power can be reduced. The more egalitarian a society, the greater the similarity of interests among its citizens, and the greater the likelihood that disagreements between them can be settled through fair compromise. Also, only in a more egalitarian society is it possible to develop policies that are truly in the public interest, for only

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in such a society do enough citizens share enough interests so that these policies can be considered to be truly public ones.

Consequently, the time has come to start thinking about a more egalitarian America and to develop a model of equality that combines the traditional emphasis on the pursuit of liberty with the newly emerging need to reduce inequality. As Daniel Patrick Moynihan put it in the famous "Moynihan Report" of 1965, Equality of Opportunity must be transformed into Equality of Results. Equality of Opportunity simply enables people with more income and better education to win out over the less fortunate, even when the competition itself is equitable. Equality of Results means that people begin the competition more equal in these resources; therefore, the outcome is likely to be more equitable. Equality of Results does not mean absolute equality, however, either of income or of any other resource. It does mean sufficient reductions in present inequities to erase any insurmountable handicaps in the competition.

Models or methods for achieving equality have generally been *collectivist;* they call for replacing private institutions with public agencies that will take over the allocation of resources, typically through a nationalization of industry. This approach assumes that all resources belong equally to all people and that public ownership will bring about equality. When all the people own everything, however, they really do not own anything, enabling the officials who govern in the name of the people to make themselves more than equal politically and to restrict others' political liberties. This seems to be an almost inevitable outcome of collectivist policies, at least in poor countries, even though these policies have also reduced overall economic inequality.

An American equality model must be *individualist*; it must achieve enough equality to allow the pursuit of liberty to continue but not restrict equal access to liberty for others. An individualistic model of equality begins with these assumptions: that people are not ready to stop competing for material or nonmaterial gain or self-improvement; that they will not, for the sake of equality, become altruists who repress their ego-needs for the public good; and that they are not ready to surrender control over their own lives to a government, however democratic, that doles out liberty and equality through collective ownership of all resources. Consequently, an individualist model would aim for greater economic equality, not by nationalizing industry but by distributing stock ownership to larger numbers of people, as Louis Kelso, among others, has suggested.

Similarly, the model would not provide the same public or private goods and services to everyone; rather, it would attempt to equalize income and then let people decide to spend that income on goods and services of their own choosing. Nor would everyone have the same income. Instead, the model would enable people to maximize their earnings through their own efforts; it would create more equality through tax and subsidy policies, as in Sweden and Great Britain, for example. Greater equalization of incomes after taxes should not significantly reduce incentive, for even now rich people continue trying to make more money although most of the additional earnings goes to the tax collectors.

The reconciling of equality and liberty is not simple, and only a great deal of public debate can determine how it ought to be done. It is not simply a matter of giving up a little liberty for a little equality. There are many kinds of equality—economic, social, political, and sexual, among others. Which kinds are most important, how much equality is needed, and which resources, powers, rights, and privileges need to be equalized and which need to be allocated on libertarian principles must be debated.

Nevertheless, some of the basic requirements of a more egalitarian society can be outlined. The American political-bureaucratic complex must be restructured so that it will attend to the demands of average citizens rather than of those best organized to apply maximal political pressure or the largest campaign contributions. The right combination of centralization and citizen control has to be found to make this complex both effective and democratic, responsive to majority rule as well as to the rights of minorities, at state and inferior levels as well as at the federal level. Some basic services, such as health, education, legal aid, and housing, should be available to everyone at a decent level of quality, so that, for example, the poor would not be confined to slums or public housing projects but could choose from the same kind of housing as everyone else. They would obtain rent subsidies to help pay for it.

The economy must also be democratized; corporations need to become more accountable to consumers and the general public, and they must be required to shoulder the social and other indirect costs of their activities. Stock ownership has to be dispersed, taxes must be made progressive, and subsidies should be used extensively for egalitarian purposes. Unemployment and underemployment have to be eliminated and the poverty line raised so that the gaps between those at the bottom, middle, and top are reduced and so that eventually no one will earn less than 75 per cent of the median income: $7500 by today's income figures. Whether a ceiling on top incomes is economically necessary remains to be seen, although it may well be socially desirable. Even now there is considerable uproar over millionaires who pay no taxes. Nevertheless, more income equality cannot be achieved solely by redistributing some of the great wealth of the superrich; redirecting the benefits of future economic growth to the now less than equal and imposing higher taxes on the corporations and the top fifth of the population would also be necessary. Still, greater income equality can be brought about without excessive soaking of the rich; S. M. Miller has estimated that if only 10 per cent of the after-tax incomes of families earning more than $15,000 were shifted to those earning less than $4,000, the income of persons earning less than $4,000 would increase by more than half.

America is today sufficiently affluent to afford more income equality without great sacrifice by anyone. The Gross National Product is currently so high that if it were divided equally among all Americans, a family of four would receive $19,000. Part of the GNP must be used for investment, of course, but if what economists call Total Personal Income were divided up, a family of four would still receive $15,600, fully half as much again as the current median family income.

A more egalitarian America is thus economically feasible, but it would not be politically achievable without considerable political struggle. The more than equal would fight any inroads on their privileges, but even the less than equal might at first be unenthusiastic, fearful that promises would not be kept and that, as has so often happened in the past, high-sounding policy proposals would continue to result in legislation benefiting the wealthy and powerful. The less than equal would soon rally to genuinely egalitarian legislation, but the affluent would still have to be persuaded that money and privilege alone cannot buy happiness in a conflict-ridden society and that the current American malaise, from which they suffer as much as others, will disappear only with greater equality. Indeed, I am convinced that what Daniel Bell has called the postindustrial society cannot be held together unless private and public resources are shared sufficiently to give every American a fair chance in the pursuit of liberty. That is why equality is likely to become an increasingly insistent item on the agenda of American politics. □

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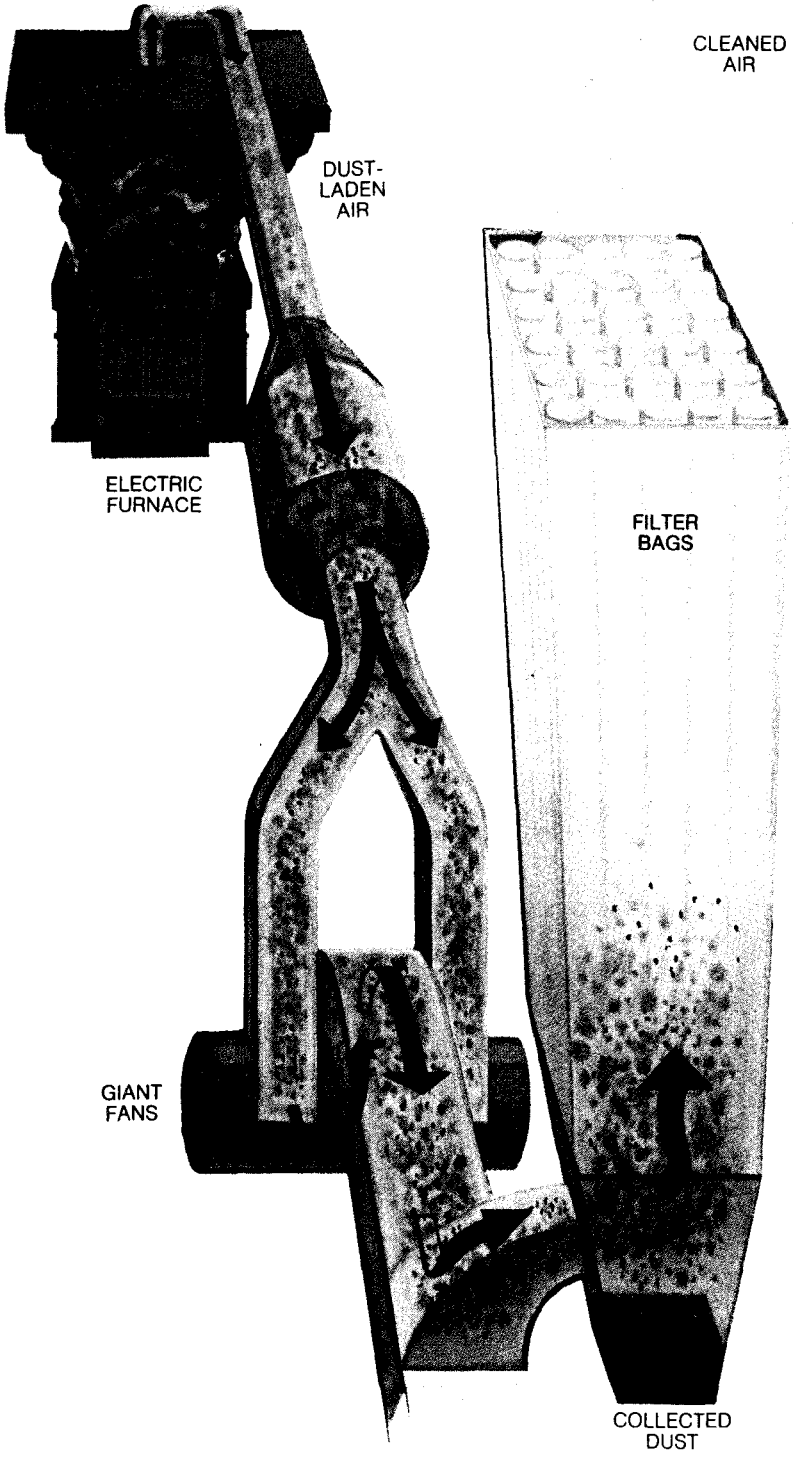
How "vacuum cleaners" keep our electric furnaces from fouling the air



Making steel in electric furnaces generates a lot of dust. The most effective way to keep the particles and fumes from billowing out into the atmosphere is to build a control system which we call a "baghouse". This operates on much the same principle as a household vacuum cleaner.

Such systems are very expensive to build and operate. But they work, and that's what counts. Our electric furnaces in Los Angeles, Seattle, and Steelton, Pa., all have baghouses.

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BETHLEHEM STEEL

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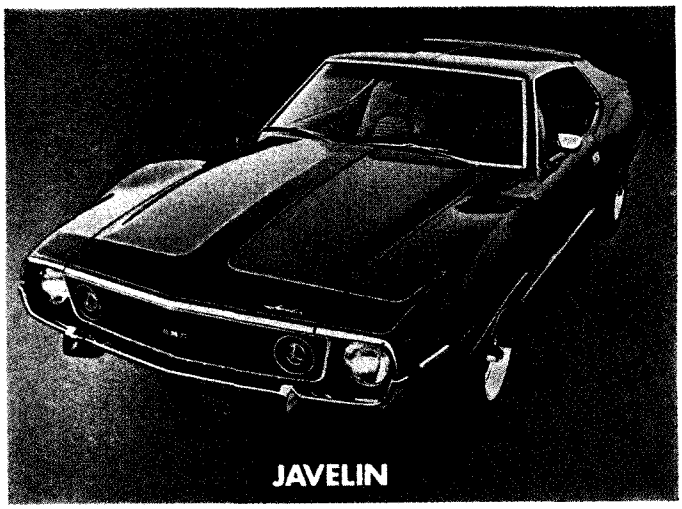
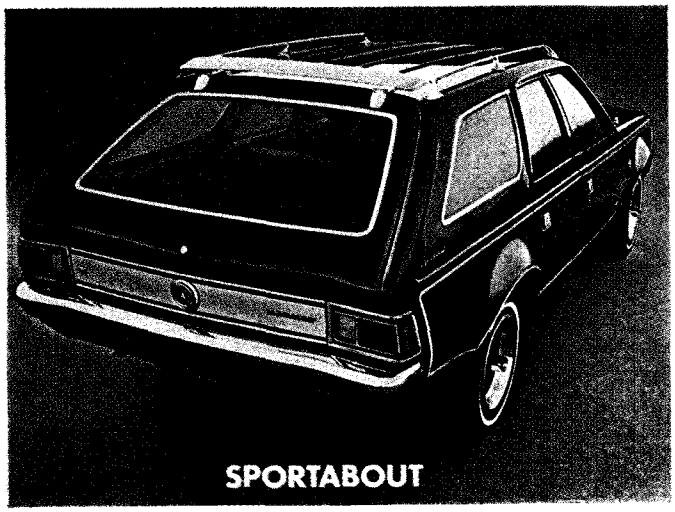
The tough little compact that made a 38,000-mile endurance run throughout North and South America.

The original American subcompact. Still heavier, wider and more horsepower than any car near its price.



The car that Mark Donohue and Roger Penske modified to win 7 of 9 Trans-Am races and the 1971 Season Championship.



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CAR-BUILDING SIMPLIFIED.

We cut the number of models from 21 to 15. We eliminated "stripped" models and concentrated on the models people really wanted.

Starting from scratch with each model, we looked at 17 areas of function, from design to final assembly.

Altogether, we made 102 engineering changes. Some big, some little, but all designed to make the cars work better.

Then we put in more quality control steps, more tests and more people to be sure the cars are right when they leave the factory.

Overall, we put more time, men and money into this program than anything else we're doing this year.

This is the kind of commitment Popular Mechanics was talking about.

Then we made another commitment.

AMERICAN MOTORS BUYER PROTECTION PLAN.

Since we're building our cars better than ever before, we're going to back them better.

With what we call American Motors Buyer Protection Plan.

It comes with all our '72's, from the smallest Gremlin to the biggest Ambassador we make.

Here's how it works.

Before the dealer delivers your '72, it's checked over, road-tested and so thoroughly prepared that we make this promise:

If anything goes wrong with your '72, and it's our fault, you won't have to pay for the parts or the labor. We will.

When you buy a new 1972 car from an American Motors dealer, American Motors Corporation guarantees to you that, except for tires, it will pay for the repair or replacement of any part it supplies that is defective in material or workmanship.

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If you make an appointment and we can't fix your '72 in a day, over 1,900 dealers will loan you a car. Free.

Finally, if you have a problem, you have a name and toll-free number to call in Detroit. And we promise you'll get action, not a runaround.

Nobody in the business does all this for you after you buy a car.

SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT.

This, along with the way we're putting our cars together, makes for a very simple proposition. Before you buy a '72 from anybody else, see an American Motors dealer.

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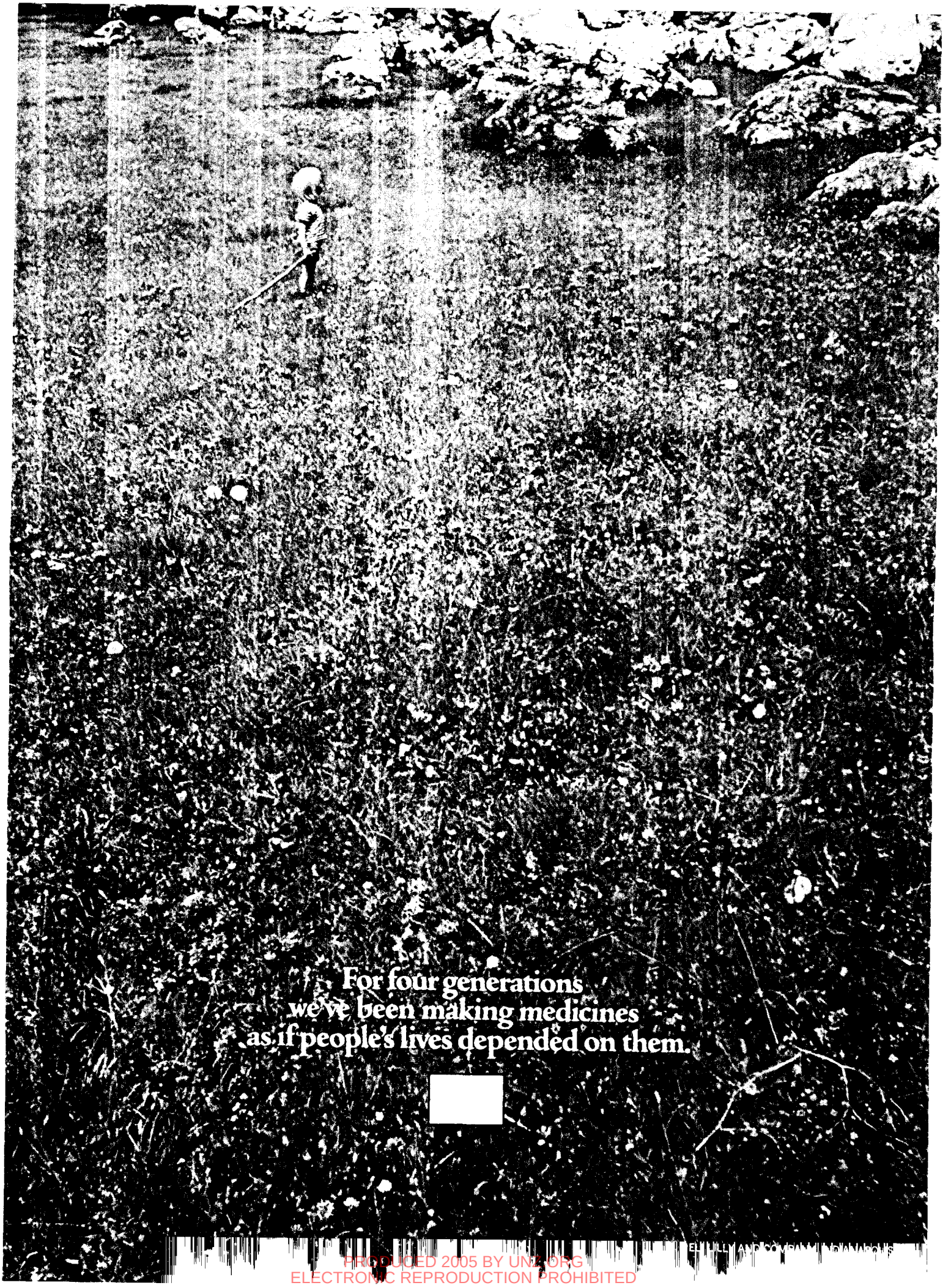

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AMNESTY?

The debate could be as bitter and protracted as arguments over the war itself.

BY JULIUS DUSCHA

One day last November a conservative, middle-aged doctor wrote his conservative, middle-aged Republican senator, Robert A. Taft, Jr., of Ohio, to tell him of a plan he had for amnesty for the thousands of young Americans who have gone underground, fled to Canada, Sweden, and other countries, or deserted from the armed services to avoid fighting a war they consider to be wrong.

Like most letters to senators, who are inundated with mail, the one from Dr. J. Z. Scott, a physician in the northeastern Ohio town of Scio, was read first by a senatorial aide. It caught the eye of Roger King, a young assistant to Taft, who then called it to the senator's attention.

Taft had been thinking about the problem of granting amnesty to draft resisters and deserters, who are estimated to number between 80,000 and 130,000. But until the senator read the letter from Dr. Scott, he had not come up with an amnesty plan he considered acceptable. Dr. Scott suggested to Senator Taft that draft resisters and deserters be given amnesty if they agree to work for four years at subsistence pay in hospitals, the Peace Corps, the Vista program, or other humanitarian endeavors, or if they are willing to sign up for a four-year hitch in the peacetime armed services.

In Washington great events are often set in motion by chance or casual actions, and so it was with Dr. Scott's letter. By mid-December of last year the letter had led to the introduction by Taft of amnesty legislation, which would establish three-year alternative service. Because Taft is a conservative not famous for sticking his neck out, and because of the emerging national interest in the subject of amnesty, his legislation attracted a great deal of attention. Since then, and in large measure because of Taft's bill, the issue of amnesty, which was once only a heady conversation piece among college students and optimistic radicals, has become the subject of a full-blown, often angry national debate—a debate that could turn out to be as bitter and protracted as the arguments over the Indochina War itself have been.

Within the last few months President Nixon has discussed amnesty at some length, the issue has been injected into the Democratic primaries, and a Senate subcommittee headed by Democratic Senator Edward M. Kennedy of Massachusetts has held hearings on the question. A wide variety of positions on amnesty has thereby been forthcoming.

The President's position has not been perfectly clear. "I, for one, would be very liberal with regard to amnesty," the President told Dan Rather of CBS News in a televised interview in January. "But," Mr. Nixon quickly added, "not while there are Americans in Vietnam fighting to serve their country and defend their country and not when POWs are held by North Vietnam. After that we will consider it, but it would have to be on the basis of their paying the price, of course, that anyone should pay for violating the law."

"Paying the price for violating the law" would serve as a pretty good antonym for amnesty; some of those who have been running for Mr. Nixon's job have been more unequivocally liberal with regard to exacting no price. Senator George McGovern has come out for an unqualified amnesty, but on a case-by-case basis. Ex-candidate John Lindsay proposed a two-year alternative service plan. Senators Humphrey and Muskie have said something should be done after the war but have not specified what. (Noncandidate Kennedy has said he favors amnesty once the Indochina War is over.)

Within the context of the national political campaign, however, the debate over amnesty has been relatively mild. Discussions in other, less circumspect arenas indicate that amnesty has become an issue over which passions run high and divisions deep.

Speaking of the Vietnam resisters, for instance, Democratic Representative F. Edward Hébert of Louisiana, the influential chairman of the House Armed Services Committee, has gruffly declared: "I would send them out on a ship like the man without a country." Hébert enjoys considerable support in his lack of sympathy for amnesty. A Gallup poll last winter showed that only 7 per cent of Americans favor an outright amnesty. Both Taft and Kennedy have received more mail on the amnesty question than on any other issue except the 1970 invasion of Cambodia by American troops—and a good deal of the mail is against amnesty.

The antiamnesty case was passionately argued by John H. Geiger, national commander of the American Legion, at the hearings on amnesty that were presided over by Senator Kennedy. Geiger invoked the thoughts of President Washington, quoting him as saying: "It may be laid down as a primary position, and the basis of our system, that every citizen who enjoys the protection of free government owes not only a portion of his property, but even his personal services to the defense of it."

Citing the American casualties in Vietnam, Geiger asked: "How can amnesty be explained to parents, wives, children—all those who have lost a son, husband, or a father in their country's service? How can we excuse ourselves to the prisoners of war, the missing in action, or to their suffering families for offering amnesty? Furthermore, what would be the effect on the morale of our armed forces if amnesty were granted to those who have violated the law and their oath of service by turning their backs and fleeing their country? Amnesty might even be the last bitter pill to our servicemen now caught in the web of confusion. . . ."

Curtis W. Tarr, the former president of Lawrence University in Wisconsin who is now director of Selective Service, argued before the Kennedy subcommittee that any general amnesty would make it impossible to continue to draft men into the army. "If amnesty made it possible to return to the full rights of citizenship without any penalty," said Tarr, "then it would be difficult to justify the continuation of inductions. Our youth could not understand such opposing policies."

The arguments for amnesty are put forward just as earnestly, and with just as much conviction. And not all of them come from liberal ranks. Kennedy noted at his subcommittee hearing that the late Cardinal Cushing of Boston, a conservative Catholic churchman, asked in his Easter sermon two years ago: "Would it be too much to suggest

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Julius Duscha is the director of the Washington Journalism Center. He is currently writing a book about power in Congress.

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that we empty our jails of all the protesters—the guilty and the innocent—without judging them; call back from over the border and around the world the young men who are called deserters; drop the cases that are still awaiting judgment on our college youth? Could we not do all of this in the name of life, and with life, hope?" Major conservative religious groups such as the United Presbyterians, the United Church of Christ, the American Baptist Convention, and the National Conference of Catholic Bishops support some kind of amnesty for Vietnam resisters. There is even some backing for amnesty among the families of prisoners of war.

"Would a sweeping amnesty make it more difficult for the United States to recruit or draft an army for another war?" the historian Henry Steele Commager asked in his testimony before the Kennedy subcommittee, confronting the suggestion that amnesty would present profound practical problems. "Such speculations," he answered, "are what Lincoln called 'pernicious abstractions.' Certainly Lincoln's use of amnesty did not appear to have any effect whatever in later wars.

"There is a further point here," Commager continued. "Is there not something to be said for putting government on notice, as it were, that if it plunges the nation into another war like Vietnam, it will once again be in for trouble? After all, governments, like individuals, must learn by their mistakes, and though the process of teaching government not to make mistakes is often hard on those who undertake it, it is also often very useful. . . ."

The mounting debate can be boiled down to something like the following dialogue:

For: Resisters should not be punished for taking a position with which most Americans and many past and present public officials now agree—that American participation in the Vietnam War is morally wrong.

Against: But what of the 50,000 Americans who have died in Vietnam, and the more than 300,000 who have been wounded? And the total of 2.5 million who have served in Vietnam? Would unconditional amnesty say to these servicemen, who considered themselves loyal Americans, that they were suckers?

The moral questions are not, after all, easy ones. And, unhappily, as the nation grapples with such questions, the lessons and precedents it can find in its own history are only partly relevant and somewhat inconsistent. Amnesty has been granted many times in U.S. history, usually by the President, who is given the power by the Constitution to do so. But amnesty has not been proclaimed at the end of every war. In a recent study for Senator Taft, John C. Etridge of the Legislative Reference Service of the Library of Congress counted thirty-seven instances of amnesty. (And not always for war-related acts; in 1893 and again in 1894, for example, President Harrison and President Cleveland granted amnesty for Mormons who had been convicted of polygamy.) Advocates of amnesty for Vietnam resisters usually begin their argument by noting that a presidential precedent was set in the United States by George Washington in 1795 when he proclaimed "a full, free and entire pardon" to all persons who participated in the Whisky Rebellion a year earlier in Pennsylvania.

In explaining his action to Congress, Washington wrote: "For though I shall always think it a sacred duty to exercise with firmness and energy the constitutional powers with which I am vested, yet my personal feeling is to mingle in the operations of the government every degree of moderation and tenderness which the national justice, dignity and safety may permit."

Throughout the early 1800s there were several instances of amnesty or mass pardons granted to insurrectionists, deserters, and even pirates, with no strings attached—except on one occasion when a proviso was included specifying that deserters be returned to duty. Then came the Civil War, and with it eighteen—or almost half—of all the acts of amnesty counted by Etridge in his survey of U.S. history. The Civil War amnesties began with the paroling of political prisoners in 1862 and did not end until more than thirty years after the war was over. In 1898 Congress approved the Universal Amnesty Act removing all disabilities against all former rebels, many of whom were dead by then, of course.

A series of amnesties and pardons granted by President Andrew Johnson in 1867 and 1868, culminating with a Christmas Day proclamation giving a full, unconditional pardon and amnesty to "all persons engaged in the late rebellion," caused a furor in Congress, where the Senate Judiciary Committee declared in 1869 that the Christmas action was "wholly beyond the constitutional power of the President." But the matter ended there, and Congress never voted on it.

Most of the pardons granted by President Lincoln during wartime provided unconditional amnesty for deserters who returned to their posts. An action by Lincoln in December 1863, giving full pardons to persons who had participated in the "existing rebellion," was an obvious political bid for more support for the Union cause.

There was no general amnesty after World War I. Just before Christmas of 1947, two years after the end of World War II, President Truman pardoned 1,523 men who had been convicted of draft evasion during the war. But this amounted to only about one-tenth of the 15,000 evaders who had been imprisoned during the war. Again, after the Korean War, there was no general amnesty.

Plenty of precedents for amnesty thus can be found, but they are not so clear-cut as advocates of unconditional amnesty for Vietnamese resisters and deserters would have Americans believe. For the most part, general amnesties have come only after a war has ended. In addition, general amnesties have dealt with the Civil War and other internal conflicts, not with foreign wars such as the one in Vietnam. Perhaps such a distinction is not important, but it surely will be insisted upon as the debate over a Vietnamese amnesty continues.

And the debate is sure to continue for a good while, at least until U.S. troops are out of Vietnam and the prisoners have been released. Probably no President—including George McGovern, should he make it to the White House—would grant even a conditional amnesty until then. Nor is Congress likely to move very swiftly on Senator Taft's measure. Eventually, I imagine, the issue will be resolved at least partly in favor of the resisters. The same Gallup poll that showed only 7 per cent of Americans favoring an outright amnesty found 63 per cent in favor of one with a service requirement. So the resolution to the debate is likely to come along the lines proposed by Senator Taft and his correspondent, Dr. Scott—amnesty in exchange for two or three years of alternative service, or a peacetime enlistment in the armed services. Such a resolution would not necessarily bring an end to the harsh feelings over amnesty, however. Many of the war resisters and their supporters scorn anything but an unconditional amnesty. Others reject even the notion of a formal amnesty, on the grounds that amnesty implies they have committed wrongs whereas, in some resisters' eyes, the government is the offender for having brought the U.S. into an immoral and illegal conflagration to begin with.

As Commager pointed out in his Senate testimony on amnesty, "We come back always to . . . the war. . . . The material wounds are not as grievous as those inflicted by the Civil War—not for Americans anyway—but the psychological and moral wounds are deeper, and more pervasive." And the difficult issue of amnesty is bound to be caught up in the country's treatment of those wounds, either promoting their healing or, quite possibly, keeping them raw and painful for a number of years to come. □

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WILL THE NEW YOUTH VOTE MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE?

Very possibly.
It already has in the primaries, and it could cost Nixon the election.

BY STEVEN V. ROBERTS

On the day of the presidential primary in New Hampshire, four girls were sitting together in a dormitory lounge at Plymouth State College, watching a soap opera. All of them were sophomores, and all of them had voted for Senator George McGovern. As far as they knew, only one of their eight parents had voted for the South Dakota Democrat.

"My parents are Democrats, but they want Nixon," explained Linda Babel, nineteen, from Goffstown, New Hampshire. "They think I'm stupid, voting for McGovern. My parents say, 'Give Nixon another term in office; let him finish the job.' But I think he's done enough harm." How did she differ with her parents? "My father was in the war," said Miss Babel, "and he automatically thinks we've got to have an army. I don't agree with that. We can have a voluntary army. Enough want to go in."

"My father was shocked when I told him I voted for McGovern," smiled Sally Pettiglio, also nineteen, a native of Exeter. "He didn't like the idea of my registering Democratic, but I just didn't like anything Nixon had to say. I just seem to agree with McGovern. I think my father just listens to what Republicans have to say, but I've tried to be more open-minded, to listen to what they all say, and then vote for the one I agree with. I turned out not to be a Republican, that's all."

Those girls are four of twenty-five million young people who are eligible to vote in their first presidential election this year. About eleven million are under twenty-one and were enfranchised by the Voting Rights Amendment; fourteen million have passed their twenty-first birthday since November 1968. As a group they make up 18 per cent of the total electorate—and a new force that could have an important impact on American politics.

Exactly how important is not yet clear. The new millions of potential voters hardly form a monolithic bloc. Though college students have been the most visible of the new voters, only 26 per cent of these youthful voters actually attend college. Four per cent of these young persons are in high school. The remaining 70 per cent—the "invisible youth" as they are called— are out in the world, usually working or keeping house. The typical new voter is more likely to be a waitress at a doughnut shop or a garage mechanic than a political science major. Nor are the young united by any exclusive, guiding idealism. "It is utter nonsense to say that students are more concerned about human suffering than anyone else," says Ed O'Donnell, the head of McGovern's youth operation. "Twenty per cent of them might be concerned, but so are twenty per cent of the doctors, and the lawyers, and everyone else."

Yet those four girls at Plymouth State, which has not exactly been in the vanguard of the student movement, do indicate something. As Barney Frank, a former Harvard government professor and now an assistant to Representative Michael Harrington, said: "I don't know any kids who are more conservative than their parents." Even Richard Scammon, analyzer of American voting and voters, who has long insisted that the youth vote would have a minimal impact, has said of the new voters: "One has to say that when they're tested on most ideas and party loyalties young people by and large are considerably more liberal and Democratic than the country at large."

Many analysts insist that a silent majority of youths will follow their parents' footsteps right into the polling booths. Yet I have spent the last six months talking to hundreds of new voters, from the poolrooms of California to the swimming pools of Florida, and, with but a few exceptions, I would say that the large potential crop of young voters represents a distinctive new element in U.S. politics. Not every youngster is a rebel; many, furthermore, agree with their parents about politics. The crowd at a Wallace rally in Fort Pierce, Florida, was jammed with cheering teen-agers, and there were plenty of Nixon votes at Plymouth State. But a sizable percentage of the young people I met expressed views more liberal than their parents'. They were, in Sally Pettiglio's phrase, more "open-minded," more willing to listen to a broad spectrum of views, less loyal to specific parties or politicians.

This open-mindedness could be one of the most important contributions the new voters might make to political life. It also makes political forecasting a cloudy business. By all accounts, the new voters favor the Democratic party over the Republican. In a poll he conducted for *Newsweek*, George Gallup reported that 48 per cent of the new voters would register as Democrats and only 22 per cent would go Republican. Frontlash, an organization whose aim is to register noncollege young voters, says its registrations are running 3 to 1 Democratic nationwide and close to 5 to 1 in parts of California. In New York City eighteen-to-twenty-year-olds have been registering Democratic by a nearly 6 to 1 margin. Yet among the new open-minded voters, registration hardly implies strict party loyalty. Only 38 per cent of those whom Gallup polled "considered themselves" Democrats. Only 18 per cent considered themselves Republicans. If you ask a new voter what he is, he's as likely to say "Capricorn" as anything else.

This obliteration of party loyalty among young voters stems from many causes. The strongest political machines were always rooted in stable, working-class neighborhoods, where voters developed personal relationships with the party workers and did not know enough to make independent judgments. Youngsters who are more mobile and better educated than their parents are less likely to pull the same lever every year. Moreover, a generation weaned on news from Vietnam—remember, an eighteen-year-old was six when John F. Kennedy was elected—is more skeptical of any established

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Steven V. Roberts is *The New York Times*'s bureau chief in Los Angeles. He has been covering the politics of America's young throughout the United States.

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institution. You just cannot get most youngsters to vote for somebody merely because he belongs to a particular party; this means the Democrats cannot take the youth vote for granted, no matter what the registration figures show.

Inasmuch as the new voters tend to think for themselves, I think many of them will not vote the same way as their parents. Look at the Wisconsin primary. McGovern won 30 per cent of the total vote, but about one-half of the youth vote. Senator Hubert Humphrey attracted 21 per cent statewide, but only about 10 per cent of the young people. Of course, there are many exceptions. I met a few small-town kids in New Hampshire who still harbored the customary suspicion that Democrats run around with tails and pitchforks. Rhea Gribble, a twenty-year-old student at the University of Florida who was attending a Wallace rally in her hometown of Fort Pierce, said she objected to school busing and racial integration. "Maybe I was brought up that way," she said, "but I'm against it." I asked Mrs. Gribble if she worried about her daughter's picking up some new ideas at college. "No," she said with a smile, "I know I raised her right."

But for every Rhea Gribble I ran into, there were many more young people like David Sasser and Sally Edwards, both nineteen, high school sweethearts from Brooksville, Florida, now sophomores at the state university in Gainesville. They were playing pool at the student union when I asked them about the primary. David, who voted for Senator McGovern, said his parents favored Senator Humphrey or Senator Muskie. Did they disagree about politics? "Yeah, particularly about the war," he answered. "I think Nixon's waited too long to do what he did, but my parents think he's done all he could, that we couldn't pull out immediately and all that. They're afraid that when we get out the Communists will overrun Vietnam. To them, pulling out is like surrendering, but I don't see it that way.

"My father was in World War II," young Sasser went on, "and about five years ago we had a long talk about draft resistance and going to Canada. He said that would never happen in World War II, that the boys were proud to fight and die for their country. But I think World War II was a different matter. We had no choice; we had to fight. The people we're supporting in Vietnam aren't worth it. All of our boys have died for nothing."

Those are familiar words by now, but they illustrate a broader political and social point. The elder Mr. Sasser lived through one era, and he draws his beliefs from those experiences. His son

"The interest being generated by voter registration drives is unprecedented.... Those analysts who foresee a dismal turnout of young voters are thoroughly incorrect."

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was shaped by a different time, and a different place, and his views are different, too. The same is true of Sally Edwards. Her parents believe in segregation and voted for George Wallace, but she voted for George McGovern. "I believed the way they did till I was exposed to the atmosphere up here at school," Sally explained. "Here nobody discriminates against anybody else because he's black or white."

It is not merely that these young people have lived through a different historical era than their parents did. For many of them, that era has made possible a special phase in their development, a hiatus between adolescence and adulthood that Professor Kenneth Keniston has called "the stage of youth." This stage, roughly between the ages of sixteen and twenty-four, is the result of affluence and technological advances; it enables a person to enjoy a period of self-examination and experimentation after he has become an adult, in the psychological sense, but before he has assumed the social and economic burdens of adulthood. Accordingly, Keniston concludes, the younger generation tends to be more independent-minded and critical of traditional norms.

Independence is perhaps a predictable ingredient in the politics of college students. But what of the working youth who form the bulk of the new voters? They also can disagree sharply with their parents, I found. Take Paula Ralko, a twenty-year-old medical assistant in Detroit. "My parents dig the war," she said one day during her lunch hour. "They feel we're doing the right thing and that the President is doing a really good job. They're for this country no matter what the country does. But I think countries can make mistakes, just like people do."

In many automobile plants young workers are challenging their supervisors in the same way that collegians confronted their deans a few years ago. "They don't want to be told what to do; they want to be asked," grumbled one plant official. The fathers grew up in the Depression; they want security and pensions, and they fear for their jobs. The sons were raised in a period of comparative prosperity; they want wages instead of fringe benefits and are far less concerned about security. The political implications of all this are uncertain, but the mood of restlessness and of skepticism is clear. Young unionists are not going to listen to George Meany any more readily than they listen to their parents.

What issues move America's new irreverent voters? Vietnam is still dominant. Even before the renewal of heavy fighting and bombing in Vietnam and of youthful antiwar activism in the United States, Gallup reported that 37 per cent of the new voters cited the war as the country's "most important problem." Columnists and politicians may have thought the war was a dead issue, but they had not been talking to young people. At Plymouth State I sat down at a cafeteria table with three girls. Diane Young, twenty, had voted for Representative Paul McCloskey; her parents were for Nixon. What was bothering her? "One thing is bugging me, but that's a personal matter. It's the draft," she said. The girl next to her said, "What's your boy friend's number?" Diane answered, "Thirty," and her friend retorted, "I've got you beat; mine's twenty-five." Both looked at the third girl, who said one word: "Four." "The draft is something that bothers most girls with boy friends," Diane said. "It hits exactly in the eighteen-to-twenty-one-year-old bracket."

> They are less loyal to parties. If you ask a new young voter what he is, he's as likely to say "Capricorn" as anything else.

Steve Bright, former student body president at the University of Kentucky and a McGovern worker in Florida, put it this way: "One of the best friends I had at school is over there right now. Some were killed; others are in jail or in Canada. The war is not a dead issue for me. There's nothing more important to me."

The economy is also a critical issue among youth. Students have to worry about financing their education and about finding a job when they graduate; some have to drop out and work; others have to transfer to a cheaper school. The nonstudents are hit even harder. As Penn Kemble, the national director of Frontlash, points out, young workers are particularly vulnerable to economic problems because they are just starting their careers. When they try to buy a home, they are hit by high interest rates and exorbitant property taxes. Because they lack experience and higher education, they are the last hired and the first fired. Like the young men facing the draft, they do not talk about issues, they feel them.

Nancy Shorter is twenty-four, a mother of two, the wife of a grinder in a foundry. When we talked in an unemployment office in San Pablo, California, she was near tears as she said: "My husband was laid off two days ago, and we have to go on relief again until he gets another job. I'd rather get on welfare than let the kids starve, but I hate it. . . . I think we need more damn jobs in this world, instead of sending our money overseas. We have to get our men to work. Nixon is all talk and no doing, frankly."

Mrs. Shorter's objection to "sending our money overseas" is a common gripe among young people. "We just seem to have so many problems of our own," said Adele Beels, nineteen, a medical assistant in Detroit. "Driving home down Woodward Avenue, I see people picking in the garbage cans and kids with no coats in the middle of winter. It's really a drag, and we're wasting money running around in Vietnam and going to the moon." This is another aspect of the open-mindedness of the young. They seem less concerned with national honor and prestige. They don't worry much about "beating the Russians" to the moon or developing a missile that will kill everyone four times instead of only three times.

Any generalization is imprecise, if only because people themselves are contradictory. I've heard youngsters complain about spending money on the space program and, in the next breath, condemn the loafers on welfare. For every youth who loses his bigotry in college, there is one back home who still talks about "swamp bunnies." Some young people despise flag-waving patriotism, and others still feel proud to wear a uniform. All things considered, however, I think the new voters tend to take the liberal side on most political issues.

How do new voters feel, then, about particular candidates? As the Wisconsin primary amply demonstrated, McGovern is clearly the favorite on most campuses. He drew 73 per cent of the vote at the state university in Madison, and one major reason for this was his record on the war. But young people—like their elders—consider personal qualities to be at least as important as issues, and many of them feel that McGovern conveys a sense of "honesty and sincerity." According to an election day survey in Wisconsin, one-half of McGovern's supporters said that their strongest impression of him was that he "says what he thinks." And fully one-third of his supporters were under twenty-four. The new voters admire guts and forthrightness; they want a candidate who stands out, who says something even if that something has a deep conservative hue. Thus, Senator James Buckley, the Conservative-Republican from New York, attracted a lot of youthful volunteers in 1970 because of his outspokenness. One extreme example of this mood was that of Sandra Brooks, a black coed at Miami-Dade Junior College who supported Governor Wallace. "One thing

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about Wallace," she said, "he doesn't put up a front. You know where he's coming from."

Candor, however, has not totally replaced charisma among the young as a political asset. If McGovern wins most college polls, I still do not think there is much fervor behind his candidacy. His supporters tend to look at politics rather intellectually. They have examined all the records and judged his the best. They would "feel guilty," as one girl said, if they did not back him. He has attracted a core of solid and effective volunteers, but he himself is an acquired taste. He has yet to reach out and inspire the masses, particularly the working masses. McGovern's own people admit he has made few inroads among that group, and in conversations with perhaps 100 working youths I hardly ever heard his name mentioned. Thus, he is not yet the "youth candidate." But this could be changing, partly because no other Democrat has claimed the title. John Lindsay had a sizable young following, but the spark he was occasionally able to ignite was never fanned into flame. Muskie has some backing, but his lackluster style and fence-straddling answers leave many young voters cold. Humphrey does fairly well among nonstudents, particularly those who tend to follow their parents' or unions' views, but I think many collegians would feel betrayed if he were nominated and would either sit home in November or vote for a third party. The same goes for Senator Henry Jackson, only more so.

Young people are still looking for a leader, and for many of them the obvious choice is Senator Edward Kennedy. Particularly among working youths the Kennedy name retains much of its magic. Despite their doubts about politicians—and Chappaquiddick did not help matters—young voters often want to believe the best about a Kennedy. As a schoolteacher in Hamtramck, Michigan, put it, "I feel he would pull everybody out of the mess." That woman probably knows very little about Kennedy's record and what he stands for. But he is a Kennedy, and he will make things better.

As for President Nixon, he clearly has some support among youth. "He's been pretty good," said Richard Archuleta, twenty, who had just finished a service tour in Korea. "He got me out of the army five months early, and he's got a lot of guys out of Vietnam." Susan Dascoulias, eighteen, a student at Plymouth State, added: "I certainly can't see taking Nixon out of office and having to start all over. I think he's doing the best job anybody's going to be able to do." Most people, even young ones, want to believe in the President. It is rather hard to shake their faith in the idea that their leader is basically a good man who is doing his best. But I think that for the majority of young people, their faith in Richard Nixon has been shaken. One major reason for this, of course, is the war's continuation. The real problem for Nixon, however, is his credibility. "I just don't trust him," said Timm McKay, twenty-three, an architect. "So many things have been brought out—the Pentagon Papers, the Anderson disclosures—and that's a little scary." A young housewife in California said: "I don't think he's doing nothing. I think he's just up there smiling. The things he's promised—I don't think he's kept them." Deborah Lynn Brown, a senior at El Cerrito (California) High, had this to say: "Nixon has done some things, but I don't think I'd vote for him. There's just something about him. A long time ago—didn't he do something dishonest? I can't stand dishonest politicians."

> "If there is a common thread among youth, it is a cynicism about politicians. No one trusts anybody anymore who is in politics."

Carol Ladt, director of the Youth Citizenship Fund, assessed the youth vote this way: "A lot of people are saying the young people will revolutionize politics. We have a long process of education and information to go through first. But on the other hand, young people are much better at discerning bull than anybody else. They don't dig plastic candidates." In the eyes of many youngsters, President Nixon is a "plastic candidate," the kind of man who stands for nothing but his own political profit. The White House talks bravely about not "writing off" the youth vote, and they are shrewdly aiming to maximize their strength among their obvious supporters: young businessmen, sales personnel, engineers, etc. Despite these efforts, however, I think the youth vote will go decidedly against Mr. Nixon. One small straw in the wind: the student body at Harvard Law School, long the main source of talent for Wall Street law firms, was recently polled by the *Harvard Law Review*; President Nixon was the favorite of only 7 per cent of the students. (McGovern was first, with 28 per cent.)

Ultimately, however, the question remains whether the new potential voters' preferences are of more sociological than practical political significance. The youth vote won't mean much, of course, if youths don't vote, and it is still uncertain whether young people will in fact register and vote in large numbers. Some analysts have pointed to past performances and said they won't. According to a frequently cited study by the University of Michigan of persons under twenty-one who were eligible to vote in four states in 1968, only 33 per cent did cast ballots. In the twenty-one-to-twenty-four-year-old bracket 51 per cent voted nationwide, as opposed to 68 per cent for the electorate as a whole.

Certainly, there exist enormous obstacles to a large and effective youth vote. One is the potential young voters' own indifference. At the University of Miami on Florida's primary day, I found six coeds sunbathing on a patio. Not one had voted, and several were not sure what election I was talking about. Another obstacle is that posed by mobility. The Census Bureau reports that between 1969 and 1970, 36 per cent of the eighteen-to-twenty-four-year-olds moved, including 14 per cent who moved to another county and 7 per cent who moved to another state. The recent Supreme Court decision striking down long residency requirements for voting may lower some institutional barriers to balloting by these mobile Americans, but psychological hurdles remain; those who move frequently and do not feel part of their community often tend to be less interested in politics.

Ignorance is yet another barrier. Registration and voting can be a confusing process, and young people are sometimes startlingly unsophisticated about these matters. Some students do not know that you have to register before you can vote. Frontlash finds that many youngsters cannot even recall the names of the political parties.

In addition, the voting rolls are often guarded by political appointees with a vested interest in the status quo. As a result, registering to vote in many areas is like finding your way through a particularly fiendish maze. Places are inconvenient, hours are limited, forms are long and complicated.

These basic obstacles are compounded for students. More than half the states have laws or legal opinions that allow students to vote where they please. But the final control over registration still lies in local officials' hands, and those hands are shaking with fear over what the youth vote will mean. Some registrars in college towns have been cooperative, but many others have established an almost impossible set of conditions. If a student cannot produce rent receipts for the previous year, often his application is denied.

The turnout of young voters may well be further constricted by their

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own attitudes toward politics and politicians. "If there is a common thread among young people, it is cynicism about politicians," said Lanny Davis, a youth organizer for Muskie. "No one trusts anybody anymore who is in politics." Perhaps. Occasionally one encounters a college youth who rails against the "hypocrisy" of those who choose the "lesser of two evils" and vows not to soil his hands by voting for someone who is less than perfect. But that mood, so prevalent in 1968, is not very prominent this year. A larger problem is the alienation of working youth. College students might hate "the system," but at least they feel some relationship to it, some connection. Nonstudents often feel entirely left out. Cindy Amiotte, Frontlash director in Contra Costa County, California, explained: "As Bayard Rustin said, the system works for those who use it. But these people have never been allowed to use it, and they have no knowledge of how to go about using it." The result is that many of them feel like Vic Plank, nineteen, an unemployed factory worker I met in Adrian, Michigan. "Let the other people vote. I don't want the hassle," she told me. "I don't read up on all that stuff, and I don't care what anybody says, as long as they leave me alone. Maybe that's a poor attitude, but I don't care."

Still, despite all the obstacles to a sizable youth vote, there is some evidence that the hurdles are being surmounted. The Youth Citizenship Fund, a foundation-sponsored registration program, said in a recent report: "The interest being generated by voter registration drives is unprecedented. The amount of information available to the new voter on how to go through the complicated process of registering and voting is also unprecedented. Those analysts who foresee a dismal turnout of young voters, based on the experience of four states in 1968, are thoroughly incorrect." The fund estimated that 40 per cent of the new voters had registered by March, and that the total would reach 60 per cent in November, less than 10 per cent below the national norm.

> If half the newly eligible youths vote, and two-thirds vote Democratic, Nixon could lose nine states he won in 1968.

The political arithmetic that follows such projections—should the fund be anywhere near right and should the young people show as much independence as I think they will—suggests that the youth vote may have considerable impact indeed. If only 50 per cent of the twenty-five million vote in November and two-thirds vote Democratic, Mr. Nixon would probably lose nine states he won in 1968, and very likely the election with them. Those states, which represent 150 electoral votes, include California, Illinois, Missouri, New Jersey, and Ohio.

If the Democrats nominate a liberal candidate and the young voters feel that the selection process has been open and fair, I think they will work and vote next fall. This spring they have been confused by the proliferation of similar candidates, and their strength has been diffused. The enthusiasm that could blossom when one man is running against Nixon has not yet emerged.

Still, even if they do get excited, young people will hardly control the election. In a statewide race, as in Florida, their numbers tend to be swallowed up: McGovern got almost 20 per cent of the youth vote, according to one survey, but only 6 per cent overall. In Wisconsin about one-third of McGovern's total vote came from young people—more than his margin of victory—but if the South Dakotan had not drawn well among other groups, he would have run far back in the field. In other words, the youth vote can be very important in an otherwise close contest, but by itself it can seldom produce wholesale shifts in the balance of power.

This fact of political life has two implications. First, in order to increase their power, young people have to make alliances with other groups—women, blacks, and, particularly, workers. There has been a lot of rhetoric about such "coalitions," but not much action. The potential is there. Young people, particularly students, have free time they can devote to political organizing. The question is whether they have the will to do it, and whether they can find the right issues on which these rather diverse groups can agree. The best possibilities seem to be the economy—jobs and inflation—and such quasi-populist issues as the power of big business, high taxes, and truth in government.

The second implication is that young people should not become mesmerized by the presidential election, that they should devote some time and energy to lesser contests, such as those for city council, state legislature, and Congress. In a small district youthful volunteers can make a tremendous contribution. Candidates cannot buy very much media time; so economic inequalities are somewhat evened out, and foot power can be critical. Take Maureen O'Connor, a twenty-five-year-old schoolteacher in San Diego. When she decided to run for city council last year, no one gave her a chance. She knew so little about politics that she had to go to the library and take out a book called *How to Win an Election*. But she organized her students and her friends and canvassed every house in the district. She used the little money she had for a few amateurish radio spots. As a liberal Democrat she got almost no coverage from the local newspapers, which are outspokenly conservative and Republican. Yet she won—in Richard Nixon's "lucky city."

In areas that contain a lot of students, young people can also wield considerable power at the polls. Bloomington, Indiana, the home of Indiana University, has 44,000 people and 31,000 students. In local elections last fall, organizers registered about 5,000 students by putting tables outside the building where they signed up for classes. The youth vote helped sweep out the Republican incumbent mayor and elect thirty-two-year-old Francis X. McCloskey. Eight of nine Democratic council candidates, including several quasi radicals, also won.

A similar thing happened in Arizona in February. Delegates to the state convention were elected by state legislative districts—areas in which young people could really concentrate their efforts. In the district that included Northern Arizona University, students won virtually every delegate seat; they did almost as well in areas around the University of Arizona and Arizona State. If that kind of effort were applied to legislative contests, young people could have a real impact.

The most important of these lesser contests are congressional races. Michael C. D. McDonald, writing in the magazine *The New Democrat*, recently identified close to twenty congressional contests "where student votes and volunteers could make a difference."

It will soon be seen whether the twenty-five million potential new young voters do actually make a significant difference in terms of American electoral politics generally. Certainly they can; I think they will, and I think the difference will be beneficial. After writing about young people for the last decade, I do not romanticize them. They have disappointed us too often with their faddishness, their inconsistency, and their intolerance of others. Still, over these last ten years they have been an enormously powerful force for good in this country, and it is one of the more hopeful prospects of this election year that this force may be moving from the campuses and streets into the polling booths. □

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Meditations on the Jesus Movement

CHILDREN OF YEARNING

What moves these young people is only in part the desire for the simple life, religious ecstasy, and justification. Beyond that, they are moved by what moves many of us today—a need to reduce the nightmare complexity of things to some manageable form.

BY PETER MARIN

These days I keep pinned to my wall a note from a friend. "Ah, Peter, the distances are so great, my paralysis so nearly complete. I feel like a grim, weary animal on the banks of a river as it is moving on." Though my friend is Jewish, as am I, and still unmoved by the revivalism of the times, his note is as good a place as any to begin talking of the New Christians. He has been through it all: the free-speech movement, civil rights, hash and acid, traditional and communal marriage, fatherhood and a book, and even a hint of fame. What he has learned from it all is summed up by one of his favorite phrases: the long march. What he means by that is simply that we have barely begun a journey it will take us decades to complete. Our "new" consciousness has not released us from the demons of the age but has simply brought us face to face with them.

In his exhaustion, vision, and hope, he is one of those souls the Zohar, the Jewish *Book of Splendor*, calls "children from the chamber of yearning"—those compelled to suffer in their privacies and nightmares the confusion of the age. I understand, as do some of my comrades and most of the young, the loneliness and exhaustion he feels, for the condition is not his alone. It is a natural one. The age itself is a chamber of yearning; what disappears in the midst of it is the sense of any hold on life, any touch with the physical world, any feeling of ease or belonging.

The new "millennialism" of the young is a desperate response to this mixture of public chaos and private isolation. What moves the young is only in part the desire for the simple life, religious ecstasy, and justification. There is a more desolate and organic need, the need to reduce the nightmare complexity of things to a manageable form. The Jesus revolution is simply the most recent, popular, and obvious expression of that need. One can find among the young dozens of other disciplines and creeds—Krishna-consciousness, Subud, Zen, Yoga, transcendental meditation—and, beyond those, the whole hazy landscape of pop therapies and enthusiasms. Every passing idea is turned zealously into a faith. The *I Ching*, the Tarot cards, the *Whole Earth Catalog*, and the ephemerides become fundamentalist texts.

In all these zealotries the driving need is for certainty and purity, for a transcendence of the self. The Jesus-cults are more popular than others have been because they offer the young what other faiths do not—an instantaneous and push-button forgiveness, an apparent and abrupt end to guilt and self-disgust. They are familial, offer an authoritative Father, brothers, and sisters for company. Though ultimately triumphant, they can explain and justify present suffering. Though ultimately millennial, they are comfortably regressive, a denial of the probable future and its crises. One becomes a child again. The world is defused, depoliticized. *Jesus is coming.* First the necessary catastrophe, then the New World. There is little one can do save render the State its due and prepare oneself for the Second Coming.

Much of the need for refuge is, of course, the direct result of civic terror and individual impotence. Perhaps the cruelest legacy of the past decade has been the steady demoralization of the young. Whatever private avenues have opened for them—sex, drugs, mobility—have all been overshadowed by the growing sense that men and women are not really free in America, if they ever have been. In face of that realization, the young were driven first to protest and then to violence. But on the furthest edge of things, they found the State ready to murder them. Those unwilling to resist with comparable violence were forced to withdraw, not into the "system," but into a disconsolate quietism that has become boredom for some and despair for others. Terrorized, some were radicalized and deepened by it all. Others have become, for the moment, members of a middle-class version of what the radical South American educator, Paolo Freire, calls the "silent culture"—a class that is so disheartened by its victimization that it retreats into passivity and silence.

But that is not all there is to their retreat. Deeper down something else is going on, something that cannot be explained in simple sociological terms. It is a kind of cultural involution occurring in many young people at the deepest levels of private experience. They have entered an internal evolutionary maelstrom in which they undergo radical changes and trials. They are surrounded by adults who seem unable to live passionately or effectively in the world, unable to understand or aid them. The adult

A radical educator and former editor of the *New Schools Exchange Newsletter*, Peter Marin is a long-time student of the young. He is coauthor of *Understanding Drug Use: An Adult's Guide to Drugs and the Young* (Harper & Row, 1971).

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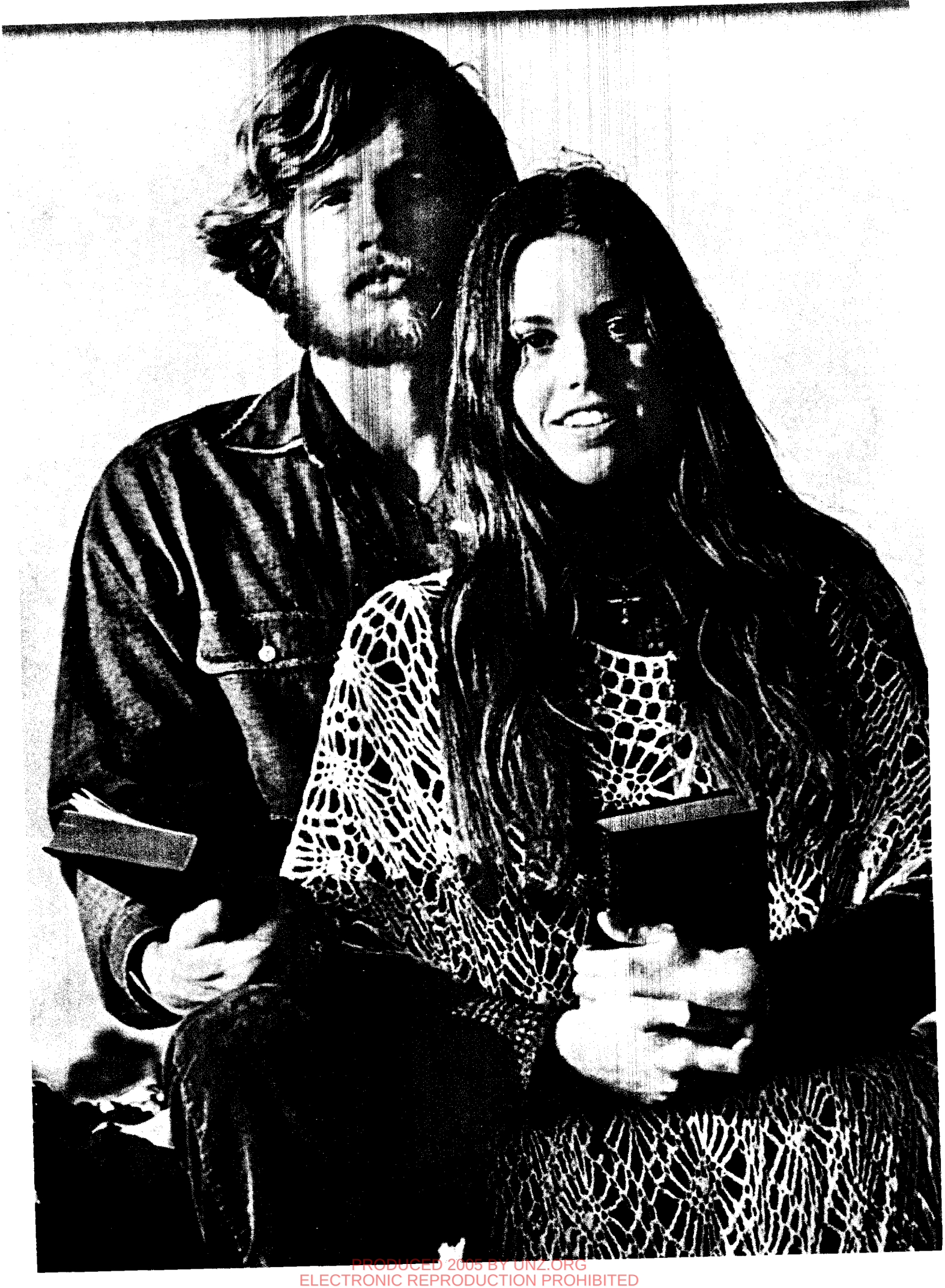

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hopes they hear voiced around them—"reformation of the system," "social engineering," "human potential"—must seem to the young both desperate and self-delusive, shrill tunes whistled in the dark. The young are left in their own gravid darkness to fabricate little myths and fancies. The poignant result is what one sees among the young—brittle, innocent, and millennial fantasies, a mixture of half-truths and insights garbled by fear. They salvage shreds of past beliefs and patch them together to give to the age an ostensible purpose and end.

One evening I talk to a newly converted Christian. "I'd just got outta jail. Met a girl on the beach, and we started for the New Mexican communes but ended up here. When I first saw the house, I said, *O Christ, Jesus freaks*, but after a while I saw they'd gotten it together, and nobody else I knew had done it. Now I been here six months, baptized and everything."

"And before?"

"I hustled and dealt. Lived on the street. Got into some shit that was wrong."

"Wrong?"

"Yeah, shit I know was wrong. I mean, I was hanging out with a black dude, and one of his friends got killed by the pigs. So we went out one night with this shotgun and found a pig sitting alone in his squad car. Stuck the gun through the window and blew him wide open."

His face is open and scrubbed, and he says all this casually in a weedy southern drawl. We are standing on a leafy, suburban street, late on a quiet American night, but you can hear in his words the disorder that lies beneath them. He is a member of a new marginal class, the lumpen-young. They drift across immense internal and external distances, seeking solace, meaning, and contact, all dispossessed, mobile, and pained, all without ways to feel useful, potent, or good. They have come in their own lives to an edge of the world, and they have come to it crippled by isolation. Though the surface taboos have apparently been broken, there remains in their lives an undertow of doubt and self-disgust. There is an inability to find any pleasure in sensation, any satisfaction in experience.

They are both the victims and products of one of the century's many botched revolutions—the partial release of libido, of Lawrence's "dark gods," and our fumbled attempts to confront those gods. Under our surface *yes* to sensation, we have not yet learned how to stop saying *no* to life. Our new patterns of behavior allow us increased experience. We are driven toward sensation by a shrill mental need. But we also suffer in the flesh a contaminating guilt, a fear and detachment that empty whatever we do of significance. If there is among the young a slant toward ecstasy or carnal delight, it is riddled at the moment with more hysteria and fear than one finds in their parents. In this no man's land of the psyche, the young experience an inexplicable hurt. There is a sense of bewilderment, betrayal, and humiliation.

There is an atmosphere of nostalgia, and of old-style boosterism. It is as if the last night of summer camp were being held in the sinking hold of the *Titanic*.

That is where salvation comes in—and the divine and resurrected Christ. Conversion means a new life for these children, not merely a deepening or an integration of feeling, but a new beginning altogether. It is not the exemplary Jesus they follow, not Jesus the man in and of the world. It is instead the miraculous, sacrificing, risen Son of God whose death and divine resurrection mean forgiveness for our sins. Their faith is a Pauline faith in a Christ

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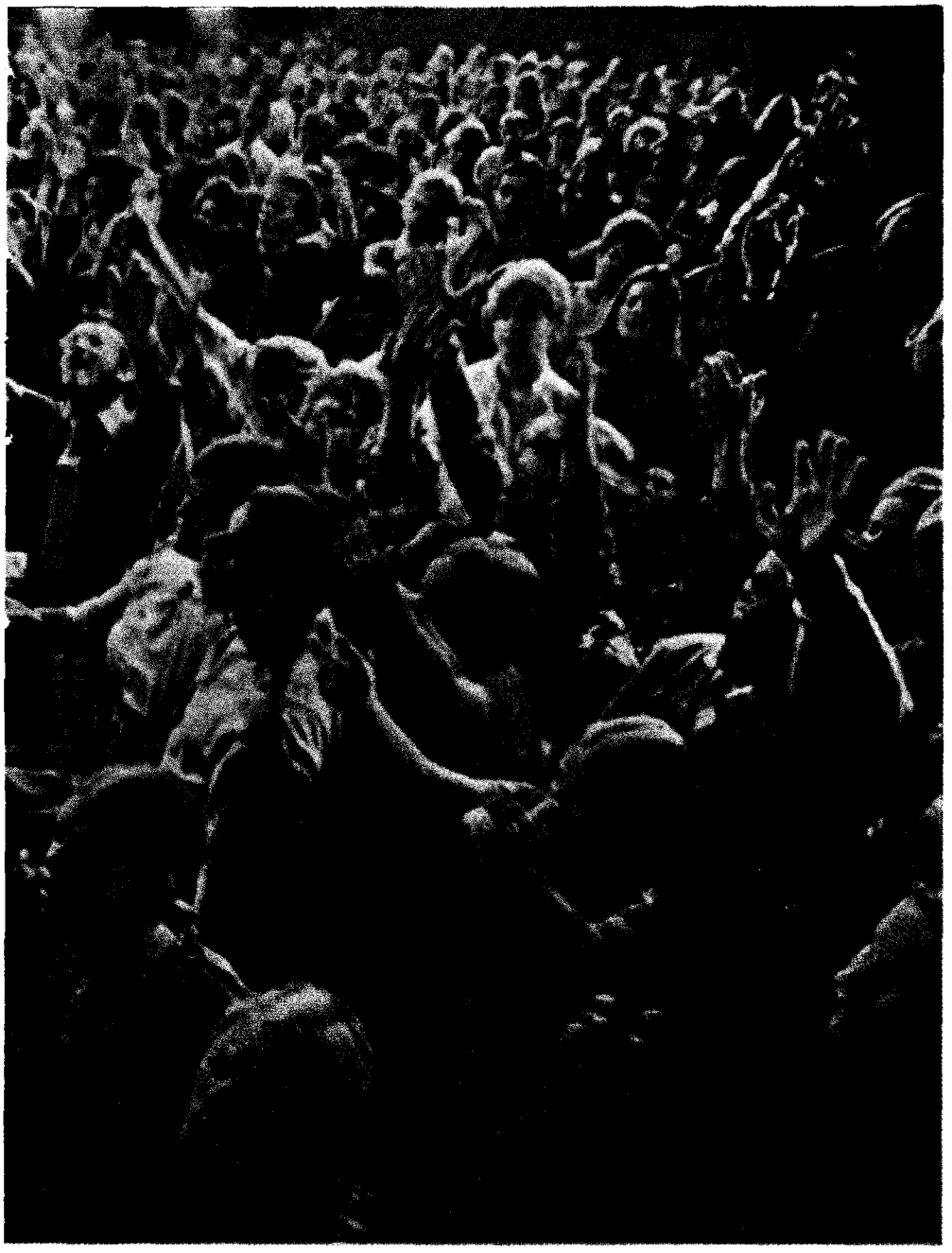

devoid of mystery and human ambiguity, a Christ denied his manhood. Paul wrote to the Romans, "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus and shall believe in thine heart that God has raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved."

In this rawly fundamentalist approach to Christ, one professes and converts, and the past is left behind. Many of the new Christians were at one time deeply involved with drugs, destructively into a passive and pleasureless sexuality. Others were merely adrift and purposeless. Conversion offers them an alternative to those pasts, an absolute therapy. The past is neither explored nor analyzed. It is simply left behind, forgiven and forgotten, at the very moment one embraces Jesus.

Trying to come to terms with it all, I visit with some local Christians at their weekly prayer meeting. The participants are all in their teens and twenties, some in couples, a few married, all clean and smiling. As they arrive, they are greeted by exclamations of thanksgiving. "O praise Jesus, brother. O praise the Lord." There is no leader. There is no service. In other groups there is sometimes a leader or a sermon of sorts or speaking in tongues. But here it is simpler—testimony and singing. Someone hands out a hymnbook. A few of the hymns are traditional, but most of them are newly written to familiar tunes. One of the tunes is *Lend an Ear*. Another is *Chopsticks*. A third is *Dixie*. Its refrain is *look within, look within, look within for Jesus Christ*. The hymns are interspersed with spontaneous outbursts of enthusiasm and testimony. Most of the members testify about their daily lives —how Jesus has found them a job, or has settled a fight between roommates, or has improved a floundering marriage. There is a continuous round of exhortation and praise, all of it colored by a curious and heady mixture of the humility of the meek and the smugness of the redeemed.

Someone cries out: "Gonna join you, Lord. We're knocking at the gate."

Another: "You're our master, Jesus, our only King."

Another: "Gonna rise right up out of slavery, Jesus, gonna sit on God's throne."

And another: "Thank you, Jesus, thank you. We're no longer under the thumb of the world."

It is all so antiseptic, so hygienic, so humorless, so innocent and distressing at the same time—a roomful of shiny pennies stamped with the same date. But one can hear underneath all the snuffling and scuttling of small animals seeking a place to hide. There is a kind of nostalgia to the meeting, an old-fashioned boosterism and a curious oscillation between zeal and fear. It is as if the last night of summer camp were being held in the hold of the sinking *Titanic*.

These are the "good" children, those who do not want to burn or smash the world but merely desire to shut their eyes and wish it out of existence. I remember talking to a recently converted friend of mine about a man I thought had learned, by the end of his days, to face life bravely and with gentleness. "Maybe so," she shrugged, "but he wasn't, after all, a true Christian." What she meant was that his warmth, courage, and tenderness could mean nothing unless it fell within the limits of her world. This is America after all, and these are middle-class American children, as ready as ever to diminish whatever fails to fit their dream of things.

I remember, too, watching a friend argue with a few evangelical young Christians. In a patient way he insisted that Buddha and Muhammad were also adequate models and gods and that most religions could bring one to a sense of the divine. But the new Christians would have none of it. Christ, they insisted, was the only way. Those who chose other paths were damned. In the face of my friend's quiet persistence they began to rage, and finally one of them shouted: "No! No! Jesus is the way. Compared to him what you believe is nothing. Nothing!"

What moves these children is fright. What terrifies them is what seems to bewilder us all these days: something beneath political disorder and social chaos, a peculiar kind of psychic event occurring at the center of the soul, an event for which we have no precedents, theories, or laws. We have only the sense of boundaries given way, of a

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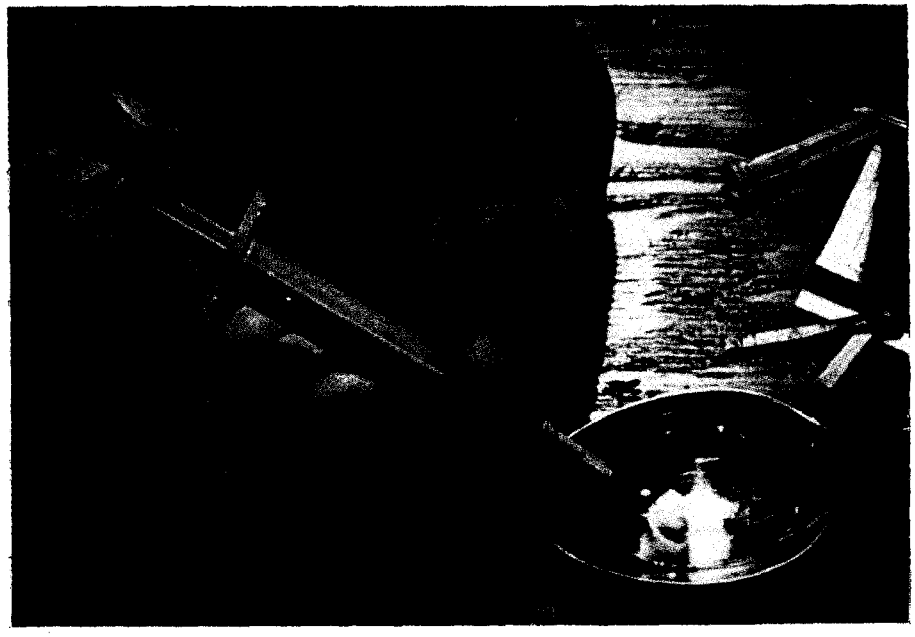
kind of nakedness, of distances shrinking and yet increasing at the same speeds—as if we have lost all sense of privacy but are still absolutely isolated from the world.

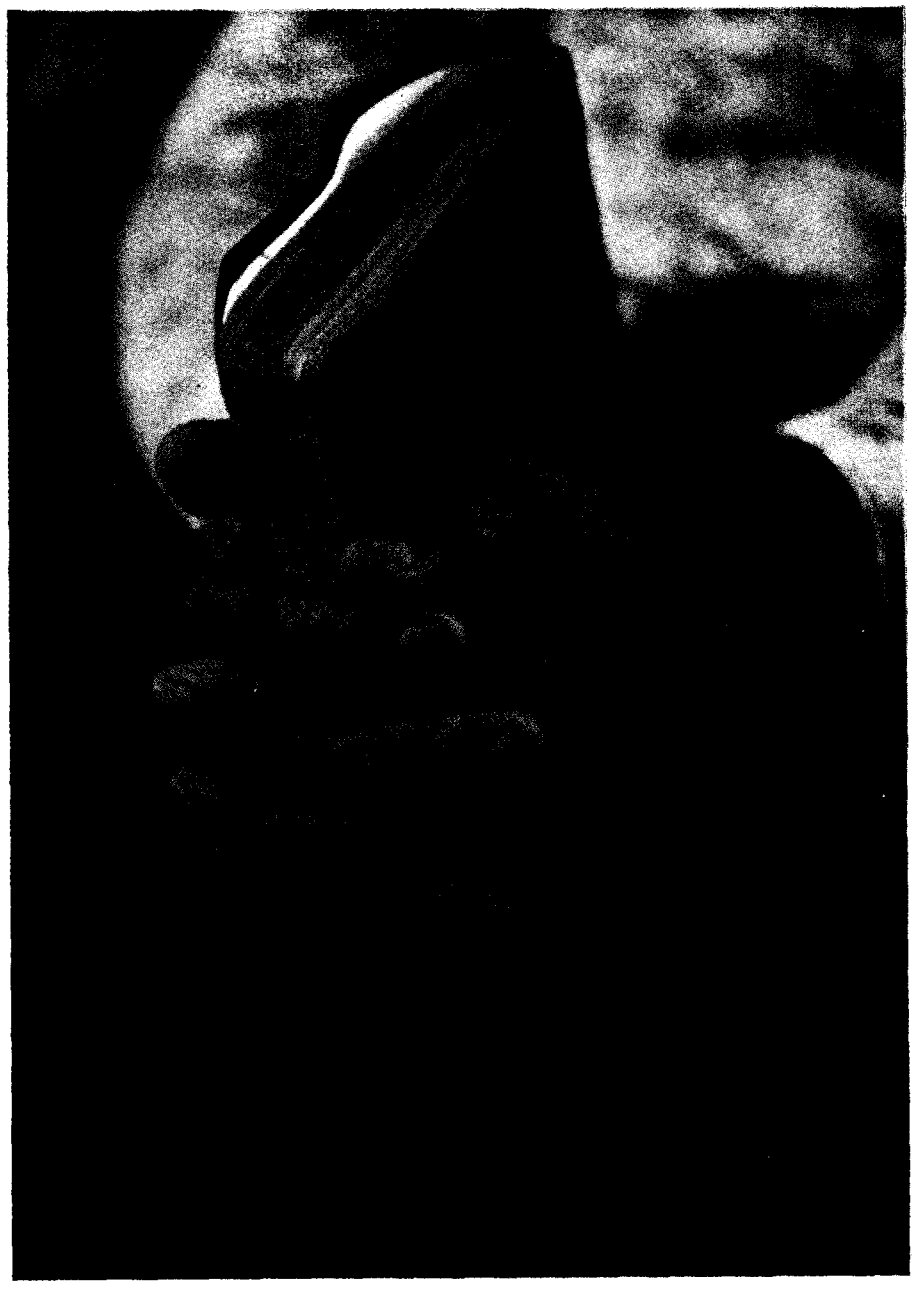
Somewhere at the heart of it all lies the end of the Renaissance "person," of the whole structure and experience of the self as we have known it. From the Renaissance onward, we have held, in one form or another, a hard-edged image of man fundamentally independent and self-contained. Now our ladderlike image of self as superego, ego, and id—a skeletal but a highly charged model—has become something else altogether, a kind of porous sieve, less of a structure and more of a field, a curious, hybrid puddle of sensation. The self lacks hard edges and melts into the world around it, is easily swept by the world's currents and waves.

What I am talking about is a fundamental change in the way we experience our relation to the world. What is occurring now is a process of psychic collectivization that comes close to what some have called a "retribalization." But it is actually radically different. What tribes share is a visceral world view, a physical sense of the shared sources of communal power and physical reality—a connection of *flesh and blood.* What we share is something else altogether: a loss of touch with physical nature and a connection of *consciousness,* something far more electric and mental, a soup of inexplicable and contagious sensations and moods in which the physical world is somehow forgotten—and with it the primacy and value of the *person.*

What the collectivization produces is not the state of ecstasy Norman Brown envisioned in *Love's Body,* but the kind of condition Blake described in *Milton*: "No human form but only a fibrous vegetation, a polypus of soft affections without Vision or Thought." The self becomes a vast and vulnerable suggestibility. Nothing is generated from within. Instead, impulses flow in from the outside in a kind of perpetual "imprinting" at odds with all ripening.

What one often sees, working or living with the young, is a peculiar condition of personality, an expansiveness and release at the surface, but beneath, a self held in suspension and closed defensively against the world like a fist or a fetus, struggling to maintain some sort of identity. Though there is, in general, an ache for transcendence, there is in many of the young little sense of, or love for, the reality to be transcended. There is an impatience with both ego and thought, but there is no fully developed ego to be set aside. Usually, what takes the place of thought is neither ecstasy nor imagination, but merely superstition. There is a sweet hollowness, an undercurrent





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of anger, a gentle impulse toward potency and touch, but not yet the hard daring and resilience it takes to survive in the world.

All of that is probably transitional, a direct result of the confusions of the age, but for the time being many young persons are struggling to survive. Sex, drugs, and motion are all seemingly expansive and liberating, but only if one is at home in the world or whole enough to make use of their ambiguous lessons. Survival depends upon a resonance and depth of self, the existence at the center of experience of *someone*, a self strong enough to absorb the strains. But too often a center seems to be missing. Unable to deal adequately with the unceasing rush of experience, the young are forced to armor themselves against it with abstract systems and beliefs.

The irony, of course, is that the systems they choose to bring them closer to life are inevitably those that divorce them from it. The "new" Christianity is merely another shape of our habitual cultural rejection of the truth of our own lives. To reject the State and its institutions and choose instead the dogma of the Resurrected Christ is merely to replace one web of evasions with another. As Erich Gutkind argued in *The Absolute Collective*, mysticism and nationalism are forms of the same panicked impulse. Of course, there are always men and women who live their lives in the "white heat of God," but for most of us creedal mysticism and idealism are simply refined forms of spiritual jingoism—the same old American refrain set to a different tune. They leave men and women in the same closed box, clinging to abstraction and evasion for the sense of contact or meaning that it would be too painful to wrest from the world.

> A past, which may have included drugs, need not be explored or analyzed. It can simply be left behind, forgiven and forgotten, the moment one embraces Jesus.

The Jesus-cults are in reality an ironic extension of what Henry Miller once called the "universe of Death," the grid of compulsive moral abstractions that separates us from experience. They are the latest resurgence of a recurrent theme in Western and American experience: the compulsive search for a transcendental consciousness, a disembodied and pure awareness, a "love" to lift us beyond the physicality we cannot tolerate or love. We use our spirituality in much the same way we use our technology, as a defense against life. It is no accident that we are drawn to both, for they offer us the same gifts: an end not only to pain, age, and death but also to the complexities of "personhood." In both realms we struggle to escape or subdue whatever seems to us mysterious, alien, or wild; we are driven to control or transcend because we are afraid to enter or inhabit. "We are like balloons held down by strings of ego," says one of my Sufi friends. "We can cut ourselves loose. We can be high *all* the time."

A knowledgeable friend of mine calls our new faiths the "emerging schizoid ethic"—an attempt to rationalize dis-ease into a system of values. For we still suffer the grievous condition we have inherited from the past, not simply the split between body and mind, but the more awful separation between being and meaning. The history of Western religion is the history of that separation, a record of the monopolization of meaning by religion, the substitution of a divine and distant significance for an earthly one. The world and the flesh are denied; there is a sacred and a profane, and the profane is always the world, always the flesh—unless redeemed from above. Meaning, once separated from the world, must be begged back or earned from Heaven.

But that won't work. What we need is not a new or higher "consciousness" but a renewal of the raw stuff that moves beneath consciousness, of the substance of things, of the underpinnings of life, of our ability as fleshed creatures to come warmly and fully to the world. Only such great renegade Christians as Blake and Lawrence understood that meaning is nothing "spiritual," nothing transcendent. It is instead a kind of heat and light, the natural result of felt contact with life, of a passionate receptivity to the world. What we forget in our zeal and belief is that meaning and value are incarnate. "Love, Mercy, Pity, Peace," as Blake said, "have a human form divine." They reside in each of us as the meaning released when we make real contact with the world. All we are, all self is, is life in touch with life. But when we fail to make that touch, we are prey to both a feeling of deadness and the dream of salvation.

But why bother to rage about it all? As I sit here writing, making it all so important, it suddenly seems unimportant. The sun is hot this afternoon. The sky is clear. A warm breeze moves through these mountains, and the eucalyptus leaves brush against one another. The physical world is still here. It has not disappeared. My daughter, sitting nude on the table, smiles a gap-toothed, Gatsby-like smile and pastes blue-chip stamps to her feet in a rite of some kind of magic. These are hard times, and why begrudge to anyone the fancies and extremes he needs to save himself? Some of us take consolation in independence, others have the university or the corporation, and some cling still to possessions, or professions, or an idealized dream of the future.

These days I keep muttering to myself: "How great a need." Like all of us, the new Christians seek and improvise what they need, and the hard truth is that many of them can find no consolation elsewhere. If they have left behind the flag, the university, and the two parties, only to replace them with astrology, yoga, and Jesus, well, that is the way we progress from age to age.

The trouble, of course, is that we may not progress at all, but merely mark time and substitute one set of delusions for another. There is a change in values but no deepening of life. The world stays flat. These days offer nothing less than the chance for a resignification of being, a chance to re-create some kind of meaning in the world. But it is a turbulent task, and it will be decades before we emerge on the other side of this chaos with any sense of belonging or ease in the world. The young will cling, before we are through, to dozens of millennial enthusiasms. They will seek meaning in new systems and creeds, forgetting, as we always do, that meaning is never assigned to the world, is never found. It is created by the depth of imagination and feeling we bring to the world.

What matters after all, especially in times such as ours, is never how saved or whole one is, but the extent to which one restores to others, through presence and passion, a sense of possibility and independence. As for myself, what I prize among my comrades these days has nothing to do with enlightenment or heightened consciousness. It is instead a fierceness, an animal tenacity, a sense one sometimes gets from others of a complex, evolving person, of a rare and lusty insistence on a complex, honest, solitary privacy that protects life in the flesh against abstractions, ideals, and even salvation itself. The most difficult task of all is to steer between exhaustion and illusion, between resignation and an escape into dogma.

Those who try it will find—like my friend from the chamber of learning—a kind of grimness and weariness, a kind of loneliness. But if they are lucky, they will also get a glimpse here and there of light and depth, an occasional sense of freedom and potency, a few good comrades to hold in their thoughts or arms. □

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The Theater

Henry Hewes

Musicals Great and Small

How deeply refreshing it is to experience *Lost in the Stars* again, for here is a story told with music that is both tragic and exultant—questioning the insidious evil of a society and at the same time reaffirming the essential virtue of the human beings in it!

Twenty-three years ago, when it was first produced on Broadway, this work, which combined the wholeness of an opera and the dramatic focus of a play, had great appeal to white liberals, who were moved by the musical's antisegregation message. Adapted by one of America's most distinguished playwrights, the late Maxwell Anderson, from South African novelist Alan Paton's *Cry, the Beloved Country*, the musical began with a black Zulu minister and a prosperous white landowner living in the same rural South African community. Because of apartheid, the system that keeps blacks and Europeans separate in South Africa, the two men, the Reverend Stephen Kumalo and James Jarvis, have no social contacts. However, Jarvis's grown-up son, Arthur, is a liberal, and, defying his father, he crosses the color line in public and treats Stephen with respect and friendship. This act was most moving in 1949 and, strangely enough, is just as evocative today.

From that early incident, *Lost in the Stars* quite simply follows Stephen as he goes to Johannesburg to look for his own lost son, Absalom. Amid the poverty of a Johannesburg shantytown, Stephen finds Absalom, who, in a robbery attempt, has just shot Arthur Jarvis. Stephen urges Absalom to tell the truth at his trial, even though he has a good chance of being acquitted if he lies. Absalom does tell the truth, and he is sentenced to be hanged. Stephen returns home, troubled by doubts about a God who permits such things to happen, and resigns his pastorate. But at the depth of his despair James Jarvis comes to him and indicates that he wants to work with him toward a fairer, integrated society.

So much for the plot, which frequently reminds us of how much our racial attitudes have been altered in the past two decades. What Anderson and composer Kurt Weill did to keep the story fresh and vital was write songs that dealt not at all with these attitudes but with the deep and universal feelings of people searching for the values that would carry them through troubled existences. He was not ashamed of sentimentality at the same time as he was aware of hard truths. Where Brecht, in his collaborations with Weill, tended to provide an interesting contrast between bitter words and sweet melodies, Anderson is equally effective with lyrics whose statement is reinforced by the music.

The songs are marvelous. The most familiar, of course, is the title song, which poetically explores the despair we all must feel when we wonder if we are not simply lost souls participating in a life that has no plan or meaning. Yet out of that despair comes an existentialist strength that is stirringly expressed in the increasingly confident rhythm of the song's last stanza.

But this is only one of many riches. The distance between fathers and sons is dramatically delineated when Stephen sings, "How many miles to the heart of a child? Thousands, thousands of miles." Anderson celebrates the fact that on occasion the pathways of the heart can miraculously bridge those thousands of miles. Most dramatic, too, is Stephen's standing among ugly city squalor, trying to describe to his young nephew the simple beauty of his unpainted house in a one-street town. It is corny, of course, to extol one's love of home, but Anderson and Weill do it with a shameless innocence that is right for the character and the situation. Moreover, "The Little Gray House" neatly contrasts urban and rural poverty.

Less catchy, but fine in their own way, are "Trouble Man," a lament by a woman who has grown to love the trouble her lover brings her; "Big Black Mole," an amusing myth created by a child who is frightened and fascinated by the thought of working in the mines; and "Cry, the Beloved Country," which boldly lifts the individual story into the larger context of Africa's general tribal erosion.

The new production, which has been produced for the John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts by Roger L. Stevens and Diana Shumlin, is strikingly staged by Gene Frankel. The stage is a tilted circular platform with a hole in the middle and bleachers on each side. Above this, designer Oliver Smith has hung two screens on which abstract images can be flashed. These images and the shape of the stage itself remind us that the mining industry has forced many of the South African blacks into a kind of low-paid slavery and made profitable to whites the maintenance of the system of apartheid.

The stage is made specific for individual scenes when two-dimensional pieces that suggest particular backgrounds are lowered behind it. And African flavor is provided by interspersed African dances choreographed by Louis Johnson.

Brock Peters plays Stephen Kumalo as a pastor worn out by his duties and kept impoverished by his low pay. The execution of his son is the final indignity in a hard and unjust life. In a time when many see the blacks' embracement of Christianity as a negative factor in their struggle for equality, he

The deep torment of South Africa's poor and segregated blacks is movingly expressed by Brock Peters and Rosetta Le Noire in the new production of "Lost in the Stars."

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emerges here as a victim. In 1949 we accepted the ending in which the execution of Absalom is balanced by a sudden new hope for a better future of black and white togetherness; now we interpret the final scene more as a lament that such a wonderful world is not being realized.

Gilbert Price is splendid as Absalom, and, happily, the producers have transferred the lovely song "Stay Well" from another character to him in order to give him a chance to use his magnificent voice. Clearly, he deserves the leading role in his next musical. As Absalom's mistress, Margaret Cowie is touching. Leonard Jackson makes Stephen's conniving brother a convincing spokesman for total black pragmatism.

Oddly enough, older theatergoers can appreciate what the onstage events mean today and at the same time be moved by the memory of how they felt in 1949. As a result, *Lost in the Stars* emerges as this season's best and most thrilling musical.

There are a number of ways the new musical *Sugar* might have delighted us. It could, for instance, have provided an authentic view of life among pop band musicians in the Thirties. It could have been a tough-minded satire about underworld people. Or it could have been an endearing love story about two pure-hearted souls who find each other amid the world's tawdriness.

What this adaptation of Billy Wilder's 1959 movie *Some Like It Hot* does instead is offer us a mixture of several kinds of entertainment, being careful not to risk the entire evening on any one approach. It begins satirically with a parody of the all-girl bands that were once in vogue. Then director-choreographer Gower Champion introduces a nice bit of stylized invention, the portrayal of a Chicago gangster and his hoodlums as tap dancers who communicate in terse exchanges of slick, tapped-out messages. This is neatly sustained in all the gangsters' appearances throughout the show. But it has no parallel in the scenes that don't involve gangsters.

Then we meet the show's protagonists, Jerry and Joe, two out-of-work musicians. Traditionally, when you have two, one becomes the lover and the other the comedian. But here again *Sugar* blurs the distinctions, and each is a little bit of both. Jerry and Joe witness a gangland assassination and are forced to hide out, disguised as females in an all-girl band. There they fall in love with Sugar Kane, an undisciplined but charmingly disingenuous vocalist who wants to stop drifting and to marry a millionaire in Miami. Of course, she eventually falls in love with Joe, while Jerry, in drag, is pursued by a wealthy old man. The gangsters who have been chasing them grow hot on the trail, but they are eliminated by a neatly constructed series of logical accidents.

Unfortunately, this nifty plot has not inspired book writer Peter Stone, or Jule Styne and Bob Merrill, who wrote the music and lyrics, to create anything very distinguished or original. The dialogue is dull, the lyrics unmemorable, and the songs seem tentative excursions into a variety of styles.

Eileen Casey, Robert Morse, and Tony Roberts are just three of the girls indulging in a bit of feminine intimacy on an old-fashioned sleeper ride to Florida in "Sugar."

There is, for instance, a "November Song," which has a "Glowworm" tinkly quality. And later on "It's Always Love" has a good deal of the combination of bitter realism and romantic sadness one finds in some of Jacques Brel's work. For some reason, however, the technique is not as effective in the hands of Styne as it is in Brel's. The title number should be catchy but somehow isn't. Indeed, the show's most effective song is a minor one called "Tear the Town Apart," which catches the big-city tempo precisely. It combines Gower Champion's choreography and Steven Condos's staccato tap dancing to set a breath-taking level of excitement that the show never again reaches.

Whatever success *Sugar* may have—and it is doing $123,000 business a week despite some unfavorable notices—is mainly due to the performance of Robert Morse as Jerry. He begins as a low comic, making the most of his opportunity to have unrestricted intimate access to Sugar and the girls in the band. He is delighted when a girl asks him to reach in and adjust her lingerie. With a combination of ecstasy and a sense of the absurd, he explains to Joe what he is doing. "Her teddy-strap broke," he says in a tone that suggests the incident goes beyond his wildest dreams. A little later when he is avidly pursued by a wealthy old man, he reacts like a boy but is obliged to appear to react like a coy maiden. Then he begins to enjoy the female responses in a remarkably pure way until it reaches the ultimate absurdity. There is a number in which the thrill of being "engaged" completely banishes the consternation he should feel about the hot water he has got himself into. Yes, it is a parody of "falling in love," but Morse plays it with such innocence and credible self-delusion that it becomes something more than a number.

His partner, Joe, is played perfunctorily by Tony Roberts, who quite understandably seems not to believe what he's doing or what he's supposed to be feeling. Similarly, Elaine Joyce's portrayal of the dumb vocalist looks and sounds okay, but she never makes Sugar worth all the special love they and we are asked to feel for her. Cyril Ritchard, as the foolish enamored old millionaire, appears to be a slightly uncomfortable refugee from a more sophisticated civilization.

Alvin Colt's costumes are stylish and occasionally humorous. Robin Wagner's scenery is merely functional in a story that abounds with opportunity for comic exaggeration of period details. But, one suspects, these and *Sugar*'s other shortcomings are the inevitable result of patchwork-on-patchwork fabrication. □

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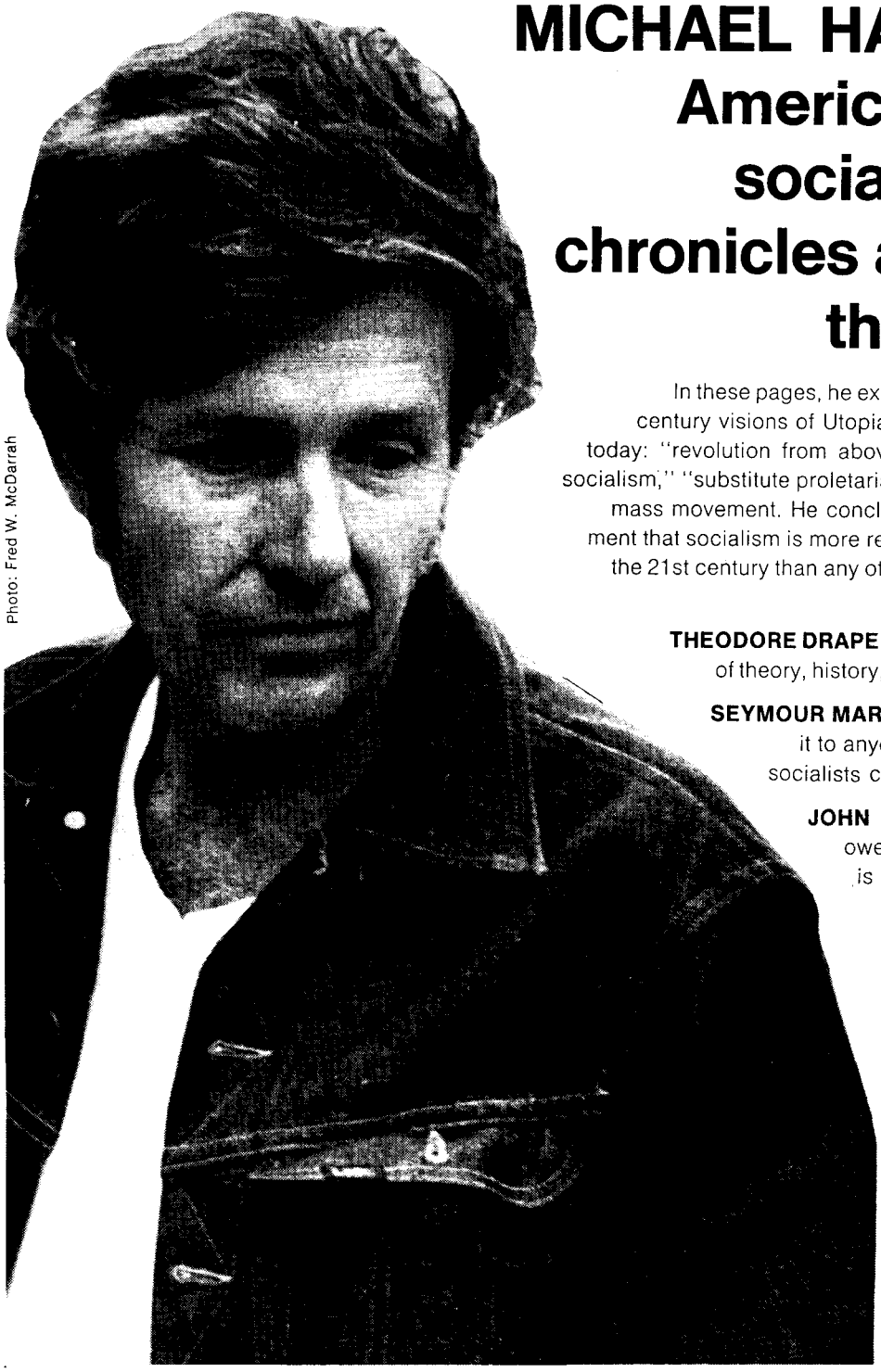

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The Self-Education of V. S. Pritchett (Part Two)

by A. ALVAREZ

MIDNIGHT OIL

by V. S. Pritchett

Random House, 273 pp., $6.95

The second installment of V. S. Pritchett's autobiography, *Midnight Oil*, begins where *A Cab at the Door* left off: with the twenty-year-old Victor on the train to Paris, a refugee from the leather trade. Wary of pickpockets, he has carefully distributed about his person the £20 that stands between him and his old London life. In those days, the early 1920s, every would-be artist went to Paris, the cultural capital of the world. (In the words of the contemporary joke, good Americans go there when they die.) Usually they went for the bohemian life: the living was easy, cheap, and different, the *avant-garde* wild. As Pritchett points out, this was the Paris "of the Steins, Sylvia Beach, Joyce, Hemingway, and Scott Fitzgerald. . . ." But he did not know this at the time: "I may have passed them in the street; I had simply never heard of them. Nor had I any notion of what they were trying to do. I had really carried my isolation in England with me. . . . I did not know that I was living at the center of a literary revolution."

He did not realize it because he was still absorbing that literature against which other, richer, university-educated young sparks were in revolt. Indeed, the young Pritchett's main motive for going to Paris was that he wanted an education; or, rather, since £20 would hardly take him through the Sorbonne, he wanted time to educate himself. In England that had been impossible; his suffocating, tempestuous family, so brilliantly brought to life in the first part of this autobiography, was an exhausting and full-time occupation, one that left him no emotions he could call his own. In order to become a writer he had first to be free; he needed that inner space to move around in which only geographical separation could bestow. He himself remarks, "Landscape, the sight of nature, has always had an exciting yet appeasing effect on me"—a modest statement, considering that in his travel books Pritchett has written subtler descriptive prose than any other living writer. The clue to his mastery is that he brings to places the same quality of attention that he brings to people in his short stories: "I walked to the Place de la Concorde and there by the bridge in the shade of the warm trees looked over the stone wall into the river. . . . The water looked still, yet it rustled like a dress." In *Midnight Oil*, from which this passage is taken, things and places seem more sensual than do his early affairs of the heart. I wonder if it isn't a question of relief: a landscape leaves one alone, and to Pritchett, after fleeing his succubus family, such tact must have appeared the most blessed of virtues.

He had two years in Paris, and they changed him for good. Pritchett immersed himself in the language, the literature, the landscape, going for vast tramps in the country, a good book in his rucksack, like all those hearty Edwardian writers he admired. He fell in love lightheartedly and innocently with an exquisite though not quite real young girl, whose looks were used by her free-booting mother as collateral for the money she bled from admirers. (The flirtation cost Pritchett £10 he could not afford.) The young man finally shed the cumbersome load of his virginity with the help of a philosophy student, the daughter of a Danish sea captain:

"Well, it's their mistake," she said, and pulled the garment back over her head. The Sorbonne, the lecture halls, the libraries, the imaginary fjords of Denmark

A. Alvarez is the author of *The Savage God*, a study of suicide, and *Beyond All This Fiddle*, a collection of literary essays.

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vanished as I looked at her and all I can say is that, after some grapplings and false rammings, during which she talked fractiously, nineteen to the dozen, down went Malebranche and the captain of the ship. I looked down at her and saw two tears on her smiling face.

It is characteristic of Pritchett that this historic moment should have released him simply into the real world: "I noticed as I went away how every man, woman, or child I saw seemed more real to me. The whole of Paris ceased to be a dream and became alive." Much later he writes of the mature satisfactions of his second marriage: "Passion had brought out in me the repressed male instinct for responsibility, and I think passion alone among human feelings is the root of this instinct." This is the exact opposite of Yeats's romantic doctrine: "In dreams begin responsibilities."

Pritchett has never been a realist in the conventional sense, with all that implies of putty prose and dour attention to the humdrum details of daily routine; his prose is too quick-witted for that, and he has a genius for the unobvious, for those sidelong eccentricities by which people define themselves. Yet he does have a steady sense of the real world. In the final analysis this is a moral quality, a kind of dogged integrity that prevents him from using what Henry James called "the little postern door of fancy to slip through, to the other side of the wall."

The life he led made it difficult for him to be otherwise. For him, Paris in the heyday of modernism was a place where he had to earn a living in jobs not unlike the one he had left behind in London. He worked first in a photographer's shop; after that he peddled shellac, paint, even ostrich feathers. While other young expatriots swarmed gaily in the Latin Quarter, Pritchett was renting a room in a widow's apartment in a respectable suburb. It was cheaper that way. In any case, he wanted to write more than he wanted "to be a writer." So he mixed with young commercials like himself, with occasional British tourists, and with the Christian Science gang to whom his father, a fervent disciple of Mary Baker Eddy, had given him introductions. Pritchett sketches in a whole gallery of figures, swiftly and with that deft, "look-no-hands" air for which he is renowned—among them, Mr. Shaves, a "touching and ludicrous man, who when he laughed looked like someone shouting in agony for help"; Mrs. Shaves, "a short woman with a heavy blob of white hair and a ducklike bosom which she seemed to carry about as if it were a personal tragedy"; and the appalling bore with "a pale face stamped by pock marks that might have been the offprints of faded conversations." Pritchett's is a more old-fashioned Paris than that of Hemingway's *A Moveable Feast*, and it contains no celebrities; but it is no less vividly alive.

All this time Pritchett was writing—reading and writing. Finally, he made it triumphantly but unspectacularly into print with a joke published in the Paris edition of the *Herald-Tribune*. Then the Mrs. Eddy network came to his rescue: *The Christian Science Monitor* accepted a couple of short sketches and subsequently commissioned a series. He had become a paid-up member of the writing profession. This was as well since he had just failed with ostrich feathers and been sacked. He decided to chance his luck and livelihood as an author. The *Monitor*, however, was slow in paying, and Pritchett was virtually reduced to starvation, living feverish and wild on half a roll a day. He sold his books, his clothes, everything except his typewriter, which he clung to religiously. Eventually he was rescued, but the experience finished Paris for him: "The enchantment had gone." He went back to England and "the pink, masked faces of my humbugging countrymen."

In London he futilely made the rounds of the newspapers. Finally, the *Monitor* sent him to cover the Irish Civil War. Pritchett knew nothing about Ireland or about politics or about reporting, and he equipped himself for the job with "a volume of Yeats's poems, an anthology of Irish poetry, Boyd's *Irish Literary Renaissance*, Synge's plays and a fanatical book called *Priests and People in Ireland* by McCabe." Needless to say, his first stop was the Abbey Theatre. Yet, against all the odds, he was a success; the paper made him its Irish correspondent. At last he had a career and regular pay: "This was no time for living the dilapidated day-to-day life I had lived in Paris." Pritchett was also beginning to learn about the discipline of authorship: the fight against deadlines and the more difficult, endless struggle with the language. On this level the Irish taught him a great deal, though what he learned from them had little to do with the profession of journalism. The Irish are, after all, the most garrulous of people, besotted with language and tall storytelling. The talk, scenery, snobbery, poverty, and the brutalities of war settled in his mind like a kind of rich compost for the imagination; years later they would yield stories. Inevitably, he met the literary notables—Sean O'Casey, A. E., and, of course, Yeats: "Yeats came down the stairs toward me, and the nearer he came the further away he seemed." But, as always, it was the ordinary people who fascinated him.

Within a year, however, the *Monitor*'s London editor, "very English in this, had grown sick to death of his Irish troubles." He offered Pritchett a higher salary and a post in Madrid. The offer was accepted, and that decision changed Pritchett's life. It precipitated him into marriage with a Dublin girl, also a journalist, before either of them was properly sure or ready. He was still only twenty-three years old and a long way from maturity: "I was glib and quick to see, but slow to grow." As it turned out, he did his growing up the hard way, since the marriage was evidently a bad one. I say "evidently" because Pritchett is not a man for confessions. In these days of full frontal intimacy he sticks to the unfashionable virtue of reticence. "There is," he says, "the supreme pleasure of putting oneself in by leaving oneself out." We learn most about the unhappiness and loneliness of the years between his disappointing first marriage and his successful second one from the changed tone of the writing, the shift in pace and interest.

To some extent, his attitude to Spain says it for him. For a man brought up in cloudy England, where the light seems continually to move and character is shifty as water, the bleak landscape of Castile was a revelation. It was unforgiving and exact; it left no room for the misty romanticism of his adolescence. There is also a curious blankness in the Spanish temperament, with its fatalism and obsession with death, which chimed solemnly with his own personal misery. No wonder Spain became for him the country of his heart. As always he walked huge distances and talked to everyone, but the old buoyancy of his French days had utterly disappeared. And with reason, apart from his own troubles: the writers and intellectuals of Madrid who became his friends were, nearly all of them, doomed to be destroyed in one way or another during the civil war.

This first stay in Spain lasted only a couple of years, although Pritchett was to return not long after to write his first book, *Marching Spain*. Meanwhile, the paper sent him to the States, where he slogged through the mountains of Tennessee—on foot, of course—looking for the elusive Elizabethan dialect the hillbillies are supposed to have preserved, as though pickled in moonshine. Naturally, he did not find it. Instead, his overwrought, apprentice prose finally proved too much for the editors of the *Monitor*. He was fired.

Back in London, life closed sourly in on him. Separated from his wife, Pritchett kept himself alive by ill-paid reviews, sketches, and stories; translations at a farthing a word, work as a part-time librarian at the ultra-posh Bath Club at one pound a week. Poverty-stricken, he shifted

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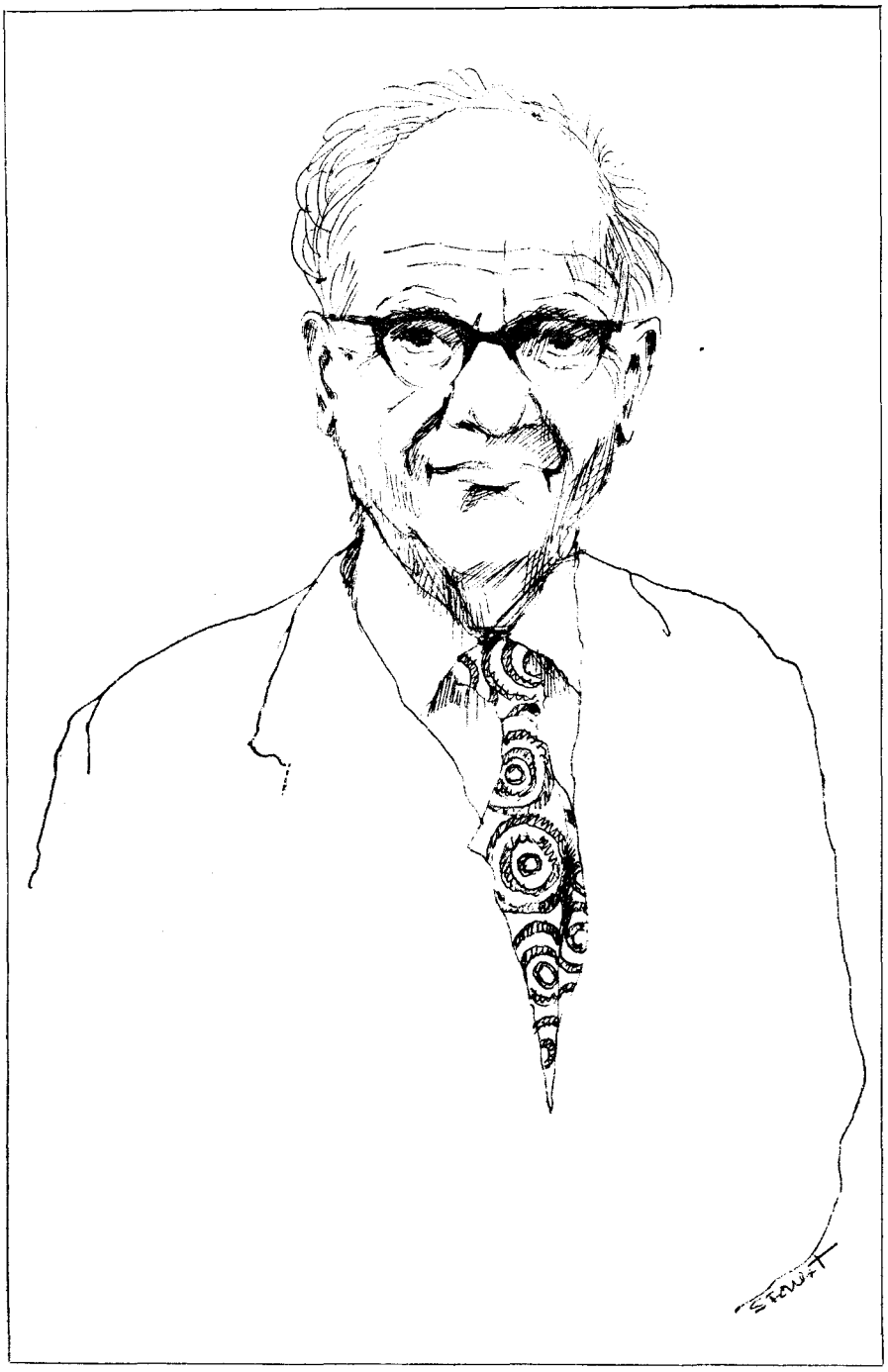

V. S. Pritchett: "I was glib and quick to see, but slow to grow."

around North Soho from one seedy, smelly room to another. In comparison with these grim years, starvation in Paris seemed a mere youthful indulgence. It is a miracle he survived, since the danger of freelance life is that you spend so much time writing to live that you never write what you want to. The review columns of the weeklies are filled with the work of people who have given up safe jobs in teaching or journalism in order to devote themselves to the novels or poems or plays they really care about. Yet all they do is review other men's books—endlessly, desperately, in order to pay the bills—while their own remain unwritten.

Pritchett spent years on this treadmill and survived it not just by native talent but also by will power and sheer hard labor. He used Grub Street occasions to purify his style, writing and rewriting obsessionally: "for every page I write there are half a dozen thrown away. The survivors are crisscrossed with deletions." Gradually he fought his way through to his own style and his own special form, the short story. The stories made him famous, his first collection selling more than 3,000 copies, instead of the 600 his publisher expected. Although it was to be years before any of his other books did so well, his reputation was made. At a certain point in any writer's career a degree of success becomes a necessity: it means that he no longer has to fight that grim battle against anonymity in the course of which every author, however certain he may ultimately be of his vocation, begins to doubt not just his talent but also his identity, his very existence as a creative person. Pritchett was into his thirties before success confirmed him. But by that time he also had the subtler, more important confirmation of a successful marriage and fatherhood.

When *Midnight Oil* appeared in England recently the critics complained that Pritchett dealt too cursorily with the last thirty or more years since he ceased being an apprentice and became a recognized master of his craft. They also missed the hilarity and detail of the earlier volume in which he dealt—in mingled fascination, loathing, and love—with his impossible Micawber of a father. Both these criticisms seem to me to be wrong. Pritchett has no need to describe his maturity because his other books have already done so for him. He has managed to use even his critical essays—and he is one of the few who began as a hack reviewer and developed into an important literary critic—as a means of self-definition. As he observes near the end of *Midnight Oil*:

> In my criticism, perhaps even more than my stories, I am self-portrayed. When I reread those essays written in such numbers over the last thirty years, I am surprised to see how much they are pitted with personal experience, and how much reaction to life itself, either nettled or expansive, has been packed into an epigram or an aside. In penetrating to the conflicts of authors, I have discovered and reflected on my own.

Once he began to write with his full powers and to publish in earnest, the routine of his day-to-day existence became unimportant; the significant living was being done in his imagination and on paper.

As for the comedy and the Dickensian "characters," they are there vividly enough in the opening chapters of *Midnight Oil* when the young Pritchett is shedding his absurd adolescence in Paris. After that they no longer seem appropriate: he moved into a world altogether less amusing. To have tricked out this harsher and more demanding life with anecdotes and eccentricities would have been a falsification, a failing that Pritchett, with his passion for reality, has never been prone to. *A Cab at the Door* is about that curiously fertile turmoil in which the young Pritchett's character and talent were formed. *Midnight Oil* describes the uses to which he has put his gifts. In other words, as the title implies, it is about work, which has always been the curse of the writing class. □

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SR's Semiannual Reference Book Roundup

David M. Glixon

This being the year of elections, the season of Women's Lib, and the day of youth (if not of the jackal or the locust), it's no surprise that among the new reference books are some appropriate to each. After disposing of the home scene, we dip into Africa, then take up who's who compendia and works dealing with the past —both factual and mythical—and with literature. Next come an encyclopedia and a handful of dictionaries (English, Anglo-French, and special varieties), then books on music and art; and finally a few about man and nature.

Three young ex-staffers of the Harvard *Crimson*—Michael Barone, Grant Ujifusa, and Douglas Matthews—have produced the first biennial **Almanac of American Politics** (Gambit, 1,052 pp., $12.95; paperback, $4.95). State-by-state, district-by-district, it gives the rundown, with detailed scorecards, on every incumbent senator and representative. By the chance of the alphabet, the first page assesses Alabama's Governor Wallace, and the *Almanac* eventually covers most of the presidential contenders. Between the statistical tables, prose sparkles with comments on colorful figures—people like Bella Abzug and Birch Bayh. The authors discern the conservative spots in many a professed liberal and the liberal streaks in many a conservative. Here are their records, power bases, and political chances.

Continue your research in the 1972 edition of **The American Almanac** (Grosset & Dunlap, 1,042 pp., $6.95; paperback, $2.95). How many in the 18- to 21-year-old bracket will be eligible to vote this year? What were the returns in the last three congressional elections? This *Almanac*, prepared by the Bureau of the Census, summarizes the political, social, environmental, defense, and virtually every other condition of life in the U.S.A., and backs it all up with 1,300 tables. Ocean dumping, drug and tobacco addiction, executions, disease, travel, symphony orchestras—there's a wide range in the topics covered.

In Dunedin, Florida, youth and age, respectively, find jobs through "Rent-a-Kid" and "Experience, Unlimited." More than half the population of Farmington, Connecticut, borrows books from the Village Green Library. Boulder City, the only town in Nevada without gambling, is a desert oasis near Las Vegas, Hoover Dam, and Eldorado Valley. **Safe Places** (Arlington House, 930 pp., $13.95) describes these and forty-three other communities, in thirty-five states, as livable refuges from outlawry and disorder. The authors, David and Holly Franke, take into account climate, schools, shopping, recreation, housing, government, and taxes. Don't make a move without consulting this chatty guide.

Emigrating to Africa? Read the latest of the Keesing Research Reports, **Africa Independent** (Scribners, 325 pp., $10). The politics of each country is examined, from the rule and ancient lineage of Haile Selassie to the strange career of Kwame Nkrumah, apartheid in South Africa, and recent developments in Rhodesia.

Now for a notorious example of female chauvinism: **Notable American Women, 1607-1850** (Belknap-Harvard, 3 vols., 2,130 pp., $75), edited by Edward T. James (traitor!) and sponsored by (naturally) Radcliffe College. Just what are the qualifications of these 1,359 women? Judge for yourself: There are actresses like Laurette Taylor and Alma Gluck, artists like Helen Hokinson and Mary Cassatt, heroines like Pocahontas, and—what's this? Here's a woman, Margaret E. Knight, who invented paper-bag machinery, a numbering device, and a sleeve-valve engine. These freshly researched, colorful, and sensitive biographical sketches describe historians, entrepreneurs, explorers, architects, authors, anthropologists—why, they might as well have been men!

And the thing is spreading. What do you find in **The Blue Book, 1971-72** (St. Martin's, 1,440 pp., $30) when you open it at random? Such "Leaders of the English-speaking World" as Dames Ninette de Valois and Ngaio Marsh, Margaret Leighton, Joyce Brothers, and Princess Grace. Males, of course, have no need to complain about their representation among 13,000 up-to-date entries of notables in business, the arts and sciences, and other professions.

For Isabella d'Este, Lucrezia Borgia, Dante's Beatrice, Joan of Arc, and Mary Stuart, try **The New Century Italian Renaissance Encyclopedia** (Appleton, 1,068 pp., $29.95), edited by Catherine B. Avery. This is not a who's who or a dictionary of biography, but a comprehensive study—under more than 4,000 alphabetically arranged headings—of three tumultuous centuries of Western history. Art, to be sure, is at stage center, with more than a hundred illustrations. Religion and politics are treated in highly readable fashion, as are the humanists and explorers. Literary studies abound, from a paragraph on Tasso's *Aminta* to three pages on the *Divine Comedy*.

Students of still earlier times can keep convenient reference maps at their fingertips in Michael Grant's **Ancient History Atlas** (Macmillan, 112 pp., $4.95). The eighty-seven black-and-white full-page and double-spread maps take off from the Near East of 1700 B.C., picture the rise of the various civilizations, and conclude with the Byzantine Empire of the sixth century A.D. Labels relate the events in each sector, and there are maps of Rome and the Forum, the birthplaces of classic writers, the religious centers of Greece, the extent of Roman Britain, and the spread of Judaism and Christianity.

Curiosity and years of research brought Edward E. Barthell, Jr., to the realization that "all the Greek deities and most of their semidivine heroes can be tied in as members of a single family tree." He explains this thesis in **Gods and Goddesses of Ancient Greece** (University of Miami Press, 430 pp., $25). The theme is clarified by scores of family charts and fleshed out in an absorbing chapter on each group of the gods and their descendants. Barthell has also synthesized other treatments of the mythological tales in order to produce unusually complete narratives, most extensively those dealing with the Trojan War. The big volume's index is lengthy, though apparently incomplete. There is no entry for Morpheus, for example, nor is he mentioned as the god who broke the news of her husband's death to Alcyone; Barthell assigns that role to Iris. And he fails to mention Melpomene's visible attributes: the tragic mask and the vine leaves.

These and other details can readily be located in the alphabetically arranged **New Century Handbook of Greek Mythology and Legend** (Appleton, 574 pp., $7.95), edited by Catherine B. Avery. Though succinctly recounted, the mythical biographies are comprehensive, and the pronunciation is given for every entry (with the o͞o sound unfortunately represented by ö). A critical approach to a closely related branch of the subject is Michael Grant's **Roman Myths** (Scribners, 312 pp., $10), in which he traces the myths to their sources and connects them with the known history of Rome. Not surprisingly, more space is devoted to Aeneas than to any other topic.

Like the *Handbook of Greek Mythology*, **The New Century Handbook of Greek Literature** (Appleton, 220 pp., $6.75) consists of entries selected by Miss Avery from her 1962 volume, *The New Century Classical Handbook*, an authoritative work of 1,160 pages. This time the subjects are the poets, orators, historians, and rhetoricians, plus their writings. For most of the rhetoricians, résumés are provided, excellent by and large but rarely accompanied by any criticism.

The same can be said for the plot treatment in **The Concise Encyclopedic Guide to Shakespeare** (Horizon, 450 pp., $14.95), by Michael Martin and Richard Harrier. The authors also serve up such tidbits as that a *micher* was a truant or sneak (see *I Henry IV*, II, 4) and that *malhecho* (or *mallecho*) may have come from the Spanish for "misdeed." Also to be found among the alphabetized entries in the main section are all of Shakespeare's characters and the key words or subjects of numerous quotations. Short sections deal with Shakespeare's critics, theater people, recent productions, music, and recordings. A useful book, but deceptively bulked out by thick paper.

Back in our own era, **Contemporary Poets of the English Language** (St. Martin's, 1,260 pp., $25), edited by Rosalie Murphy, is a uniquely valuable compilation of material on more than a thousand poets. Each entry outlines the poet's education and career, and lists his work by

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title. For 300 poets considered outstanding, there are also studies by critics and other poets. Too ironically right is Daniel Hoffman's comment, written before John Berryman's suicide, that one of Berryman's facets was "the self that can't escape the strictures of the external world," in which "he can manage to live only, or best, in dreams." *SR* readers will be particularly interested in the two tightly packed pages about John Ciardi.

Equally thorough despite its broader field and more conventional in style is the **Encyclopedia of World Literature in the 20th Century** (Ungar, 3 vols., 1,560 pp., $98), edited by Wolfgang Fleischmann. All branches of literature, in all languages, are covered in more than 1,300 entries. There are biographies, studies of national literatures, articles on genres (Tragedy), trends (Surrealism), and concepts ("Time in Literature," a fascinating 7-column article on Fielding, Stern, Joyce, Virginia Woolf, Mann, Huxley, Dos Passos, Proust—of course—and others). Many of the biographies are supplemented by critical quotations from competent authorities.

The news about the justly esteemed **World Book Encyclopedia** is the addition of an index volume to the 1972 edition (Field, 22 vols., 13,800 pp., $215.95). The index, 150,000 entries long, has a study guide for all major topics, and a section telling "How to Do Research" for classroom reports in ten steps. Prepared chiefly for school children from nine to fifteen, with the language of each article carefully tailored to its most likely reader, *The World Book* is sufficiently diverse, comprehensive, and authoritative for family use. More pages were revised for the current printing than for any other edition since 1967; many entries were rewritten and expanded; and more than a hundred articles are new to the encyclopedia. Now expanded from 20 to 22 volumes, *The World Book* remains one of the most attractively printed—for both the black-and-white material and the full-color illustrations and maps—as well as one of the most generally useful of reference works.

The Young People's Thesaurus Dictionary (Grosset & Dunlap, 330 pp., $5.95), edited by William Morris, comprises some 5,000 entries, with two to a dozen synonyms in each (including words labeled "slang"). For many entries he gives antonyms (in red) and derived words (in capitals). If anything can encourage the student to seek the right word and expand his vocabulary, this lively book will. But *it's not* a dictionary, so caution and a dictionary are indispensable adjuncts.

J. E. Mansion is a great name in lexicography. He is editor of *Harrap's Standard French and English Dictionary* (Scribners, 2 vols., 2,536 pp., $49.50), first published in 1934, revised in 1940, and currently available with 1962 supplements. Most notable of the works based on it (and all from Scribners) is a revised, enlarged, and quite up-to-date one-volume edition of **Harrap's Modern College French and English Dictionary** (1,485 pp., $9.95; thumb-indexed, $10.95), running to 97,000 entries. Words and phrases are translated in their American and their British senses; compounds and phrases (which abound) stand out in boldface like the entry words; proper nouns are part of the main vocabulary; and irregular verbs are conjugated as they occur alphabetically, instead of in separate tables. These are all important considerations.

The *Concise* edition (805 pp., $5.95), a 45,000-entry abridgment of an older dictionary, reflects the Mansion tradition but is not up-to-date. A better buy is **Harrap's New Pocket French and English Dictionary** (525 pp., paperback, $2.95), completely revised in 1969. Here, however, conjugations and proper nouns are printed apart from the main body of the book.

A completely new work, claiming more than 70,000 entries, is **The Bantam New College French & English Dictionary** (Bantam, 732 pp., paperback, $1.25), by Roger Steiner. Both vocabularies include proper nouns, but irregularities are grouped into tables. Being of American origin, the *Bantam* has no need to point out Americanisms, but it does distinguish between colloquialisms and slang. Its overall excellence makes it worthy of a better paper than this shoddy newsprint.

There are two languages more basic than Basic English and more international than Esperanto: the language of symbols and the language of acronyms. Everyone knows the significance of a circle enclos-

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

FILIAL

Which Shakespearean characters in Columns 1 and 3 might have sent Father's Day greetings to their parents in Columns 2 and 4? The question is raised by Beatrice S. Levin of Houston, Texas, and answered on page 86.

1. Edgar and Edmund ( )	A. Aegeon	9. Malcolm and Donalbain ( )	I. Henry Percy
2. Edward and Richard ( )	B. Banquo	10. Antipholus and Antipholus ( )	J. John of Gaunt
3. Jessica ( )	C. Baptista	11. Fleance ( )	K. Lear
4. Goneril and Regan ( )	D. Cymbeline	12. Henry Bolingbroke ( )	L. Leonato
5. Laertes and Ophelia ( )	E. Duncan	13. Katharina and Bianca ( )	M. Montague
6. Romeo ( )	F. Edward IV	14. Imogen ( )	N. Polonius
7. Hero ( )	G. Gloucester	15. Hotspur ( )	O. Prospero
8. Miranda ( )	H. Henry IV	16. "Hal" and John ( )	P. Shylock

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ing a simplified tripod. And many a man who wouldn't even recognize—let alone attempt to pronounce—*dichlorodiphenyltrichloroethane* will talk glibly about DDT. To complement their *Acronyms and Initialisms Dictionary (AID)*, Gale has now published the **Reverse Acronyms and Initialisms Dictionary** *(RAID)* (490 pp., $27.50), edited by Ellen T. Crowley and Robert C. Thomas. In this cart-before-the-horse version, you are presumed to know the term but to have forgotten its official abbreviation. For example, should one refer to Cancer Care as CC? No, it's CCI; CC belongs to Chrysler Corp. In spite of its 80,000 entries, alphabetized by the term itself rather than by its telescoped form, we feel that compared with *AID, RAID* is *ODLU* (of distinctly limited usefulness).

But we award a * and a + to Henry Dreyfuss for his monumental **Symbol Sourcebook** (McGraw-Hill, 292 pp., $28.50). More than 6,000 symbols, shown large and bold, are arranged by subject: travel, astronomy, geography, mathematics, weather, sports; there are symbols used by hobos, doctors, printers, astrologers, electricians. In the back of the book the symbols are also classified by shape, and there's an additional section on color symbolism.

In another part of the forest we came across **Harper's Dictionary of Music** (Harper & Row, 420 pp., $10), by Christine Ammer, which is sufficiently comprehensive for amateurs and laymen, though by no means for the advanced student or professional. Biographical information is reduced to make room for more intensive coverage of musical compositions—a justifiable compromise. Particularly helpful are the clear drawings of instruments, pronunciations of entry words, musical illustrations, and the tables for such classifications as "Romantic Composers," "Theme and Variations," and "Symphonic Poems," which list composers, titles or types of composition, and dates. The excellent discussions of "Serial Music" and "Rock" point up the author's knack for clarifying and characterizing difficult subjects.

Tasty crumbs of information about nearly a thousand compositions are scattered through the new, enlarged edition of James J. Fuld's authoritative **Book of World-Famous Music** (Crown, 700 pp., $15). Opening bars of all sorts—from *Eine kleine Nachtmusik* to "Men of Harlech" to "What's New Pussycat?"—are included, along with the facts about their composition and publication. If you can't remember how the *Parsifal* prelude begins, open to the P's—but don't look further, or you'll hum all day.

In the **Dictionary of 1,000 Best Films** (Association, 496 pp., $12), R. A. E. Pickard gives a short synopsis of each, its date, the players, other credits, and indulges in brief comments. The selections, from *The Birth of a Nation* to *Z*, come from all over the world. Titles are printed in alphabetical order, but there are no indexes and only a meager number of stills.

Eye-catching pictures are properly abundant in **The New International Illustrated Encyclopedia of Art** (Greystone, 24 vols., 5,050 pp., $135.47 by subscription), for which Sir John Rothenstein was the general editorial consultant. The color quality varies wildly, but in this field, igno-

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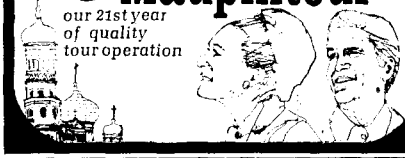

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rance can be blissful, and the sympathetic lay reader may justifiably go into rhapsodies over most of the 5,000 illustrations, especially the great number that take up a full 8½" x 11" page. All appear alongside the appropriate articles, which neglect no branch, period, or school of art. The biographies are adequate, deftly commenting on the artist's work and touching on his debts and influences. American art, world architecture, the graphic arts, town planning, and applied arts are among the subjects handled expertly yet in a readily understandable style. Text and pictures are copiously indexed. Though predictably not on the level of the far costlier *Encyclopedia of World Art*, this is a highly satisfactory set for family and school use.

So much for fun and games, unless you get a kick out of physiology. **The Stein and Day International Medical Encyclopedia** (Stein & Day, 464 pp., $17.50), by J. A. C. Brown and A. M. Hastin Bennett, has articles on the body's structure, its organs, their functions and ailments; on mental ills, heredity, birth, death, acupuncture (with a full-column picture of an ancient chart used in its practice), population, sex, surgery, drug addiction—what not? Readable, modern in viewpoint, beautifully illustrated in color, black-and-white, and transparencies, this is one of the most usable compact works in the field.

Among the first of the 900 pictures in the **Larousse Science of Life** (Tudor, 475 pp., $15) is a photo of an atomic bomb explosion; in the last chapter "a very long future for the human race" is predicted, barring an "irreparable act of madness." In between, authors Jean Rostand and Andrée Tetry give us a far-ranging "Study of Biology, Sex, Genetics, Heredity, and Evolution." These topics and their ramifications are treated in separate chapters of this large-format, double-column volume, which systematically probes the wonderful but rarely sweet mysteries of life, from microscopic organisms to the Bachs.

Cousin loris is not a shrew, but they both frequent trees. The potto and the galago, however, are both lorises. They are all quite different from the hoolock gibbon, the siamang of the apes, and the aye-aye, which are primates like you, except that the aye-aye is really in a class by itself. For an expertly organized family album with really good pictures (nearly 300, and not one of Aunt Henrietta), see the latest of the "all-color guides": **Monkeys and Apes** (Grosset & Dunlap, 160 pp., $3.95), by Prue Napier.

If you have a yen to look in on some of the remaining 5,000 orangutans in their native state, try Kinabalu National Park in Sabah, Malaysia. It's one of the 650-odd national parks and other preserves described—continent by continent, area by area—in Malcolm Ross-Macdonald's **World Wildlife Guide** (Viking, 416 pp., $8.95). Notes on the flora and fauna of each park, advice on travel and exploration, photos, maps, and species indexes make this attractive handbook, published in association with the World Wildlife Fund, a treasure for conservationists, tourists, and animal lovers.

For the floral kingdom, nothing else compares in scale or in lavishness of production with **Wild Flowers of the United States**, by Harold W. Rickett. **Vol. 5: The Northwestern States** (McGraw-Hill, 2 vols., 700 pp., $57.50) covers the botanically rich area west of the Cascades and Sierras. Of the 4,500 varieties described in detail for the unprofessional reader, 1,600 are pictured in exquisite color photos—usually several on the 9¾" x 12¾" page. As with the earlier volumes, hundreds of line drawings clarify terms used in the text, which benefits scientifically from recent research. □

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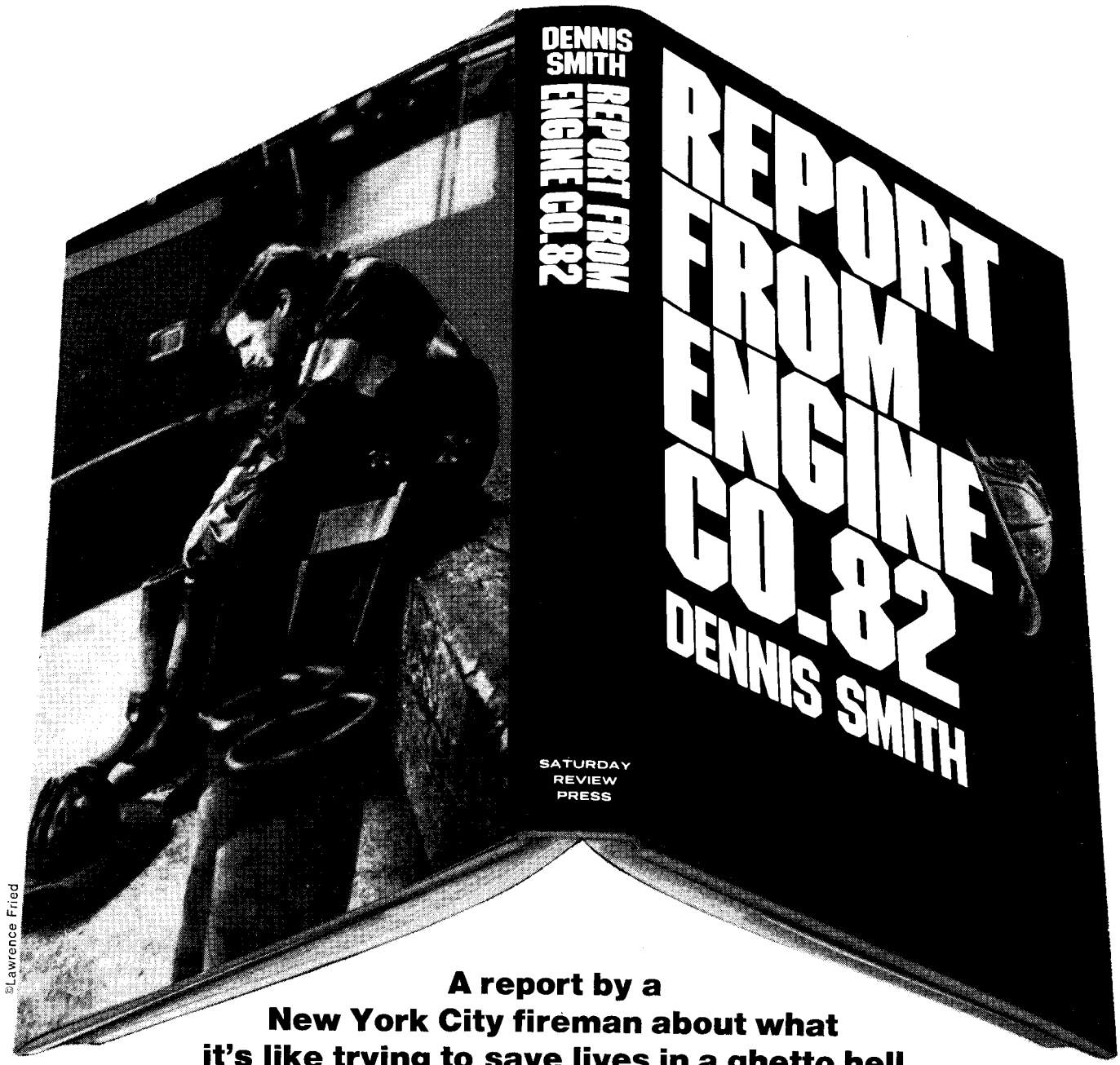

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Book Business

Alan Green

Little, Brown, until about a year ago, was planning to publish *The Late John Marquand*, a biography by Stephen Birmingham. Later the book was postponed indefinitely. Now it will be published instead by Lippincott in June.

Marquand's long, close relationship with Little, Brown, which published all his novels, may account for the switch; for Lippincott's prepublication advertising, after paying tribute to Marquand's eminence among American novelists, describes the Marquand who emerges from Birmingham's pages as a man who "wanted children, then ignored them, demanded the company of women, and survived two notably stormy marriages and divorces, one from a woman whom he doubtless drove to alcoholism."

Stephen Birmingham was a protégé of Marquand, and Little, Brown published his three early novels. After his *Our Crowd* and *The Grandees* were brought out by Harper & Row, Birmingham returned to Little, Brown with *The Right People* and made a contract for the Marquand biography. John Marquand, Jr., a novelist in his own right who wrote under the name John Phillips in order not to take advantage of his father's reputation, objected, I am told, to the protégé's writing the biography. Furthermore, he apparently made unsuccessful efforts to deter his late father's friends from granting research interviews. I'm also told that Birmingham's is an exceptionally interesting study that some consider damaging to Marquand's image, to his family, and—if they had published it—to Little, Brown.

Whatever the reason may be, the book has made the trip from Little, Brown in Boston to Lippincott in Philadelphia. Boston, however, is not done with books about Marquand. Diagonally across Boston Common from Little, Brown is Houghton Mifflin, which will publish, probably in the spring of 1973, another biography, this one by Millicent Bell, author of *Edith Wharton and Henry James*. Mrs. Bell enjoyed a privilege not granted Birmingham—access to the Marquand files now at Boston University, Harvard, and Yale, where they may be examined only with permission of the Marquand family. These files include diaries, manuscripts, and letters, many of the latter to and from his wives. Mrs. Bell, professor of English literature at Boston University where she teaches the modern American novel, does not have Birmingham's close personal knowledge of Marquand. She has interviewed some people visited earlier by Birmingham, and some more he didn't see. The Birmingham book is an alternate Literary Guild selection. I imagine that the Bell work will be submitted to the Book-of-the-Month Club, where Marquand was a judge for many years.

More than fifty years have passed since the publication of a major, one-volume world history. The last, H. G. Wells's *Outline of History*, appeared in 1920 and has been revised and updated several times since. (If you have a two-volume edition of the Wells, it's a special book-club edition.) Rene Sedillot's *History of the World*, which came out in 1954, was not widely accepted and is available now only in paperback.

On May 3 Harper & Row published *The Columbia History of the World*. Like Wells's book, the *Columbia History* is intended for the intelligent layman. But unlike the Wells, this volume is the work of forty historians, all, at the time of its inception, on the Columbia University faculty. How, you may ask, can forty individuals write anything

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1504

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1504 will be found in the next issue.

JAA XUY ZVLAQD DVUH JTU JZJBU JTU LY NYU PNXXNY ZNTAI; MSD UJPV . . . JQAUUW, LQ LY J ZNTAI NK VLQ NZY.
WASDJTPV

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1503

Any fool can paint a picture, but it takes a wise man to be able to sell it.

Samuel Butler

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but a series of loosely connected, encyclopedialike articles? And, on the other hand, can one man alone write a history dealing fairly and fully with, say, the early civilization of India as well as with the political-religious struggles of post-Renaissance Europe? John A. Garraty and Peter Gay, Columbia historians and the editors of this work, set about finding an answer to the first question after replying negatively to the second. They knew that Wells, for all the admiration heaped upon his work, had also been criticized for the *Outline*'s emphases and omissions, and for the prejudices that inevitably arise from the exercise of a single viewpoint.

Garraty and Gay began with a careful selection of colleagues, each a specialist in an area, a period, or a branch (politics, economics, culture, etc.). The editors had long discussions with every specialist and conferences with the whole group in order to determine the amount of space each scholar needed, its proper balance in the whole, and the manner in which each proposed to organize his material. When draft outlines had been prepared by the contributors and after further conferences, an outline of the total work was drawn up and agreed to by all. During the subsequent writing, the scholars consulted with each other in order to avoid repetitions and overlaps. When the drafts were completed, the two editors had the right to make the stylistic—nonfactual—alterations necessary to create a version seeming to come from a single mind and hand. Each author remained the final arbiter of the facts and opinions in his section, and each read and corrected the final version of the entire work.

In their introduction, the editors write: "Columbia scholarship has long excelled in the approach to history that has governed the design and construction of this book." They go on to name among past Columbians who have contributed notable histories: Charles A. Beard, James Harvey Robinson, Carlton J. H. Hayes, Garrett Mattingly, and Allan Nevins. If the lion is roaring, it would appear to have good reason.

When Richard Ellmann's biography *James Joyce* was published by Oxford University Press in 1959, it won a National Book Award and such praise as, from Mark Schorer, "one of the great literary biographies of this century." Now Professor Ellmann has written, and Oxford is about to publish under as mellifluous a title as I can recall, *Ulysses on the Liffey*. A new examination of the masterpiece and its creator, the book is also the latest attempt to disentwine the strands of the novel in search of its total meaning. Along the way, according to Oxford, a num-

The 11 most distinguished books of 1971

ARTS AND LETTERS
CHARLES ROSEN
The Classical Style
The Viking Press, Inc

BIOGRAPHY
JOSEPH P. LASH
Eleanor and Franklin: The Story of Their Relationship Based on Eleanor Roosevelt's Private Papers
W. W. Norton & Company

CHILDREN'S BOOKS
DONALD BARTHELME
The Slightly Irregular Fire Engine or The Hithering Thithering Djinn
Farrar, Straus & Giroux

CONTEMPORARY AFFAIRS
STEWART BRAND
The Last Whole Earth Catalog: Access to Tools
Portola Institute

FICTION
FLANNERY O'CONNOR
The Complete Stories
Farrar, Straus & Giroux

HISTORY
ALLAN NEVINS
Ordeal of the Union Series
The War for the Union: The Organized War, 1863-64 (Volume 7)
The War for the Union: The Organized War to Victory, 1864-65 (Volume 8)
Charles Scribner's Sons

PHILOSOPHY AND RELIGION
MARTIN E. MARTY
Righteous Empire: The Protestant Experience in America
The Dial Press

POETRY
HOWARD MOSS
Selected Poems
Atheneum

FRANK O'HARA
The Collected Poems of Frank O'Hara
Alfred A. Knopf

THE SCIENCES
GEORGE L. SMALL
The Blue Whale
Columbia University Press

TRANSLATION
AUSTRYN WAINHOUSE
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ber of puzzles are solved: why Molly Bloom was born on Gibraltar, what is behind Stephen Dedalus's theory of *Hamlet*, and why Leopold Bloom ate a Gorgonzola sandwich. When one considers the number of classrooms in which *Ulysses* is studied and the respect that Ellmann commands, it's easy to imagine the frantic revision of teaching notes this new book will stimulate. (Some years ago Random House reset *Ulysses* in a different typeface, thereby altering the pagination, and the cries of academic anguish resounded from Palo Alto to Massachusetts Avenue.)

I'd heard various stories about how *Ulysses* came to trial and freedom in America. To pin down the truth, I called on Donald Klopfer, Random's chairman of the board, and Morris Ernst, who defended the novel before Judge Woolsey. On several separate trips to Paris in the early Thirties, Klopfer and his late partner, Bennett Cerf, gained Joyce's agreement to the publication of *Ulysses* in America if the ban could be lifted. Ernst was retained, and he arranged for a copy of the book to be mailed (an apocryphal version says brought) from Paris. Such books were supposed to be seized, but this copy slipped through. So Ernst had to notify customs of the oversight, and have the book put once more into the mails. This time customs acted, and Random reacted. Thus began the process that led to Judge Woolsey's courtroom and his eloquent decision. Along the way, a four-letter word now commonplace in literature had to be proved necessary and honest. Ernst established its ancient linguistic base and then reminded Woolsey of the accepted euphemism, "They slept together." Woolsey mused, "I doubt they usually do," and the point of honesty was made. When Ernst undertook to explain stream of consciousness, Woolsey said, "I know what you mean. While I've been listening to you, I've also been thinking about that Hepplewhite chair behind you. I collect antiques."

Congresswoman Bella Abzug (D., N.Y.) has lost her district through a drop in population there and a bit of gerrymandering in Albany. Her book, *Bella! Ms. Abzug Goes to Washington*, which was completed before the district died, is a lively, almost day-to-day account of her first year on the Hill. Replete with her barbs about the House, its rules, retainers, and need for reforms, the book may also turn out to be a preview of her campaign to win a new district in the primary against Congressman William Fitts Ryan this summer, and, if she is successful, the election in the fall. Saturday Review Press is publishing this one on June 1.

BLACK WOMEN IN WHITE AMERICA: A Documentary History

edited by Gerda Lerner

Pantheon, 666 pp., $12.95

Reviewed by Joyce Jenkins

■ *Black Women in White America* is a superb anthology—the first, to my knowledge, to treat in depth the grossly neglected segment of American history staked out by the book's title. Its compiler, the Viennese-born historian Gerda Lerner, has sifted through countless documents in libraries and archives and culled forgotten items from newspaper files to put together a story of tragedy and horror as reported, not by aloof observers, but by those who acutely felt the full brunt of American inhumanity. A chronicle of 350 years of subjugation—of slavery, lynchings, rape, and other atrocities—*Black Women in White America* is also a story of immense courage, the courage of a woman watching her children being sold to a stranger, of a man whose wife is being forcibly "used" by the master or the master's son or the overseer, of a child sneaking off to an illegal midnight school to learn to read

Fannie Lou Hamer (top), a leader of the Freedom Democratic Party, and presidential candidate Shirley Chisholm (bottom)—symbols of black women's liberation.

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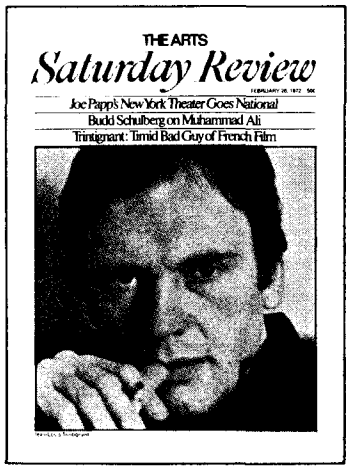
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Trintignant: Timid Bad Guy of French Film

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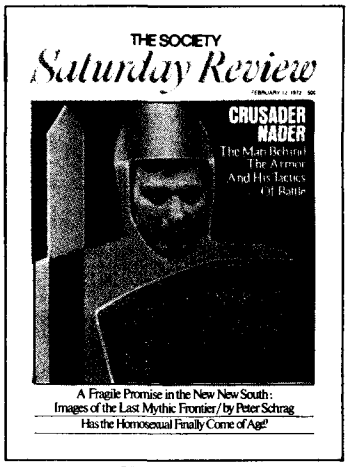
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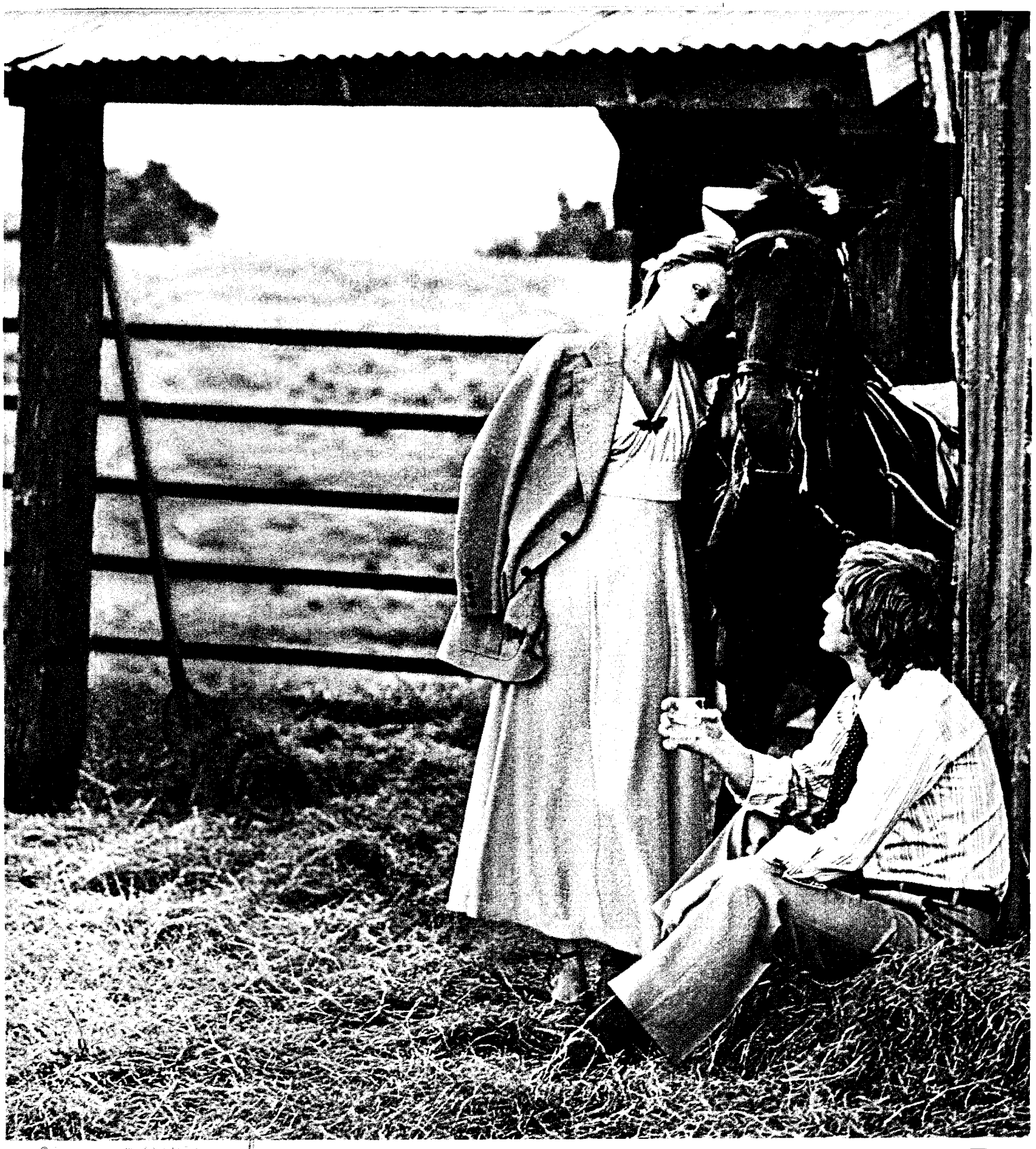

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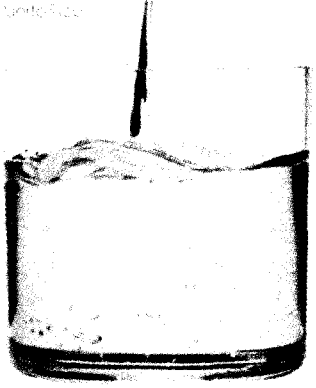

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and write. Moreover, the book is an effective refutation of white America's accusations relating to the supposed mental inferiority of blacks, their shiftlessness, and all the rest.

Miss Lerner provides us with many glimpses into slave life—the root of many present-day white Americans' attitudes towards blacks and of those of many black Americans toward whites. And she displays sharp insight into the long-range effects of this slave past: "The sexual *mores* of slavery had far-reaching consequences for the adjustment of the races after slavery and to this day. The web of attraction and repulsion, guilt and hatred, intimacy and exploitation caught black and white in a complex dependency which impeded the acceptance of a multiracial society."

Another impediment was lack of education. The education of slaves was practically nil, since it was forbidden by law. Thus, with emancipation, four million people suddenly found themselves on their own without even the basic tools with which to earn a living. Miss Lerner describes the organization of the Freedmen's Bureau, which not only coordinated the efforts of the abolitionists and missionary societies but also founded many of our black colleges. There was also the South's new public school system established after the Civil War; for a few shining years it enabled black and white children to attend the same schools. But after Reconstruction segregation became the legalized norm—one that is still setting off strong political repercussions. Busing? Black children have trudged for years to their little black schools. In effect, they have been forced to "bus" themselves to school for a very long time.

For the black child, education provided no guarantee of an easier life ahead. Even after the end of slavery, black girls had little or no defense against sexual assault by whites. Black boys could be lynched on the slightest provocation. In 1904 one anonymous black woman wrote:

> I dread to see my children grow. . . . Where the white girl has one temptation, mine will have many. Where the white boy has every opportunity and protection, mine will have few opportunities and no protection. It does not matter how good or wise my children may be, they are colored. When I have said that, all is said. Everything is forgiven in the South but color.

The trials of black women, however, were not restricted to the South. They have huddled in the cold and rain and snow on New York City street corners, waiting for potential employers to come by and "bargain" for domestic help. The bargaining was a sham, for these women, being desperately poor, had to take what they could get—about thirty cents an hour, if they were lucky. Such open-air "slave markets" dated back to 1834, and the practice continued until at least 1940. Miss Lerner points out that "when white immigrant labor was available, black women were crowded out of domestic work or, at the least, displaced from the better-paying servants' jobs. . . ."

While Miss Lerner's introductions to the various sections of this anthology as a rule reveal a profound understanding of black problems, there are some things the documents couldn't tell her. For example, her assertion that "the theme of racial solidarity recurs persistently in the historical record" simply isn't true. She has ignored the many instances of racial *non*solidarity that record contains. The black community has frequently experienced tensions based, for the most part, on color—light against dark, or vice versa. Furthermore, many black Americans still believe in becoming a part of the mainstream.

One of the delights of this book, on the other hand, is the light it throws on women's liberation. It has been a goal of black women for more than a century. In 1867 Sojourner Truth, who had been "forty years a slave and forty years free," said:

> I want women to have their rights. . . . I have done a great deal of work; as much as a man, but did not get so much pay. I used to work in the field and bind grain, . . . but men, doing no more, got twice as much pay. . . . We do as much, we eat as much, we want as much.

Yet for black women liberation does not mean being freed from their men. They have been struggling together, and fighting to be together, too long to wish for that. In 1971 Fannie Lou Hamer put it this way:

> You see now, baby, whether you have a Ph.D., D.D., or no D, we're in the bag together. . . . Not to fight to try to liberate ourselves from the men—this is another trick to get us fighting among ourselves—but to work together with the black man, then we will have a better chance to just act as human beings, and to be treated as human beings in our sick society.

Gerda Lerner's highly readable, comprehensive survey of black history from the point of view of black women not only documents how sick our society is and how vicious it has been to the black community; it also reminds the reader of how infinitely resourceful women who have endured prolonged pressure can be.

Joyce Jenkins is the author of the forthcoming *The New-Cut Road*, a children's history of black America.

WOMAN'S MYSTERIES

by M. Esther Harding

Putnam, 256 pp., $7.50

Reviewed by Anthea Lahr

■A woman can be a true woman only if what she does leads into her self and not away from it. Perhaps the women's liberation movement has overstressed women's right to have equal opportunity with men, while saying too little about their uniqueness as women. Reforms in women's rights are, of course, welcome and long overdue. But, writes M. Esther Harding in *Woman's Mysteries*, twentieth-century changes "have produced for woman an unavoidable conflict between the urge to express herself through work, as a man does, and the inner necessity to live in accordance with her own ancient feminine nature." This feminine nature is the moon part of a woman's spirit—the moon with its cycles and its dark side. The late Dr. Harding's excellent book—originally published in 1935, reissued in a revised version in 1955, and now brought out once again in a timely second printing—explores the mythic aspects of the moon, for the "myths and rituals of ancient religions represent the naïve projection of psychological realities."

To Dr. Harding, the moon is the anima or Eros—"the Lesser Light which rules the night of instinct and the shadowy perceptions of the inner intuitive world." The essence of creativity, Eros is a part of ourselves that too often lies dormant or appears only in dreams. Its counterpart is the Logos, the masculine drive that produces industry, rationalism, and our overeagerness to rely on intellect rather than intuition. It is this drive that predominates in the modern world. "Our civilization has been patriarchal for so long . . . that our conception of what feminine is . . . is likely to be prejudiced." The very concept of civilization, with its implications of logical systems and sharply defined societal roles, is masculine. Moon elements such as witchcraft and mysticism are eliminated or discouraged. But creativity, even in physics—that most precise of disciplines—still relies on intuition. The great break-throughs come from geniuses who embrace rather than suppress the anima in themselves. Yet it is not the exceptional human alone who has the potential to use the anima. All of us do, and, Dr. Harding suggests, we must all exercise it "to counteract the one-sidedness of the prevailing masculine mode of Western civilization."

Even when it is repressed, the feminine principle is not difficult to rec-

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ognize. We experience it at particularly beautiful or horrific moments of insight. We sense it when we are overcome by a feeling of "rightness" that seems contrary to our rational natures. "The moon, the feminine principle, is ruler of the night, of the unconscious. She is goddess of love, controller of those mysterious forces beyond human understanding, which attract certain human beings irresistibly to each other, or as unaccountably force them apart." We may try to banish the moon, but, as a goddess, she will still be there in our subconscious. So we must try to employ her powers to guide our lives.

Worshiped in many forms, the moon has countless names and faces. She has been called Astarte, Ishtar, Cybele, Hecate, Diana, Isis. The Blessed Virgin Mary is called "The Moon of the Church," "The Spiritual Moon," "The Perfect and Eternal Moon." Because of the waxing and the waning of the moon, pre-Christian moon goddesses were thought to have benevolent and malevolent aspects. When the moon waxed, the goddess was thought to be bringing fertility and happiness; when it waned, she had to be appeased lest she bring drought and famine. Dr. Harding views this ancient vision as a mythic projection of the cycle of women, especially their menstruation and ovulation cycles.

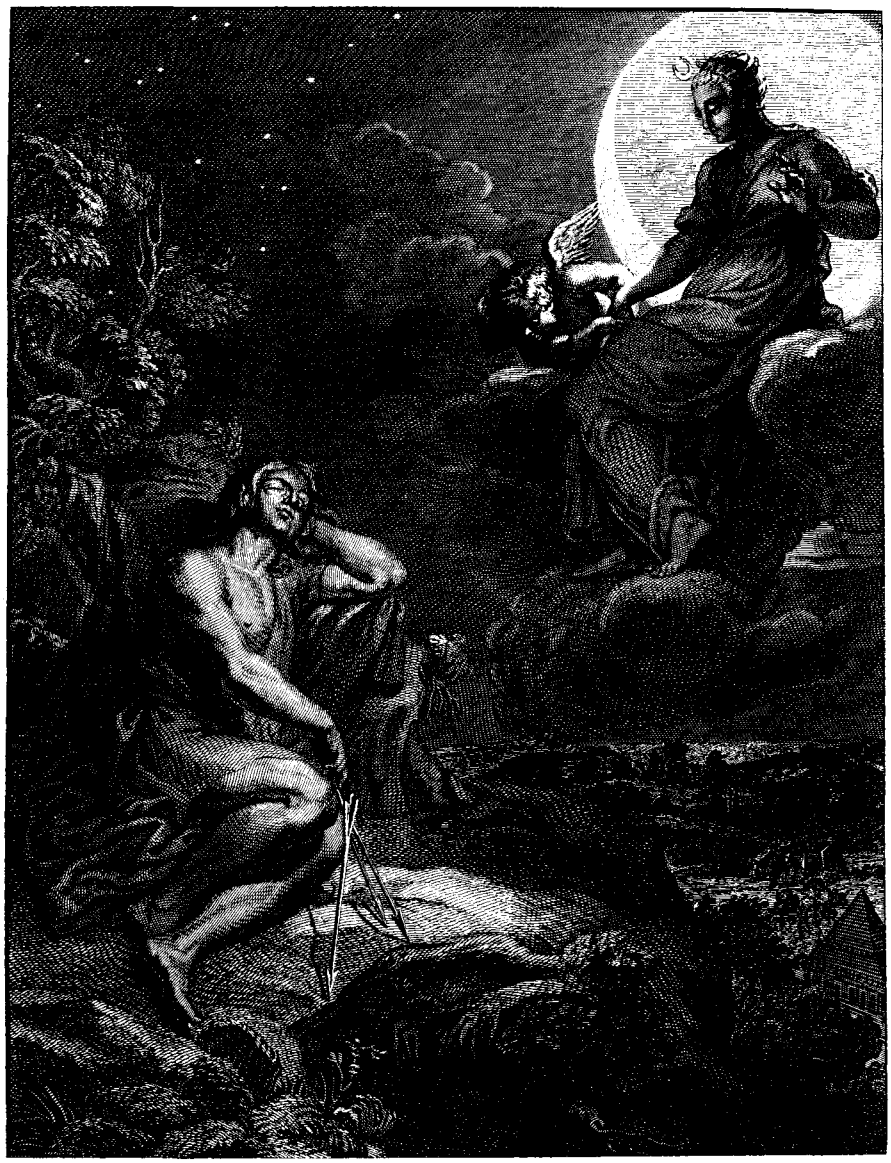
The moon is obviously linked linguistically (*mensis*-moon-month) and temporally (both cycles are roughly twenty-eight days) with menstruation. For many centuries there were taboos connected with menstruating women. Leviticus 15 lists elaborate prohibitions concerning "impure" women. (Significantly, The Law was given to Moses on Mount Sinai, a peak named after the Babylonian moon god, Sinn.) In many primitive cultures women "at the dark of the moon" were segregated from the rest of the tribe, and anyone who touched a menstruating woman was unclean. Moreover, in such cultures it was believed that when the moon was full the goddess herself was menstruating. The Babylonian word for the "evil day" of the goddess Ishfar, *sabattu*, derives from *Sa-bat*, meaning heart-rest, or the day that the moon is neither increasing nor decreasing. On that day of the full moon the prohibitions pertaining to menstruating women were extended to the whole tribe: "It was considered unlucky to do any work or to eat cooked food or to go on a journey." The Babylonian Sa-bat is, of course, the precursor of the Sabbath observance and later of the Christian Sunday.

Myths of great moon goddesses may seem remote and irrelevant to us who live in a scientific age; yet Dr. Harding makes an eloquent case for thinking and feeling in a lunar mode. She also makes it clear that although men must learn to welcome the feminine principle in themselves, it is primarily women who have to release their moon side and allow it occasionally to overwhelm them. "When a woman thinks in her head as a man thinks, she is often wrong; she is very apt to be deceived by ready-made opinions, to spend her time on side issues; and her thinking, when of this kind, is usually unproductive and uncreative. Ideas formed under the moon, inferior though they may seem to be, yet have a power and compelling quality which ideas originating in the head rarely have. They are like the moon in that they grow of themselves. They demand an outlet. . . ."

It may not be too eschatological to say that the feminine principle in both men and women must be liberated if the world is to survive. No longer able to externalize our moon feelings and worship them as goddesses, we are forced to look at the powers within ourselves.

"We have given our allegiance too exclusively to masculine forces," writes Dr. Harding. Supposed reason has produced wars and done almost irretrievable damage to our environment. Our destiny depends on the power of Eros to balance Logos and upon letting instinctive sensibility subdue expediency.

The goddess of the moon and her mortal lover Endymion—to Dr. Harding, the moon represents "the feminine principle" and rules the night of instinct.



Anthea Lahr is a freelance critic.

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1G (*Lear*), 2F (*Richard III*), 3P (*M. of Venice*), 4K, 5N (*Hamlet*), 6M, 7L (*Much Ado*), 8O (*Tempest*), 9E (*Macbeth*), 10A (*Com. of Errors*), 11B (*Macbeth*), 12J (*Richard II*), 13C (*Taming of the Shrew*), 14D, 15I, and 16H (*Henry IV*).

Answer to Wit Twister, page 21: hater, heart, earth, rathe.

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WE

by Yevgeny Zamyatin
translated from the Russian by Mirra Ginsburg

Viking, 194 pp., $6.50

Reviewed by Vasa D. Mihailovich

■ Yevgeny Zamyatin wrote *We* at the peak of his talents, in 1920. Never published in the Soviet Union, but printed in a number of Russian editions abroad and translated into several languages, *We* is widely regarded as one of the most important, and certainly most original, works to come out of modern Russia.

Zamyatin came to see in the authorities' refusal to publish the novel an ominous sign of his eventual collision with the Soviet establishment. A former Communist himself, he had hurried back from England, where he was supervising the building of ships for the tsarist government, to help in the revolution. He was soon disillusioned, however. For a while he taught young writers how to write, and, more importantly, he tried to instill in them a desire for free expression. For Zamyatin believed that good literature can be written only by madmen, hermits, heretics, dreamers, rebels, and skeptics, and not by painstaking and well-meaning bureaucrats. The writer's liberal tendencies made his life increasingly difficult until, in despair, he wrote Stalin, asking for permission to leave Russia "with the right to return as soon as it becomes possible in our country to serve great ideas in literature without cringing before little men." The dictator, to everybody's surprise, allowed Zamyatin to emigrate. He left in 1931, settled in France, and continued to write, although never again with the same vigor. He died in 1937, leaving behind an unfinished novel appropriately entitled *The Scourge of God*.

We is a literary landmark of our century. Part traditional novel and part science fiction, it led the way, in politico-philosophical imaginative literature to *Brave New World*, *Nineteen Eighty-Four*, and many other works. A projection into the utopian twenty-sixth century, which follows a holocaustic Two Hundred Years' War, the novel is a satirical and anti-utopian indictment of early Soviet society and a warning about the future. It is easy to see in *We* a scathing satire on the spirit and the policies prevailing in the early days of the Soviet Union. However, it can just as easily be applied to any society with totalitarian tendencies. Today one cannot help having uneasy *déjà vu* feelings while reading about the future "One State," supposedly the result of man's centuries-long quest for a perfect system. At the same time one marvels at prophecies that have already become reality but seemed utterly fanciful at the time Zamyatin wrote about them: the frenzied idolization of a *Fuehrer*, the building of a space ship, uniformity and regimentation of everyday life, all-purpose badge numbers instead of names, glass houses, synthetic food, computer-regulated sex life, the Wall, and regimented literature—to mention only a few. Zamyatin's scientifically oriented mind helped him realize the dangers posed by uncompromising ideologues and technocrats, and his humanist heritage made him balk against the progressing dehumanization of society. Though the author's references are firmly rooted in his own age and surroundings, *We* raises many timeless issues, foremost among them the problems of a final, as opposed to an infinite, revolution, and of the compatibility of freedom and happiness.

A number of early interpreters wrote off *We* as a humorous novel. In so doing, they were doubtedly echoing the author's own characterization of it as "the funniest and the most earnest thing" he had written. The modern reader is much more inclined to stress the second half of the author's appraisal, especially since subsequent developments have been anything but amusing. There is humor in *We*, to be sure, but it is a gallows humor at best. What most likely prompted this early interpretation was the delightful irony with which the author portrays his nameless "numbers" caught in the nets of the omnipotent Benefactor. It is also probable that the reader of that time was unwilling to admit the possibility of such an anti-utopian, sterile, and cruel society as that depicted by Zamyatin. The present-day reader has no such illusions: the collectivist One State is too real not to be feared by all who cherish freedom and individuality. The novel's coded language is easily deciphered by today's generations. Indeed, *We* should be required reading for students from high school age on up. The earlier the dilemmas postulated in *We* are faced and thought through, the better.

This third translation into English, by Mirra Ginsburg, is much more readable than those published in 1924 and 1960. It skillfully reproduces Zamyatin's peculiar mixture of inner monologue, nervous sentences, and the eerie atmosphere in which our own drama surrealistically unfolds on a screen six centuries away.

"You're a Jesus freak? Then, how about a rare, old Bible?"

Vasa D. Mihailovich, who teaches Slavic literature at the University of North Carolina, has written widely on Russian and Yugoslav literatures.

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THE TERMINAL MAN

by Michael Crichton

Knopf, 273 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by Arthur Cooper

■ The measure of good science fiction is whether its vision awakens some feeling of menace in the reader. Michael Crichton's knowledge of medicine and its technological gimcracks imparts a chilling verisimilitude to *The Terminal Man*. Although Crichton fails to weave this knowledge smoothly into the narrative, and although its characters are peculiarly flat, this new novel grips us with its gelid intelligence, inventiveness, and sheer terror.

The central character is Harry Benson, a thirty-four-year-old computer scientist who has an auto accident and then a bout of black-outs that make him violent. When Benson is diagnosed as a temporal lobe epileptic, the treatment recommended is psychosurgery. Forty wires will be implanted in his brain and hooked up to a postage-stamp-size computer in his neck, which will monitor his brain activity and automatically abort any seizures. A nuclear device in his shoulder will power the computer.

Such mental health carries a high price. As one doctor explains: "The patient is a read-out device for the new computer, and he is as helpless to control the read-out as a TV screen is helpless to control the information presented on it." To complicate matters, Benson, a paranoiac, knows that the operation will turn him into a kind of machine. The staff psychologist, a lovely blonde named Janet Ross, opposes surgery, but what chance does she have against three surgeons whose scalpels are sharper than their scruples? Nobody has programed human error, however, and the book's suspenseful climax lies at the end of a bloody trail.

Unlike Anthony Burgess in *A Clockwork Orange*, Crichton shuns the moral questions of mind control. The psychologist who opposes Benson's surgery does so on medical, not moral, grounds. Does Crichton, like Burgess, prefer free choice even if the choice is violence? Or is he a Skinnerian in surgical mask? The reader can't tell.

Like his earlier best seller, *The Andromeda Strain*, this book sounds remarkably like a screenplay. Not surprisingly, Crichton has already written the script. The last word is that he himself will direct the film.

Arthur Cooper is an associate editor of *Newsweek*, for which he often reviews fiction.

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NATIONALLY PUBLISHED BOOK WRITER and editor, tired of urban flim-flam, seeks editorship of independent, no-nonsense weekly newspaper in New York-New Jersey area. Box E-542.

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YOUNG WOMAN TEACHER, 6 years' high school French, desires change. Teaching or allied abilities. U.S.A. or foreign. Box G-681.

ATTENTION SCHOOL DISTRICTS—The Antioch Graduate School of Education, Yellow Springs Center, will graduate competent social studies and elementary teachers skilled in inquiry and conceptual teaching in June and August 1972. If you would like to arrange for interviews with our students or desire further information, please write to: James C. Barber, Director, Antioch Graduate School of Education, Yellow Springs Center, Yellow Springs, Ohio 45387. Telephone 513-767-7331, Extension 506.

FEMALE STUDENT seeks summer position as family helper. French spoken. References exchanged. Box G-677.

RELIABLE, YOUNG teaching specialist—Governess or children's companion, summer, travel, New England, Mid-Atlantic. Box G-660.

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EDUCATORS. Professional placement guidance. All levels, nationwide. Also resume preparation. Single nominal fee. Academic Associates, Box 455, North Amherst, Massachusettes 01059.

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MATURE LADY for position in coastal Maine. Knowledge of history, art, genealogy, and Americana most helpful. Reply with FULL details to Box 78, Wiscasset, Maine 04578.

OVERSEAS OPPORTUNITIES . . . Higher pay! Free Transportation! Complete information including Directory of 135 companies hiring thousands of Americans overseas . . . all occupations! Send $1.00. International Opportunities, Box 29232-MS, Indianapolis, Indiana 46229.

COUNSELORS-FEMALE—Experienced, 20+. Fine Maine camp. Waterfront (W.S.I.) sailing, tennis, dance, gymnastics. Camp Woodlands, 2000 Linwood Avenue, Ft. Lee, N.J. 07024.

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CAMP COUNSELORS: single-above 20. Long established boys' camp in southern Maine invites inquiries from upper college level, graduate students, teachers interested in counseloring this summer. Campers are ages 8-16. Only openings: dramatics, music (piano), woodworking, art, riflery. Write Camp Takajo, 63 Arleigh Road, Great Neck, N.Y. 11021.

MEXICAN ORPHANAGE typist/assistant. Good skills, sound health, strong desire dedicate at least year. Send resume. Box G-697.

"AUSTRALIAN OPPORTUNITIES HANDBOOK"—Latest information about Government Paid Transportation, Employment, Business, Farming, Housing, Education . . . plus "Employers' List" and Forms. Send $1.00. International Services, Box 19107-MT, Washington, D.C. 20036.

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TEACHING OPPORTUNITIES—faculty needed for private independent schools, all states, all subjects and levels; also administrators, department heads, etc.; also business managers, fund raisers, housemothers; nurses, etc.; beginners, experienced; initial details, no obligation. SCHOOL SERVICE BUREAU, Box 278C, Windsor, Connecticut 06095.

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(Continued on page 92)

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(Continued from page 91)

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

QUOGUE, LONG ISLAND (in the Hamptons)—Big, old, funky summer house on 1 acre with over 30 trees and shrubs. 10 bedrooms, 4 large brick fireplaces, 3 porches, all appliances. Living and dining rooms are 50' x 22' expanse. Entire house, except baths, kitchen, pantry, all dark, stained, varnished wood. Plumbing, wiring in good, restored condition. Everything painted, varnished and well-maintained. $75,000 firm. SR Box E-753.

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MOVING TO CLEVELAND? Shaker Heights offers: A nationally recognized school system; nearness to Greater Cleveland's cultural-education center and to downtown; forward-looking, integrated communities. Attractive suburban homes and apartments for sale and rent. Contact the Shaker Communities, 3494 Lee Road, Shaker Heights, Ohio 44120. 216-751-2155.

LAKE CHAMPLAIN (Vermont) Estate—33 acres, 2,000' lake frontage, extensive landscaping, private roads. Rambling main residence overlooks lake. Charming guest house, gate house, other buildings. Will consider dividing. $310,000. Lang Associates, Realtors, Burlington, Vermont 05401. 802-864-0541.

POCONOS—Dream house, beautiful setting, 3 bedrooms, 2½ baths, modern kitchen, deck, stream, pond. 6 acres woodland. Box 50, Marshalls Creek, Pennsylvania 18335. 717-421-8697.

FOR YOUR SECLUDED PRIVACY—An old Colonial home, on 60 scenic acres in Unity, New Hampshire, for $63,500. SR Box G-684.

CHESTER, CONNECTICUT—1794 Colonial. 7 rooms, 3 fireplaces. $45,000. Box 98, Chester, Connecticut 06412.

ROCHESTER, VERMONT—Colonial, built 1964. 6 bedrooms, 4 fireplaces, panoramic mountain view, pond. $47,000. Information, photos, write Box 241, Rochester, Vermont or call 802-767-8751.

For Sale/Rent—Furnished

LAKE PLACID, N.Y.—Island summer home. View Whiteface and Marcy. 16 acres, 500' lakefront on Buck Island. Includes main house, 2 guest houses, boathouse. Swimming dock, beach, 2 speed boats. Apt. 50, 1 West 72nd Street, NYC, 10023. 212-EN 2-7115.

For Rent—Furnished

TOBAGO COTTAGES—All sizes, locations, and rental rates. Cottage Owners Association, Box 194, Tobago, W.I.

SAN MIGUEL ALLENDE, Gto., Mexico, Apartado 111. September through February, possibly longer. Beautiful Colonial house, 3 bedrooms, studio, pool, maid, gardener, $375 month. Tel. 2-06-38.

COMPLETE SECLUSION, Maryland waterfowl refuge, 1½ hours from Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia. Large contemporary riverside home, 2 boats available. Box G-699.

For Summer Rental

N.J. SUBURB, trees, screened porch. Walking, swimming, tennis. July-August, $1,000. SR Box G-542.

VERMONT COTTAGES, LAKE BOMOSEEN. Furnished. Lakefront: swimming, boating. Private spacious grounds. $95-$110 weekly. Seasonal, monthly discounts. Box 167, Killington, Vermont 05751.

WHITE MOUNTAINS—Big lakeshore A-frame, July, $325. Box G-719.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

FOR SUMMER RENTAL

WASHINGTON, CONNECTICUT. Large cedar, woodsy house, river, back road, quiet. Call 203-868-2162.

MAINE ISLAND—Cottage. Sleeps 6. Modern conveniences. magnificent ocean view. $400 month or sale. Box G-668.

ROCKLAND, 20 miles from Washington Bridge. Country setting, private garden, quiet location, no colony. 2 room bungalow, bath. 914-356-1997.

SUMMER RENTAL BERKSHIRES—Paul Bunyan has hilltop house, forest surroundings. Wants ecologically minded tenant July or Spring and Fall. Box G-710.

UNIQUE VERMONT RETREAT in 3,500 acre wildlife sanctuary. Luxurious house in beautiful mountain setting. 4-bedroom suites, game room, spring-fed ponds, miles of wooded trails, golf courses nearby. July through September, $3,500. Patricia McDonald, Lang Associates, Realtors, Burlington, Vermont 05401. 802-864-0541.

BEDFORD, N.Y.—Secluded, charming, 3 bedrooms, 2 baths. June 1st-September 1st. References. SR Box G-688.

LONDONDERRY, VERMONT—Secluded 3 story A-frame. 5 bedrooms, 3 baths, electric kitchen. Near swimming, golf, tennis, theatre, shopping. $175 week, $600 month. Available June, July, September. Allen, 5M, 333 East 30th, NYC, 10016.

DAMARISCOTTA LAKE, MAINE—2-bedroom cottage. Secluded. $450 monthly. Adults only. Box 383, Damariscotta, Maine 04543.

VERMONT—Modernized farmhouse. Mountain view, 2 acres. 4 bedrooms, 1½ baths, dishwasher. Lakes nearby. $400 month. 212-724-3178.

CAPE COD, NORTH TRURO—Heated 3-bedroom house. Sleeps 8. One minute from beach, magnificent views. Private, convenient, charming. June, September $500. Also weekly rate. SR Box G-686.

MAINE COAST—Contemporary 4-bedroom cottage. Spectacular view Frenchman's Bay. $750 July. 303-443-4585.

HOUSES/APARTMENTS

For Sale/Rent

MOVING TO METROPOLITAN ST. LOUIS? University City is an exciting place to live. Central suburban location. Nationally recognized schools and universities. Cosmopolitan integrated community of 48,000. Outstanding city services. 13 parks, golf course, indoor-outdoor pools, new library. Contact University City Residential Service, 7515 Melrose, University City, Missouri 63130. 314-726-0668. A FREE service.

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Furnished/Unfurnished

ITHACA, N.Y. Walk to Cornell campus for lectures, concerts. Fairview Heights . . . a new environment for living designed by Marcel Breuer. Write to Fairview Associates, 100 Fairview Square, Ithaca, N.Y., or call Mr. Sullivan, 607-AR 2-3420.

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APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

For Rent—Furnished

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FRANCE: Downstairs, our villa, new 2-bedroom apartment, completely furnished. Independent, accommodating 5. Garden, privacy, touristic lovely countryside, central France. Moderate. Berbi, 19-Saintaulaire, Posserestante, France.

For Rent—Semifurnished

NYACK, N.Y.—3½-room, river view. $250 including utilities. SR Box G-658.

For Summer Rental

MANHATTAN—West Village overlooking garden. Large kitchen, bedroom. June 3rd-September 15th. $350 month. 212-OR 5-7264.

MANHATTAN—3-room furnished luxury apartment. East 80's, park view, A/C. July, August, $500 month. 212-860-4480 or Box G-670.

APARTMENT WANTED

For Summer Rental

WANTED: Sublet small apartment Florence, August. Some charm required. Box G-696.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

CALIFORNIA'S GOLD COAST—Del Mar—surf view acreage. 15 acres, zoned multiresidential and commercial. 15 minutes to beautiful San Diego Bay, Beaches, Boating. Horsemen's Paradise. Best climate in United States. Property is 5 minutes to UCSD campus, Gulf General Atomic, new VA Hospital and many new industries, and beautiful La Jolla. Surf, Ocean and Torrey Pines State Park Views—UNIQUE. These parcels are available separately or together. Write or call for information and brochure. McKellar & Wyer, Inc., Realtors, 1202 Camino Del Mar, Del Mar, California 92014, Phone Area 714-755-9318, Mr. Robinson.

NEW MEXICO. Spectacular 3-level "A" frame, 7 acres, near Santa Fe. $45,000. Owner. 505-757-6242 evenings.

BEAUTIFUL FRENCH CASTLE—Join us in purchasing this historical property which can be your vacation or retirement home, or rented out. OVER 100 FURNISHED ROOMS with 256 acres park land. Each person under $10,000. Terms. Box G-51.

NOVA SCOTIA—Great Tancook Island. Old home with 50 acres and 900 feet of shore. A property to have and to hold. Walking distance ferry. $19,000 furnished. Chester Real Estate, Chester, Nova Scotia, Canada.

NORTHERN VERMONT REAL ESTATE. Brooks H. Barron, Kent Mitchell, Realtors, Hyde Park, Vermont 05655. 802-888-4287/2433.

UP-COUNTRY PROPERTY—profits and pitfalls. Full details in the Spring/Summer "Yankee Guide to the New England Countryside," on newsstands now or send $2.00 to Yankee, P.O. Box 5, Dublin, N.H. 03444.

MID-VERMONT. Charming restored revolutionary home, barn, lodge, etc. Secluded 100 mountainside acres. Magnificent view. $149,000. Owner. 914-949-3787.

MOUNTAINTOP—2 ACRES. 2-room hunting camp, fireplace. Bernardston, Massachusetts. Cola Nelson, 413-648-8491.

QUALITY ALL SEASON recreational, rural properties: Vermont's Northeast Kingdom. Free Brochure. Box G-84.

PRIVATE ISLAND wilderness retreat! On northern Ontario's Lake Temagami. Crystal clear waters, great fishing, hunting. Modern 3-bedroom cedar cottage, fireplace, appliances, boats. $19,000. 416-921-3698. Box G-716.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD—Water view site. Protected, private. Uncommonly lovely. Box 128, Chilmark, Massachusetts 02535. 617-645-9712.

NOVA SCOTIA—Farmhouse, land overlooking Fundy. Albert Oglesby, Putney, Vermont 05346.

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PROPERTY FOR SALE

ONE OF THE MOST UNUSUAL AND SPECTACULAR homes in San Diego County, located approximately 4 miles southwest of Rancho Santa Fe, is now available because the owner has moved to the East. This new contemporary designed residence contains approximately 3,900 square feet on 4 different levels, consisting of a recreation room which is located on the lower level along with a full bath, a fireplace and a kitchenette, a main floor consisting of a living room with 22 foot ceilings, a dining room with stained glass windows and an adjoining patio and kitchen with every modern convenience, a master bedroom on its own private floor with a spacious bath, dressing room, fireplace, and two balconies from which one can see the ocean to the west and the mountains to the south and east. Finally, on the top floor there are 2 bedrooms and a bath along with 2 studies which could be converted into 2 bedrooms.

THE POOL is surrounded by real and imitation boulders and has every imaginable facility including high and low diving boards, waterfalls, slides, outdoor barbecue, wet bar, and snack bar as well as two unusual cavern-like dressing rooms (the owner has invested over $100,000 in this area alone).

A RECESSED LIGHTED TENNIS COURT with dressing rooms is located a short distance from the house and to the south are stables large enough for boarding three horses but which are readily expandable.

THERE IS ALSO A SMALL HOUSE consisting of 2 bedrooms and a bath, which could be either servants' quarters or a guest house with certain renovations.

THERE ARE 17 ACRES which would be difficult to surpass in beauty and strategic location because of the magnificent view of the ocean and the mountains, along with a rolling green lawn and beautiful gardens with towering eucalyptus trees. This is a truly unforgettable estate well worth the asking price of $585,000 which is the owner's investment in this property. Liberal financing is available. ROBERT K. SMITH, Realtor, 7911 Herschel Avenue, La Jolla, California 92037. 714-459-4471.

VERMONT REAL ESTATE. All types. Free Catalogue. Eben Brown, Broker, South Royalton, Vermont 05068.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

BOOKSHOP FOR SALE. Established, expanding market in Heritage Village, Connecticut. Gross in low six figures. Invested capital $80,000. Present manager married and relocating. SR Box G-526.

CHARMING PROVENCAL INN—Mint condition, 7,000 metres. Orchard, gardens, panoramic view. Write M. Mogras, St. Paul de Vence, 06 France.

INTERESTED IN OWNING A FRANCHISE?—Business of your own, or full or part time money-making opportunities? Find out what's available. Send name for FREE 5 month subscription to Salesman's Opportunity Magazine, Dept. 905-A, 1460 Hancock Center, Chicago, 60611.

MEN-WOMEN NEEDED NOW to fill out income tax forms at home. We show you how. Simple, easy to learn. $700 per month earnings possible. Details mailed free. No salesmen. Hurry. Federated Tax Service, 2086 Montrose, Chicago, 60618.

CAMPS

SAWTOOTH WILDERNESS CAMP—An exciting and meaningful camping experience. Valuable outdoor skills taught. In Idaho's spectacular White Cloud mountains. Boys 10-16. July 8th-29th, August 5th-26th. Box 153, Sun Valley, Idaho 83353.

INTERNATIONAL GROUPS—7½ weeks. Towering Pines for Boys—Woodland for Girls, Eagle River, Wisconsin. J. M. Jordan, 242 Bristol, Northfield, Illinois 60093.

ADIRONDACK WOODCRAFT CAMPS. Boys. Private forest, lakes, trout stream. Mountain and wilderness canoe trips. Riflery. Nurses. 47th year. "One of the best." Box 2385, Fayetteville, N.Y. 13066.

JUDGMENT RIDGE — Unique camp on thousand acres Vermont mountains. Boys/Girls 8-16. Managed by ex-Peace Corps staff. Unpressured. Unlimited riding ($150 extra). 36 horses . . . beginning to advanced programs. Swimming, guitar, art, pottery, sports, farming, hiking, construction. Individualized programs, regular to pioneer. A.C.A. accredited. 100 camper limit. No poison ivy. RN resident. $650, $375 half season. Vershire, Vermont 05079. Telephone 802-685-4547.

JOIN A MARINE ARCHAEOLOGICAL EXPEDITION. Come help excavate an ancient sunken ship. Our professional staff will teach you how. Live aboard ship and on our land base in Bahamas and Florida Keys. Send for brochure: UNDER SEA ACADEMY, 1060-S Wildlife Road, New Kensington, Pennsylvania 15068. 412-335-8844.

CAMPS

AMHERST MUSIC CENTER. Sebago Lake Region, Raymond, Maine. A vacation-with-music study. Coed, ages 12-20. Full or half session: July 1st-August 19th. Orchestra, concert band, chorus, chamber music. Seminars in voice, keyboard. Opera Workshop. Academic music. Recreation program. Brochure: Dr. J. C. Schuler, 47 Braeburn Road, South Deerfield, Massachusetts 01373.

SUBTROPICAL RANCHO RUIDOSO. Kids, 10-15. Horses, pool, Gulf trips, old Mexico. Route 1, Box 1755, McAllen, Texas 78501.

THE PUTNEY WORK CAMP provides an experience that integrates work and recreation, the arts and current concerns. A vitalizing summer with well selected contemporaries in a country setting. Coed, ages 13-17. The Putney School, Putney, Vermont 05346. 802-387-4212.

WOOLMAN HILL, SUMMER PROJECT. Deerfield, Massachusetts 01342. Crafts, organic farming, rural skills. Coed, 14-16.

PARENTS — FREE ADVISORY SERVICE. Independent schools; summer study, private camps visited and personally evaluated. Write, indicate child's age, grade, interests, educational needs. Recommendations made and 352-page 31st Annual Educational Register sent without obligation. Vincent-Curtis, Room 202, 224 Clarendon, Boston, Massachusetts 02116.

TEENAGERS RATE HUMAN RELATIONS and community spirit even higher than our arts, sports programs. They could be right! Coed 6-18. Brochure! Appel Farm Arts & Music Center, Elmer 22, New Jersey 08318.

LES CHALETS FRANCAIS, Deer Isle, Maine. Happy, productive summer for girls 5-18. Congenial, creative fun. A-1 staff, excellent facilities. Elective program; majors in FRENCH, ballet, music, art, drama, riding, tennis, sailing, swimming. Mrs. Elsa S. James, 1024 Westview Avenue, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19119.

OVERWEIGHT GIRLS 8-18. Enjoy a summer of fun while losing weight at the original non-medical slim down camp. Complete sports programs. Re-education in eating habits. Usual weight loss 20-45 lbs. Winter follow-up program. For booklet, write Camp Stanley, Box 701, Hurleyville, New York 12747. Also Camp Tahoe for Overweight Boys. Phone 212-947-7749.

ADVENTURE NORTH—A canoe base north of Dryden, Ontario, designed to give the teenage young man an experience in wilderness living stressing skills nurturing self-reliance, leadership and environmental awareness. Lance Robinson, 147 Central, Highland Park, Illinois 60035.

HEART'S BEND—A real back to nature farm camp in lovely Vermont. Accepting 15 children. Run by educators. 6 weeks, $650. N. Lynn, Director. 802-365-7616.

RETIREMENT LIVING

CONSIDERING A RETIREMENT CENTER? When? When retirement makes your time your own . . . Consider Schroder Manor . . . Consider the accommodations, services, care, arrangements, security, location, and sponsors. Write James J. Boomgard, Jr., 1304 Millville Avenue, Hamilton, Ohio 45013.

VACATIONS

BARBADOS, ST. JAMES—Four-room suite on ocean-front. June or July. Write H. S. Tuckwell, 71 Cambridge Street, Winnipeg, Canada.

DEAD INDIAN RANCH offering backpacking into the North Absaroka Wilderness and the Beartooth Primitive Area. Mrs. Paul Ritterbrown, Sunlight Stage, Cody, Wyoming 82414.

FAMILIES: BLISSFUL VERMONT VACATIONS on Lake Champlain resort. Color Brochure. TYLER PLACE, Box 33, Highgate Springs, Vermont 05460.

WYOMING WILDERNESS—Small, secluded guest ranch south of Jackson Hole. Quiet, relaxed, personable. Family rates. Box Y Ranch, Box 1172B, Jackson Hole, Wyoming 83001.

WHALER'S INNE, Mystic, Connecticut—Inviting, homey seatown hostelry, walking distance to famed Mystic Seaport marine museum. Doubles $14-$24; 4 persons $20-$24. Reserve by mail or phone.

GOOSE COVE LODGE on Deer Isle, Maine, In East Penobscot Bay. Sailing, fishing, hiking and picnics. Trained naturalist for nature lovers. An artist's paradise. Write for brochure. Dr. R. A. Waldron, Owner-Manager, P. O. Sunset, Maine 04683.

VACATIONS

COLONIAL ATMOSPHERE RESORT on lake in mountain area. Sandy beach, par 3 golf. Woodbound Inn, Box 190, Jaffrey, New Hampshire 03452.

UNCROWDED, UNSPOILED, WOODED Connecticut campsites. Swimming. Box 432, Watertown, Connecticut 06795.

HOTEL ON SMALL ISLAND—Pool, superb beaches, remote, peaceful. $25 double. Write Sportsman's House, Vieques Island, Puerto Rico 00765. 809-741-3751.

MAINE. Bogtrotters, botanists, birders, other boarders. Roam, read, relax by the sea. The Bucks, Craignair, Spruce Head, Maine 04859.

SHELBURNE MUSEUM VACATION! Tour 45 acres, 35 buildings, plus breakfast, dinner, gratuity, tax, new air conditioned motel room, color television. All for $19.95 per person double occupancy, May 15th through June 30th and all September only. Shelburne Inn and New Motel, Box 4, Shelburne, Vermont, U.S. 7.

PLYMOUTH ROCK—Take one home from our beach, a stone's throw from the original. 94 deluxe rooms, heated pool. Golf, restaurants nearby. AAA. Open all year. Governor Bradford Motor Inn, Plymouth, Massachusetts 02360.

SAN FRANCISCO'S alfa inn—Family oriented Motel-Apartments. Spacious living. Reasonable rates. Write for Brochure. 2505 Lombard Street, 94123.

VERMONT—The Beckoning Country: Beauty, history, covered bridges, mountains, lakes, fishing, boating, auctions, antiques. Most charming, immaculate, well-maintained inn. Elevator, sprinkler, swimming pool, chip & putt greens. Exceptional food, beverages, air conditioning. 802-247-5766. Write Brandon Inn, A Vermont Resort, Box 206, Brandon, Vermont 05733.

WINDJAMMER VACATION—Sail from Rockland, Maine to picturesque islands and harbors in Penobscot Bay. $140 weekly. Brochure. Schooner RICHARD ROBINS, West Bath, Maine. Phone 207-443-3805.

OCHO RIOS, JAMAICA, W.I. Vacation villa beautifully furnished. Private beach, large pool, lighted tennis court, 4 bedrooms, each with own bath, for eight persons. Staff of 4 with best chef on the island. Weekly $650, April 15th to December 15th. Write SR Box G-588.

WE'LL TRADE our four-color brochure for your name and address. High Hampton Inn and Country Club, Dept. S, Cashiers, North Carolina 28717. A mountain resort with superb scenery. 18-hole golf course. Tennis. Fishing. Lakes. Open early May through late October. Phone 704-451-2020.

SAILING LESSONS. Rental sailboats, variety of sizes. Brochure, Mystic Wharf, West Mystic, Connecticut 06388. 203-536-3332.

WHAT MAKES ME GREAT? The scent of pine, a breeze from the sea, a beauty spot 'neath friendly mountains. This is a gracious summer resort with sumptuous food. June 18th-September 18th. Asticou Inn, Northeast Harbor, Maine 04662.

BEACH PLUM INN, Menemsha, Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts 02552. Small, informal, overlooking sea. Beautiful accommodations, superb food, American Plan. All sports. $21-$31 daily per person. May 26th-September 25th. 617-645-9454.

MONTANA MOUNTAIN LODGE — Open year around. Horses, pack trips, pool, snowmobiles. Desert Mountain Lodge, West Glacier, Montana 59936.

WHITNEYS' . . . Charming Inn off beaten path. Rooms, Cottages, Motel. All seasonal sports. Famous food. AAA. Open most all year. Folder tells all. Don and Kathie Murray, Dept. 6, Jackson, New Hampshire 03846.

JOYCE'S COTTAGES—Quaint lobster village. L. V. Joyce, Swan's Island, Maine 04685. 207-526-2794.

SNOWBIRD MOUNTAIN LODGE, Robbinsville, N.C. 28771. Exotic mountaintop location bordering Great Smokies. Secluded, informal, rustic-yet entirely modern. Southern hospitality amidst Alpine splendor. Recommended by AAA, Duncan Hines. American Plan only. Excellent cuisine. Late May to November. No children under 12. Brochure. Bob Stone & Bill Timmerman, Owner/Hosts. Tel. 704-479-3433.

WILD LOONS CALL from Indian Lake's clear mountain waters, Adirondacks. American Plan, families, adults. Rustic, informal. Sailing, horses, guided canoe trips. Timberlock, Sabael, N.Y. 12864.

(Continued on page 94)

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VACATIONS

(Continued from page 93)

SUN VALLEY, IDAHO—Luxurious, split-level, 3 bedroom, fully-equipped condominium available for seasonal rental. Also for summer months. $600 month. Ideally situated, center of village, shuttle bus to lifts, free use of heated pool. Write SR Box G-433.

UP-ISLAND ON MARTHA'S VINEYARD you're away from frantic joy-mills, free as a gull. Picturesque harbor to paint, beautiful beaches, tennis, cycling. Modern cottages (nonhousekeeping). $15 to $21 daily per person includes hearty New England breakfasts, Lobster Cookout Tuesday, bountiful Sunday Night Buffet. Special rates May 27th-June 16th and September 10th-30th. Booklet. O. R. Thompson, Owner-Manager. 617-645-2521. Menemsha Inn, Menemsha, Massachusetts 02552.

FAMILY VACATIONS! ALOHA MANOR, Vermont lake. ADULTS: bungalows (fireplace, bath). All meals or housekeeping. Canoeing. Sailing. Tennis. Near golf, Dartmouth, White Mountains. CAMPERS (2 years through 12): "Sleep Away" or Day Camp. Swimming. Boating. Pony. Climbing. Crafts. Cookouts. Square Dancing. Mrs. Gulick Pierce, 531 East 20th, NYC, 10010. 212-GR 3-0222.

GASCON RANCH. Rociada, New Mexico. Southwestern hospitality midst Alpine surroundings.

PELICAN COVE MOTEL AND MARINA—Florida Keys, immaculate oceanside apartments, beach, swimming, fishing, skindiving, tennis, shelling, birdwatching, loafing. Literate, congenial company on balmy tropical Isle, Islamorada. Phone 305-664-2811. THE SHARY'S.

THE FLYING CLOUD INN—A secluded Colonial retreat in the heart of the Berkshires. Featuring tennis, swimming, woodland walks, carefully prepared menus and selected wines. Congenial company. Convenient to summer Music, Dance, Theatre. Capacity 20 guests. Reservations required. Open May 12th to October 31st. New Marlboro, Massachusetts 01230. Tel. 413-229-2113.

SAN JUAN, PUERTO RICO. The Duffys' by the Sea, a tropical guest house where convivial people sometimes solve world problems—but more often forget them. Excellent beach. Sympathique bar. Reasonable. Box 12232, Loiza Station.

ECHO VALLEY — Secluded housekeeping cabins near Mount Rushmore. Keystone, South Dakota 57751.

RELAXED ISLAND TROPADISE. Endless beach, pool. Caribe Adventure Inn, 158S, Sanibel Island, Florida 33957.

QUIET, ELM SHADED location near ocean, art galleries, shops, wharves. Small inn and motel with or without meals. Open to November. Tuck Inn Lodge, Box 118R, Rockport, Massachusetts 01966.

SANTA MARTA'S RAINLESS Rodadero Beach on Colombia's Caribbean coast. Completely furnished, air-conditioned condominium apartments—rentals from $71.50 weekly, 1 bedroom, to $357 monthly, 2 bedrooms. Maid service $1.00 daily extra. Write Lowrie Ltda., Apartado Aereo 7262, Bogota, Colombia.

THORN HILL LODGE. Charming country inn on quiet hillside facing Mt. Washington. Swimming pool, lawn sports. $80 up weekly including your choice of 2 or 3 meals daily. D. Darville, Jackson, N.H. 03846.

THE IMPROBABLE INN for artists (and compatible personnel). Lodging, studios, one-world cuisine. $80 weekly. Bay Street Studio 333, Boothbay Harbor, Maine Brochure!

JEWEL BOX ELEGANCE. Lighthouse Inn, 52 room mansion showplace of the shore at New London, Connecticut. 2½ hours from Gotham. Superb food. E.P. Doubles $15 up. Brochure S.

ON A CLEAR BLUE LAKE. Cottage colony in towering pines. Fireplaces. Chalet rooms. Delicious meals. Water skiing, canoe trips, tennis, lobster bakes, sauna, entertainment. Breakfast and dinner included. Color folder. Chute Homestead, Box S, Naples, Maine 04055.

NANTUCKET, Island of Enchantment, 30 miles at sea, less than one hour by air from New York or Boston. Sandy beaches, warm water swimming, surfing, golf, your favorite sports, varied evening entertainment. Well-equipped boat basin. Modern accommodations. Excellent restaurants. Advance reservations recommended for August. Free illustrated booklet. Information Service, 45 Federal Street, Nantucket, Massachusetts 02554.

VACATIONS

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

COME AWAY—breathe our fresh air—rare combination of scented pine and ocean spray. Motels and efficiencies. Coffee Shop-Cocktail Lounge. Pool. Fishing. Golf. May into October. Brochure. 207-646-5662. Mr./Mrs. Maurice Weare, Cliff House and Motels, Box R, Ogunquit, Maine 03907.

YOUR OWN PRIVATE FLOATING VILLA. Aquavilla is a new resort in Eleuthera Bahamas, where each couple gets a spacious private suite of rooms floating atop crystal clear Bahamian waters. Complete water sports center, brand new tennis court, and The Captain's Table restaurant. And all for about half what you'd spend at other island resorts. See your travel agent or write our reservations office: Aquavilla Reservations, Box N7535, Nassau, Bahamas.

SCHOONER TIMBERWIND SAILS MAINE COAST. Your week includes island hopping, new friends, wonderful food and exciting sailing. $150 weekly—no extras. For brochure: Schooner Timberwind, Box 247B, Rockport, Maine 04856.

LOST AND FOUND. Lost—the crunch of time, the crush of anxiety, the knot in your stomach. Found—a unique approach to land development in mountains two hours from Washington, D.C. Attributes range from meditation to Mozart to Three Dog Night. Vacation homes built. Furnished chalets and private campsites for rent. Write Coolfont, Berkeley Springs, W.Va. 25411. Sometimes we answer.

SUPER ECONOMY Family Summer Rates—Santa Barbara, California Resort Area. Ideal for family or two couples. Close to beach and University community. All Summer Sports. Furnished Apartments, 2 bedrooms, 2 baths, living room, kitchen. Parking, washing facilities and utilities included. No maid, linens, cookware. Not $25 day, ONLY $10 day, 7 day minimum, $100 security fee. All is required to be paid in full in advance. Open June 17th through September 10th, 1972. A. Hanretta, M.D., Suite 109, Prudential Building, 55 Hitchcock Way, Santa Barbara, California 93105.

FLORIDA KEYS HOLIDAY—Fish, swim, snorkel, sail, birdwatch at Rainbow Bend. Folder. Box 2447, Marathon Shores, Florida 33052. 305-743-6740.

RELEVANT RECREATION . . . found only at the Claremont Hotel, Southwest Harbor, Maine 04679.

RUSTIC MOUNTAIN LODGE—600 acres secluded in Adirondack Forest Preserve Lands, on unspoiled 13th Lake. Swimming, sailing, tennis, miles of trails. Home-cooked meals, charming rooms. Housekeeping cottages. 2-5 acre building lots are offered. Also handsome manor house available for summer, monthly, weekly for groups, seminars. Sleeps 25. Write Garnet Hill, North River, New York 12856.

THE 1661 INN, Block Island, Rhode Island 02807. Charming rooms, gourmet food. Opens May 26th. Brochure. 401-466-2421.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD—Secluded LAMBERT'S COVE INN. Pines, gardens, meadows. Delicious food. Walk to beach. May-October. RFD, Vineyard Haven, Massachusetts 02568. 617-693-2298.

SUN VALLEY, IDAHO—Luxurious, 3-bedroom fully-equipped condominium available for summer. $250 weekly, $800 monthly. Situated on trout-filled Warm Springs Creek. Includes all facilities: sauna, pool, tennis courts, golf course. Call 206-682-1212.

GRAND CANYON RIVER TOURS in single raft. Three days $295, six days $395, eight days $485. Limit 10 to party. Skilled boatman and helper for personal attention. Only outfitter with long-term Park Service contract and helicopter into canyon. Fort Lee Company, Dept. SR, P.O. Box 2103, Lee's Ferry, Marble Canyon, Arizona 86036. Phone 602-645-3111.

UP-COUNTRY FARM VACATIONS. Details and prices in the Spring/Summer "Yankee Guide to the New England Countryside," now on newsstands or send $2.00 to Yankee, P.O. Box 5, Dublin, N.H. 03444.

BEAUTIFUL MOUNTAIN RETREAT—New, furnished cottages. Charming and comfortable. $100-$125 week. Monthly rates. Galax Ridge, Box 252, Little Switzerland, N.C. 28749.

SAIL SOUTHEASTERN NEW ENGLAND with experienced skipper. Beautiful 38' cutter, completely equipped, comfortable. Four guests, $450 weekly. Ron Surprenant, Mayfair Street, Dartmouth, Massachusetts 02748.

VERMONT gourmet vacations—charming country inn. TROLLHAUGEN, Newfane, 05345. 802-365-7635.

VACATIONS

SADDLE ADVENTURES. By horseback over mountains of W.Va., Maryland, two hours from Washington, D.C. River boat trip included. All-age family adventure. All you need know is one end of the horse from the other. Write Coolfont, Berkeley Springs, W.Va. 25411.

BOOTHBAY HARBOR. Charming seacoast inn, motel, efficiency apartments on ocean. Informal. Modern. Modified American, European Plans. Seafood, lobsters featured. Cocktails. Scenic boat trips. Motel mid-May to late October. Inn late June-September. Ocean Point Inn, Box A10, Ocean Point, Maine 04557.

PROSPECT HOUSE RESORT HOTEL-Golf Club. Panoramic, cool lakeside setting near Rutland (opposite Alexander Woollcott's Island). Pleasurable dining, unique cocktail lounge. GOLF, fishing, safe beach, boating. Riding, tennis, dancing, movies, antiquing, special events. $84-$132 weekly. Charles Baker, Host. Reservations suggested. Write: FOLDER, Box 900, Lake Bomoseen, Vermont.

SUNNY BARBADOS—At half price during Summer and Fall! Comfortably cooled by Trade Winds on the sparkling Southeast coast; sand beach. 1- and 2-bedroom guest houses, tastefully furnished, maid-cook included. $80-$125 May through November. $150-$300, December through April. Susan D. Moran, 12811 Three Sisters Road, Potomac, Maryland 20854.

WORKSHOPS

CASTLE HILL, Truro, Massachusetts, Cape Cod. Jewelry, plastics, print making, weaving, sculpture, painting, fencing, writing.

VACATION WORKSHOPS

STUDY IN ASPEN. July 24th-July 29th. Guitar in elementary classroom; Choral materials/Performance Techniques for School and Church; Rock Music in Teaching. Two hours graduate credit. Write Aspen Workshops, Colorado University, 970 Aurora, Boulder, Colorado 80302.

SUMMER WORKSHOP: Mime, Opera, Acting. June 18th-July 29th. $490. Write Valley Studio, Spring Green, Wisconsin 53588.

CONFERENCE CENTER, Berkshires. Available for small groups. Weekends or longer. All facilities including meals. Inviting informality; tennis, swimming. Box 88, Hancock, Massachusetts 01237. 413-738-5032.

ADIRONDACK SUMMER WORKSHOPS. Ceramics, weaving, sculpture. Brochure (SR), Brant Lakes Art Center, 3083 May Road, Wantagh, N.Y. 11793.

VERMONT SUMMER ARTS CENTER for amateurs and professionals. Chamber music, arts, crafts, dance, yoga. Weekly session, or longer, June 25th-August 20th. Creative vacation on a college campus in Vermont's Northeast Kingdom. Write: Anne Allen, Executive Secretary, Lyndon State College, Lyndonville, Vermont 05851.

WRITERS' WORKSHOP, July 31st-August 11th, 1972. At York University's Centre for Continuing Education. Fifteen novelists, poets and playwrights including Hugh Garner, Tom Hendry and John Colombo will conduct seminars. Write: Writers' Workshop, 2275 Bayview Avenue, Toronto, Canada.

CONSERVATION SUMMIT—Outdoor eco-vacation for the whole family, high in the Colorado Rockies. Choose from 24 classes daily, dawn bird walks to ecology seminars, backpacking techniques to pollution studies. Time for trout streams, bridle trails, hiking, swimming, crafts. You set the pace. Cost of tuition, room, meals, membership, $102 to $142; couples, $212 to $277; family of 4, $314 to $360. June 30th to July 5th; July 7th to 12th. Write: Summit, Dept. F, National Wildlife Federation, 1412 16th Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036.

SUMMER STUDIES ABROAD

GERMANY—FRANCE—SPAIN—ENGLAND. SCHILLER COLLEGE—See "Studies Abroad." Liberal arts, language, theatre.

FILM SCHOOL Summer Workshop, $750. PAFI, Apartado 1106, Cuernavaca, Morelos, Mexico.

GREECE: PAINT IN THE SUN . . . Fine Arts Workshop on beautiful Aegean island, Samos. Distinguished artists, poets, lecturers. Monthly sessions June-September: $200. Inquire: PYTHAGOREION INSTITUTE OF PAINTING, P.O. Box 1404, Kansas City, Missouri 64141.

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SUMMER STUDIES ABROAD

LONDON THEATRE WORKSHOP, 1972. Exciting vacation/study at Imperial College of London University. Theatre, Action Seminars, Cinema. Students and non-students. $545. July 29th-August 26th. Box 7124, Wauwatosa, Wisconsin 53213.

ROME, ITALY. Diversified curriculum. Outstanding faculty. Etruscan archaeological program. Classes June 12th-July 19th. $760. Trinity College/Rome Campus, Hartford, Connecticut 06106.

SUMMER ABROAD: Age groups 14-18, 17-22, 10-14. 4-6 weeks, from $595. Language-study-travel. Sports and camp; underwater archaeology. Programs in France, Spain, Switzerland, Austria, Mexico. Cost includes flights, much sightseeing, festivities. European Language Institute, SR, 507 Fifth Avenue, New York, 10017.

BRITISH THEATRE. Summer 1972. Plays, workshops, celebrity lectures. Four hours credit. $1,195 pays all. Write: Theatre Department, Southern Methodist University, Dallas, 75222.

IRELAND OFFERS exceptional academic experiences for international college students. Write Institute of Irish Studies, U.S. Office, Franconia, N.H. 03580.

SUMMER SESSIONS AT SEA. World Campus Afloat accredited study cruises to South Pacific and Asia. Workshops, seminars, classes and travel for educators, businessmen, other adult groups. Brochure: Chapman College, CC13, Orange, California 92666, or phone 714-633-8821, Ext. 317.

HIGH SCHOOL SPANISH PROGRAM — One month in beautiful hacienda in Colima, Mexico. Write: Richard Hancock, University of Oklahoma, Norman, Oklahoma 73069.

SUMMER ON A GREEK ISLAND Aegina Arts Centre happens on the Greek island of Aegina offering workshops in music, painting, poetry, theatre, photography, dance, archaeology, Greek. World-famous lecturers. Surrounded by sun, sea, wine, and friends of all ages. One month tuition $300. AEGINA ARTS CENTRE, 136 West 52nd Street, NYC, 10019. 212-LT 1-1150.

STUDIES ABROAD

HEIDELBERG - BERLIN - PARIS - MADRID - LONDON. SCHILLER COLLEGE—Liberal Arts; B.A., M.A. curricula; academic year programs. American credit system. Special programs: music, theatre, fine arts. International business administration. Graduate, undergraduate, and high school summer courses. Write: Schiller College U.S. Office, 429 N.W. 48th Street, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma 73118. (Phone: 405-842-5979) or 7121 Kleiningersheim, Germany.

ART IN ROME. Tyler School of Art of Temple University offers both summer session and graduate or junior year or semester abroad. Fully equipped studios on the Tiber near Spanish Steps. Painting, print making, sculpture, art history. Contact: Rome, Box 2910, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19126.

"AMERICAN EDUCATION IN SWISS TRANQUILLITY" —American College of Switzerland. B.A., B.Ss., A.A. degrees. American liberal arts college, four year, co-educational, boarding, American and International faculty. Liberal arts, science, languages, international business, and fine arts programs enriched by curriculum related tours; strong sports program; excellent transfer record to U.S. universities and V.A. benefits. Affiliated with Leysin American High School. Write: American College of Switzerland, 1854T, Leysin, Switzerland or Hans T. Spengler, U.S. Representative, 330 East 49th Street, New York, 10017.

STUDY AT SEA. World Campus Afloat Semester sails September and February to exotic ports round the world. Accredited. Financial aid available. Write: Chapman College, Box CC17, Orange, California 92666.

COLUMBUS INTERNATIONAL COLLEGE of Spain—A 2-year liberal arts college in cooperation with the city of Seville. Freshman Sophomore Curriculum, American Faculty, Dormitory Boarding Plan. Tuition $1,050 yearly, credits transferable. Write Columbus International College, Capitan Vigueras, 1, Seville, Spain.

STUDY IN MEXICO. Enjoy a month or a year of arts and crafts, Intensive Spanish. Writers' Workshop as amateur or professional. MFA program. Field trips, sunshine, sports, Mexico's loveliest town. Catalogue? Send postcard to Instituto Allende, San Miguel de Allende, Guanajuato.

AMERICAN JUNIOR COLLEGE OF BARCELONA — Intensive two-year bicultural study in Spain. Credits transferable. Write: Jean Pinkham, 1525 41st Place, Des Moines, Iowa 50311.

STUDIES ABROAD

STUDY PROGRAMS IN FRANCE—French, Dance, Music, Art-History, Painting, Cuisine, Sculpture, Theatre, Photography, Cinema. 1. Academic year, two semesters. 2. Interim program, January 4th-February 1st. 3. Summer in France, July 1st-August 12th. 4. Christmas in Paris and London, December 23rd-January 2nd. Eminent artist/professors. Write airmail (3 International coupons) to: PARIS AMERICAN ACADEMY, 9 Rue Des Ursulines, Paris 5, France.

ACADEMIC YEAR IN SPAIN — University Programs: Undergraduate, B.A., M.A. TOTAL, $1,985. (Semester $1,385.) Summer $485. FELLOWSHIPS, AYS, 67 Orchard Ridge, Chappaqua, N.Y. 10514. 914-238-4306.

LIBERAL ARTS IN ROME. Temple University's College of Liberal Arts offers full credit courses at its Rome campus for the academic year, '72-'73. Contact: Temple Abroad, Mr. Tarr, Temple University, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19122. 215-787-8444.

AMERICAN COLLEGE OF AMSTERDAM—International, interdisciplinary. Year/Semester. SR Box G-690.

SPANISH LANGUAGE and Latin American Studies in recognized binational institute with 21 years' experience. Instituto Cultural, Tolsa 300, Guadalajara, Mexico.

TRAVEL

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"CASTLE-HOTELS," "FLEA MARKETS" guidebooks. 450 castles, monasteries, palaces offering accommodations. 250 illustrations, maps, 16 countries, "Europe's Flea Markets"—80 markets, 10 countries, maps. $2.95 each. Both $5.50. Robert Long, 634s Bellmore Avenue, East Meadow, N.Y. 11554.

GRAND TOUR OF EUROPE—unmatched, personally escorted—$628. Professor Berg, Saint Mary's College, California 94575.

ADVENTURE IS AROUND THE BEND, on bicycle, in a canoe, on foot. Small coed teen groups find summer excitement in travel camping. New England, West Coast and beyond. Free Brochure. MNYC, American Youth Hostels, 535 West End Avenue, NYC, 10024. 212-799-5810.

EUROPE — AN UNREGIMENTED TOUR! Discover this bargain. TOURS, 255-B Sequoia, Pasadena, California.

THIS AD + $7.00 per person, double occupancy entitles you to real value New York. Next time try CENTURY-PARAMOUNT HOTEL, 235 West 46th Street, convenient theatres and everything; 650 rooms, with bath, TV, air conditioning. Single-$10.00. Don't delay, reserve now. This is a "sleeper" in every sense.

STUDENTS—Live with a family in France this summer while attending language classes and varied activities. Write: Robert Morrison, ADVENTURE IN BRITTANY, 202 Columbia Heights, Brooklyn Heights, N.Y. 11201.

MARINE ARCHAEOLOGY: Participate in the excavation of a 16th century wreck off the coast of Bermuda, August 1st-21st; cost $1,275 plus air fare; scuba certificate required. Survey and excavate the port of Sparta on the coast of Greece, August 8th-29th; cost $1,175 plus air fare. Write Educational Expeditions International, 68 Leonard Street, SR2, Belmont, Massachusetts 02178.

TRAVEL

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EXPLORE LUSH TROPICAL ISLANDS, deserted coves, cool mountains. With small coed teen group, bicycle, hike, camp in Caribbean or Hawaii. Other exciting trips. MNYC, American Youth Hostels, 535 West End Avenue, NYC, 10024. 212-799-5810.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1987

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Two or more pieces of artillery used for combined action	10 29 49 67 84 92 137
B. Fungus of the genus Geaster whose form suggests a puffball	143 155 184 1 20 31 55 71 99
C. Settle or establish clearly and unmistakably (2 wds.)	119 134 145 160 47 93 170 17
D. Eng. poet (c. 1475-1530; "Pastime of Pleasure")	39 50 87 98 114
E. Naturally leafless	123 32 56 75 83 116 126 168 4
F. Heavy vessel in which chemical reactions take place under high pressure	8 127 141 164 181 13 22 43 64
G. Rapid	89 135 151 54 76
H. Edward Lear's Pobble's "are happier without ____." (2 wds.)	81 105 117 130 11 37 86 102 158
I. Bridle used esp. for breaking and training horses	173 183 91 124 138 175 26 45 69
J. Crude representation of someone, especially for ridicule	74 125 149 171 63 187
K. Eng. poet (1752-70; "Rowley Poems")	112 2 16 27 82 106 24 41 165 179
L. Hitler dedicated "Mein Kampf" to him	77 109 133 162
M. Eagerness, greed	174 58 80 140 156 186 6
N. Make known; report the occurrence of	36 167 18 51 161 46
O. Infernal; excessive	166 35 70 100 131 178 9 97
P. Freckle	182 21 30 85 12 107 118
Q. "The _____ Shepherd": James Hogg (1770-1835)	122 111 157 28 59 144 5
R. Wreck, heap, bucket of bolts	34 40 115 104 14 42 163 103 176 121
S. Blurred effect at the edges of a very light area on a photo, caused by reflection	68 90 52 62 96 65 148 154
T. Scene of the parliamentary election in Dickens' "Pickwick Papers"	152 120 146 136 88 25 7 23 73 79
U. Good-natured banter, badinage	108 113 185 61 72 44 128 147
V. Purpose, design	15 66 169 159 153 172
W. Topics	19 142 57 129 78 94
X. Russ. city on the Don, near the Gulf of Taganrog	33 177 53 150
Y. Fr. playwright ("Deathwatch"	180 132 139 48 38
Z. Fortified city, Portalegre dist., Portugal	3 60 101 110 95

DIRECTIONS

Don't let the definitions scare you. If you can guess five or six of these WORDS correctly, you should be able to solve the Double-Crostic . . . When you've guessed a WORD, fill in the dashes, and also write each letter in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When all the squares are filled in, you will have a quotation from a published work. Dark squares indicate the ends of words. If there is no dark square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . You should be able to see words and phrases begin to form in the diagram on the basis of having just a few letters. Enter the letters you can guess into the diagram and the blanks in the defined WORDS, and you'll find yourself working from WORDS to diagram and back, solving the puzzle . . . The initial letters of the defined WORDS spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation was taken. This acrostic feature can be very helpful to the solver.

		1 B	2 K	3 Z		4 E	5 Q	6 M		7 T	8 F	9 O		10 A	11 H	12 P	13 F
14 R	15 V	16 K	17 C	18 N		19 W	20 B	21 P		22 F	23 T	24 K		25 T	26 I		27 K
28 Q	29 A	30 P	31 B	32 E	33 X	34 R	35 O	36 N	37 H		38 Y	39 D	40 R	41 K		42 R	43 F
44 U	45 I	46 N		47 C	48 Y	49 A	50 D	51 N	52 S		53 X	54 G		55 B	56 E	57 W	
58 M	59 Q	60 Z	61 U	62 S	63 J	64 F		65 S	66 V		67 A	68 S	69 I		70 O	71 B	72 U
73 T	74 J	75 E		76 G	77 L	78 W		79 T	80 M	81 H	82 K	83 E	84 A		85 P	86 H	87 D
88 T	89 G		90 S	91 I	92 A	93 C	94 W	95 Z		96 S	97 O	98 D		99 B	100 O	101 Z	102 H
103 R		104 R	105 H	106 K		107 P	108 U	109 L	110 Z	111 Q		112 K	113 U	114 D	115 R	116 E	117 H
	118 P	119 C		120 T		121 R	122 Q	123 E	124 I		125 J	126 E	127 F	128 U		129 W	130 H
131 O	132 Y	133 L		134 C	135 G	136 T	137 A		138 I	139 Y	140 M		141 F	142 W	143 B		144 Q
145 C	146 T	147 U		148 S	149 J		150 X	151 G	152 T	153 V	154 S	155 B		156 M	157 Q	158 H	159 V
160 C	161 N		162 L	163 R	164 F	165 K	166 O		167 N	168 E	169 V		170 C	171 J	172 V	173 I	
174 M	175 I	176 R	177 X	178 O	179 K	180 Y		181 F	182 P	183 I	184 B	185 U	186 M	187 J			

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 8 of this issue.

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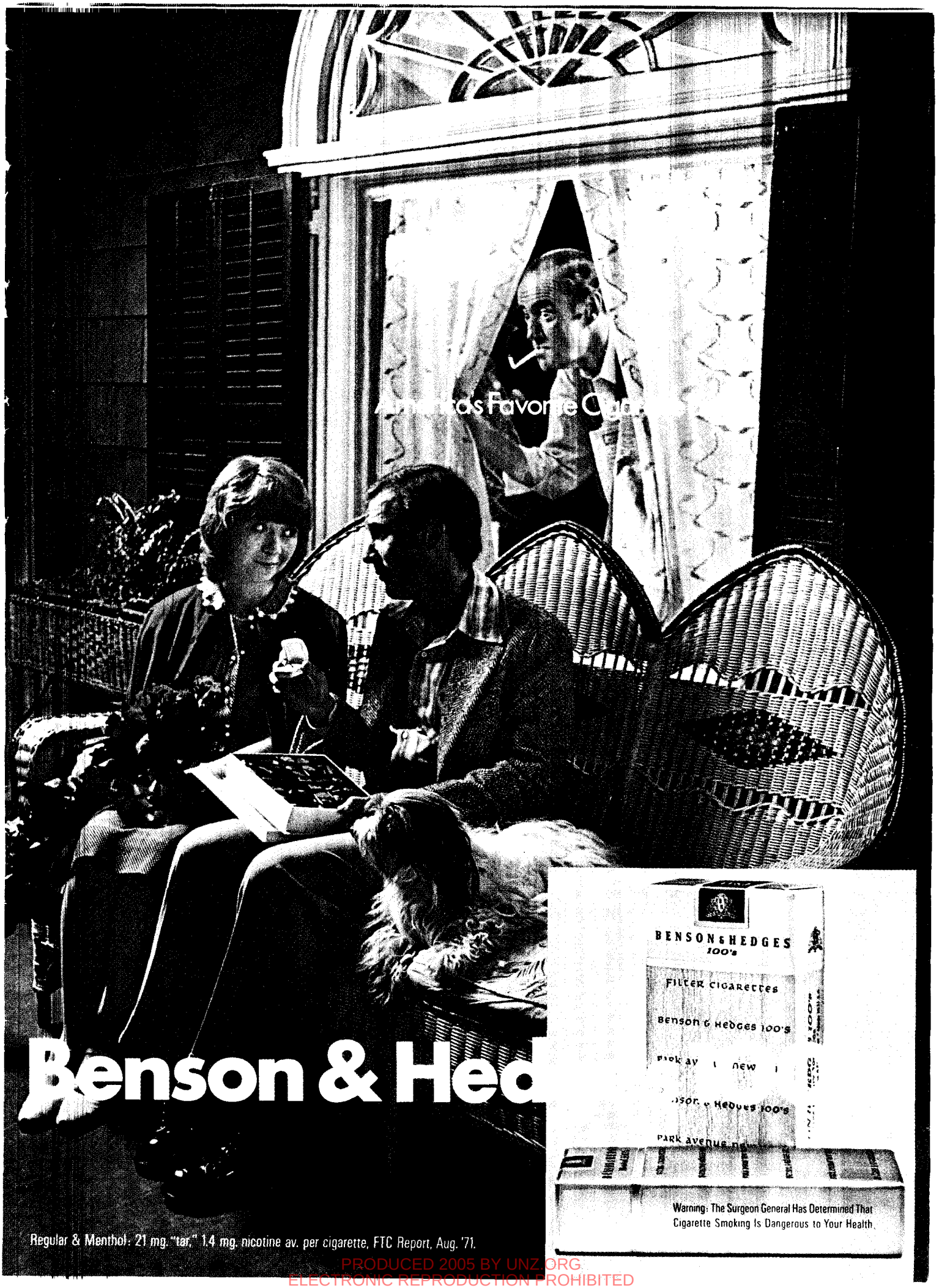

Benson & Hed

Regular & Menthol: 21 mg. "tar," 1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report, Aug. '71.

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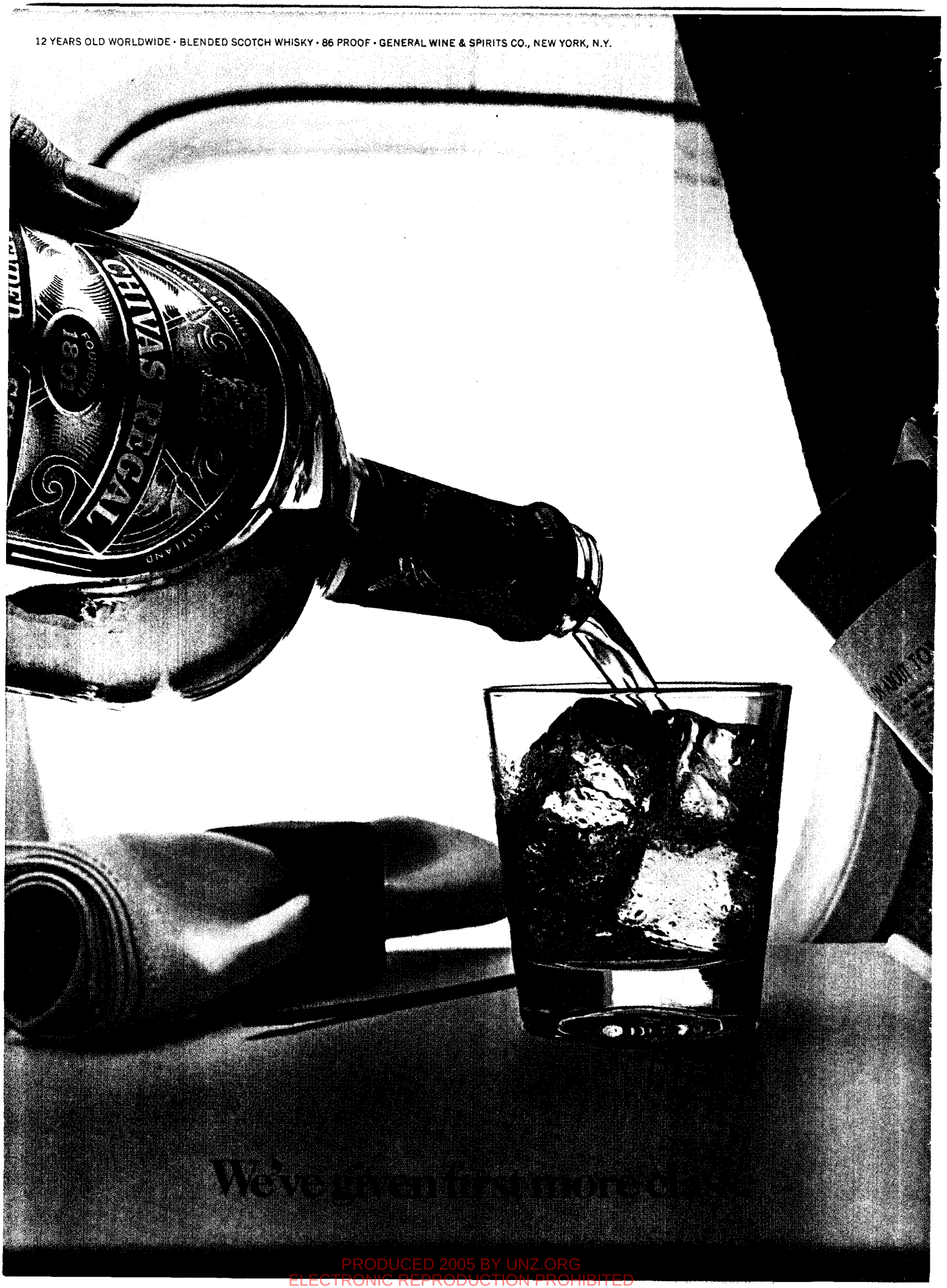

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